Inspire me, Night, with all thy tuneful Spheres,
Whilst I with Seraphs share Seraphic Themes,
And shew to Men the Dignity of Man
Lest I blaspheme the Subject with my Song.

NIGHT THOUGHTS

ON

LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY,

with his

POEM on the LAST DAY

and a PARAPHRASE on

Part of the BOOK of JOB; by the late

D.R YOUNG.

to which are added

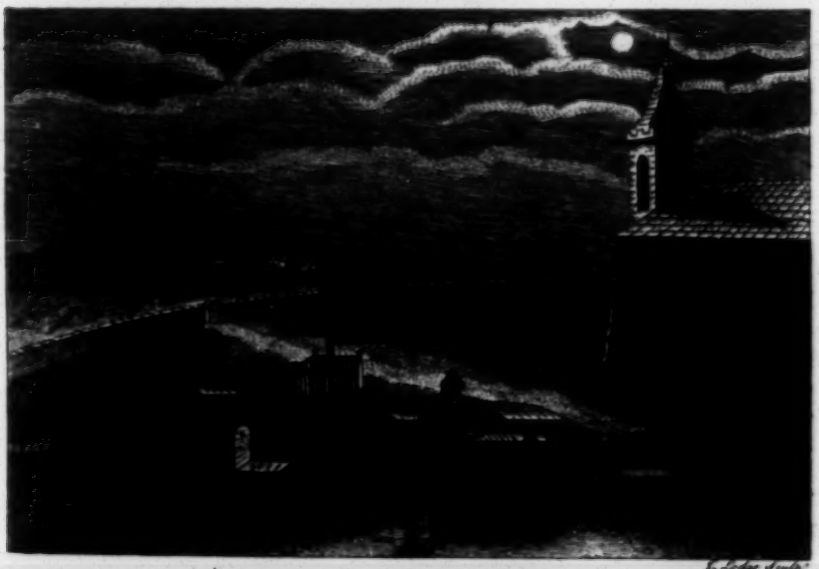
the LIFE of the AUTHOR, with NOTES,

Illuſtrations & a Complete Index

By W. WARING,

late of Magdalen-College, Oxford

VOL. I.



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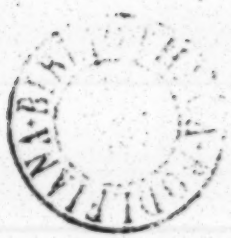

THE

LIFE

OF THE

REV. DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

DR. YOUNG was the ſon of Dr. *Edward Young*, Dean of Sarum, Fellow of Wincheſter College, and rector of Upham, in Hampſhire, where this our author and his only ſon was born in the year 1684; and being put at proper age to Wincheſter-ſchool, he became a ſcholar upon that foundation; his father was ſuperiorly eminent as a chriſtian and a ſcholar. Of this worthy man there remains two volumes of Sermons upon various occaſions, which are reckoned ſome of the beſt in our language. Such learning, and ſo good an example, were not ſlow in exciting the emulation of this ingenious divine and poet; who was taught by his father the arts of morals and humanity. When qualified for the univerſity, he was matriculated into All-Souls College, in Oxford, and deſigning to follow the civil law, took a degree in that profeſſion. It was while in this ſituation that he wrote

his poem on the Laſt Day, which, coming from a layman, gave univerſal ſatisfaction; and this was ſoon after followed by his poem, entitled, *The Force of Religion*; *or*, *Vanquiſhed Love*, which was well received by the public, and particularly pleaſing to the noble family for whoſe amuſement it was chiefly calculated; and ſuch was the ſucceſs of theſe two poems, in an age when the nobleſt productions were common, and even the meaneſt rewarded, that he was taken particular notice of by ſeveral of the nobility; and the turn of his mind leading him to the church, he went into orders, and was made one of the king's chaplains. He afterwards obtained the living of Welwyn, in Hertfordſhire, worth about five hundred pounds per annum; and though ever in the full blaze of favour, he never had the fortune to riſe to greater preferment. Indeed, it muſt be allowed, that during the laſt reign, the arts of poetry, or of real eloquence, were but little promoted or encouraged from the throne.

For ſome years before the death of the late prince of Wales, Dr. Young, who was in favour with that prince, attended the court pretty conſtantly; but, upon his deceaſe, all hopes of church advancement vaniſhed: and towards the latter end of his life the deſire of fortune ſeemed to forſake him. For in his *Night Thoughts*, mentioning himſelf, he obſerves, that there was

> one in Britain born, with courtiers bred,
> Who thought even wealth might come a day too late.

Notwithſtanding,

Notwithſtanding, upon the death of the late Dr. Hales, he was taken into the ſervice of the Princeſs Dowager of Wales, and ſucceeded as her privy chaplain.

When pretty far advanced in life, he married the lady Elizabeth Lee*, daughter of the late earl of Litchfield. This lady was a widow, and had

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* His connection with this family aroſe from his father's acquaintance with Lady Anne Wharton, the firſt wife of Thomas Wharton, Eſq; afterwards Marquis of Wharton, and ſecond daughter and co-heireſs of Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, in Oxfordſhire. She was a lady eminent for her excellent genius and poetical talents, in the reign of K. Charles II. Her father having no ſon, left his eſtate to be divided between her and her ſiſter, the Counteſs of Abington, whoſe memory Mr. Dryden has celebrated in a funeral panegyric, entitled, *Eleanora*. She had no iſſue by Mr. Wharton. The match it ſeems proved a little unhappy, inſomuch that ſhe once thought of ſeparating herſelf from him. In 1681 ſhe went to France, on account of her health, but returning home the next year, ſhe held a correſpondence, among others, with Dr. Burnet, whoſe letters ſtrongly intimate her leading a gay life, and being ſo thoughtleſs of religious duties, as to give the Doctor a ſuſpicion of her giving way to atheiſtical notions. However, he admired her poetical talents, and in return to ſome poems ſhe made him a preſent of, he ſent her ſeveral compoſed by himſelf, namely, *The Secrets of Friendſhip*; *Upon the Creation*; *Pure Love*; *Love's Magnetiſm*; *Friendſhip's Myſteries*; *A congratulation upon his return to a retired courſe of Life*; and *A Paraphraſe on the 53d of Iſaiah, in Imitation of one by Mrs. Anne Wharton*. It was the ſight of a Poem of her's which occaſioned him to write his two cantos of *Divine Poeſy*. It appears by theſe letters, that Mr. Waller admired her poetical talents, and living in great intimacy and friendſhip with the family, his neighbours at Winchendon, he wrote *On the Paraphaſe on the Lord's Prayer, written alſo by Mrs. Wharton*; and it was this excellent paraphraſe that induced him to write *Some Reflections on the ſeveral Petitions in the ſame Prayer*. This lady, among other poems, wrote, *A Paraphraſe on the Lamentations of Jeremiah*; *Verſes to Mr. Waller*; *and an Eſſay on the Death of the Earl of Rocheſter*.

two children, a ſon and a daughter, who were both extremely meritorious, but both died young, and within a ſhort time of each other. What he felt for their loſs, as well as for that of his wife, we may eaſily perceive, by his fine poem of the *Night Thoughts*, in which they are characterized, the young lady under the name of Narciſſa, her brother by that of Philander; and his wife, though nameleſs, is frequently mentioned. He thus deplores his loſs, in an apoſtrophe to death:

Inſatiate archer, could not once ſuffice!
Thy ſhaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was ſlain,
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon renew'd her horn.

Though in orders, he ſtill continued to cultivate the muſes, and at different times he publiſhed his tragedies and poems, each of which were reckoned excellent in their way. His ſatires, entitled, *The Love of Fame, or, The Univerſal Paſſion**, are by many conſidered as his principal performance, and were written early in life. If terſeneſs of ſtyle, brilliancy of wit, or ſimplicity of ſubject, can enſure applauſe, Dr. Young may demand it upon this occaſion.

Our author ought alſo to be conſidered as a tragic poet. *The Revenge* is undoubtedly his beſt performance. This play, as a modern critic informs

* We know not why theſe ſatires, once in great favour and eſteem, are wearing out of faſhion, unleſs, as Dean Swift has juſtly ſaid of them, "the ſatiriſt ſhould have been more merry, or more ſevere."

us, met, and juſtly, with great ſucceſs. The plan of it ſeems to have been borrowed partly from Shakeſpeare's *Othello*, and partly from Mrs. Behn's *Abdalazar*; and it will not ſurely be ſaying too much, when we affirm, that Dr. Young has, in ſome reſpects, conſiderably improved his originals. In a word, we may aſſign this piece, with great juſtice, a place in the firſt rank of our dramatic writings; and were we to point out to foreigners a tragedy, as a proof of Engliſh genius, after two or three others, perhaps this might be conſidered as a proper ſpecimen.

We mention the tragedy of *Buſiris* after that of *The Revenge*, though it was acted before, viz. in the year 1719; but its merit being much inferior to that of the former, juſtifies the placing it here. In this piece, as in all Dr. Young's writings, there are many admirable lines, though frequently tinctured with the falſe ſublime.

His laſt tragedy is entitled *The Brothers*, and written upon the plan of a French piece of great merit: Dr. Young, however, deſerves more commendation for the occaſion on which this tragedy was acted, than even for its merit as a poetical performance; ſince the whole profits which were gained by its repreſentation, were given by the author to charitable purpoſes. It will be ſufficient therefore to ſay, that though it did not increaſe his reputation for genius, it added to the character of his humanity.

Let him now be conſidered as a moral and plaintive poet, who wrote the *Night Thoughts*, a ſpecies of poetry peculiarly his own, and in which he has been

been unrivalled by all thoſe who attempted to write in his manner. The applauſe which he has received for theſe are unbounded; "the unhappy "bard, whoſe grief in melting numbers flow, and "melancholy joys diffuſe around," has been ſung by the profane as well as the pious. Theſe, as we have already obſerved, were written under the recent preſſure of his ſorrow for the loſs of his wife, daughter, and ſon-in-law; they are addreſſed to Lorenzo, a man of pleaſure, and the world; and who, as it is inſinuated by ſome, was his own ſon, then labouring under his father's juſt diſpleaſure. In theſe admirable poems there are flights of fancy almoſt ſuperhumane; ſuch is his deſcription of Death, from his ſecret ſtand, noting down the follies of a Bacchanalian ſociety, the epitaph on the departed world, and the iſſuing of Satan from his dungeon on the day of judgment.

Our author's proſe works, muſt convince the moſt rigid critic, that his ſtyle and ſentiment were maſterly in proſe as well as verſe. His *Eſtimate of Human Life* was dedicated to queen Caroline, and very well received by the public; which, in 1754, gave riſe to a ſecond part, written by Dr. Hill, entitled, *The New Eſtimate*. His *Conjectures on Original Compoſition*, are full of judicious remarks on ancient and modern writers, were wrote at the age of eighty, and are a proof of his great talents, which ſhone with great luſtre even at that advanced period of life. This work was, indeed, a brightening before death, and that taper which blazed as it declined, appeared at laſt to the public as burning in the ſocket, in a

work called *The Reſignation*, the laſt, and perhaps the worſt, of all Dr. Young's performances; of which he ſeemed to be conſcious: and, it is well known, the ſubject was impoſed upon him.

But this failure in old age could no way diminiſh the fame he had earned by a life of more than ſixty years of excellence. To his character as a poet, his compoſition was inſtinct in his youth with as much vanity as was neceſſary to excel in that art, and he was conſidered as the only palladium we had left of ancient genius; and as a criſtian, one of the fineſt examples of primeval piety. The turn of his mind was naturally ſolemn; and he uſually, when at home in the country, ſpent many hours of the day walking in his own church-yard among the tombs; his converſation, his writings, had all a reference to the life after this*, and this turn of diſpoſition mixed itſelf even with his improvements in gardening. He had, for inſtance, an alcove with a bench, near his houſe, ſo painted, that at a diſtance it looked a real one, which the ſpectator was then approaching; upon coming up near it, however, the deception was perceived, and this motto appeared: *Inviſibilia non decipiunt*, "The things unſeen do not deceive

* The Altar-piece in the church of Wellwyn is the moſt curious in this or any other kingdom, being adorned with an elegant piece of needlework, wrought by his wife. In the middle is inſcribed, in capital letters, the following ſentence; "I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE." On the north ſide of the Chancel is the following inſcription, ſuppoſed to be placed there by the order of Dr. Young, "VIRGINIBUS; Increaſe in ſtature and in Wiſdom:" and on the ſouth ſide, "PUERISQUE, and in favour with God and Man."

us."

us." Yet, notwithſtanding this gloomineſs of temper, he was fond of innocent ſports and amuſements; he inſtituted an aſſembly and a bowling green in the pariſh of which he was rector, and often promoted the gaiety of the company in perſon.

His wit was generally poignant, and ever levelled at thoſe who teſtified any contempt for decency and religion. His epigram, ſpoken extempore upon Voltaire, is well known, who happening in his company to ridicule Milton, and the allegorical perſonages of Death and Sin, Young thus addreſſed him:

Thou art ſo witty, profligate, and thin,
Thou ſeem'ſt a Milton with his Death and Sin.

One Sunday preaching in office at St. James's, he found that though he ſtrove to make his audience attentive, he could not prevail. Upon which his pity for their folly got the better of all decorum, and he ſate back in the pulpit, and burſt into a flood of tears.

Towards the latter part of life, he knew his own infirmities, and ſuffered himſelf to be in pupilage; for he conſidered that at a certain time of life the ſecond childhood of age demanded its wonted protection. His ſon, whoſe follies were long obnoxious to paternal ſeverity, was at laſt forgiven in his will; and this good and great man died, April 5, 1765, univerſally regretted, having performed all that man could do to fill his poſt with dignity.

Previous to his death, Dr. Young ordered all his manuſcripts to be committed to the flames. Thoſe who know how much he comprized in a ſmall compaſs, thoſe who recollect that he never wrote on trivial ſubjects, muſt lament both his modeſty and the irreparable loſs to poſterity; when they conſider that he was the intimate acquaintance of Addiſon, that he himſelf was one of the writers of the *Spectator*, and, excepting Dr. Pearce, the late biſhop of Rocheſter, the laſt ſurviving genius of that incomparable aſſemblage of authors.

PREFACE.

AS the occaſion of this Poem was real, *not* fictitious; *ſo the method purſued init, was rather* impoſed, *by what ſpontaneouſly aroſe in the author's mind on that occaſion, than* meditated, *or* deſigned. *Which will appear very probable from the nature of it. For it differs from the common mode of Poetry; which is, from long narrations to draw ſhort morals: Here, on the contrary, the narrative is ſhort, and the morality ariſing from it makes the bulk of the Poem. The reaſon of it is, That the facts mentioned did naturally pour theſe moral reflections on the thought of the writer.*

The ARGUMENT.

BOOK I.

THE ſingular ſcenes of diſtreſs into which the author is involv'd, and the gloomy proſpect which nature is ſuppoſed to afford at the period of his contemplations, lead him to a metaphorical, as well as moral reflection on his misfortunes. — His petitionary addreſs to the Deity. — Sentiments on the loſs of Time. — A poetical, minute, and comparative view of the being of man. —— The author reproves the attachment of mankind to the follies of the World, and their inanimate ſituation in regard to immortality. —— Points out the deluſive vanities of an ill-grounded hope. —— An addreſs to death. —— An affecting view of the variety of miſeries incident to man. —— A ſerious admonition to Lorenzo. —— The author, as a proof of the inſtability attendant on human wiſhes, cites the death of Philander; and mournfully reflects, that from thence ariſes the origin of his misfortunes. —— The vanity of ſublunary wiſdom, and danger of procraſtination in the concerns of the Soul; each of which is beautifully verified in the example of Philander. —— The approach of morn cloſes the contemplations of the firſt night, and our author concludes with a modeſt and elegant compliment to Mr. Pope.

THE PREFACE.

THE florid enumeration of beauties in a work of confeſſed merit, is a taſk abſurd in its editor, and an unpardonable effrontery to the taſte and judgment of the reader. In the introductory remarks to a compoſition ſufficiently recommending itſelf, it need not be ſaid, that the poetic imagery, and moral leſſons, every where inculcated, vie with each other for a partial preference and ſuperior eſtimation. Their immortal author, has, in his private life, teſtified the natural and beneficial doctrines enforced throughout his poems, to be not only within the compaſs, but even the incumbent duty, of reaſon and chriſtianity. The univerſal applauſe of an admiring public, has raiſed him far beyond the reach of malevolent criticiſm, in regard to the erudition and claſſical excellencies of his writings. But with the annotator, the caſe is widely different. 'Tis there the ſtings of a perhaps too juſt ſeverity, will aim their poiſon. Unadequate to the taſk of perfect compoſition; unable, and even unexperienced, to arreſt the arrows of a well-founded, but ill-intentioned obſervation, he is doubly expoſed to the attacks of a ſet of men, to whom the name of critics is too ſoft an appellation. After ſo brief an introduction, may it be preſumed, that the nature of a weekly publication ſhould, in the opinion

nion of the candid, palliate any viſible incoherencies that may occur on a general and connected review of the whole ſeries of notes. This, however trifling, muſt be allowed a reaſonable defence. It may be farther added, that tho' the moral reflections they contain, are ſuch as muſt evidently ariſe on a peruſal of Dr. YOUNG's ſentiments, they ſtill enforce the author's benevolent intentions; and, by a ſtrict confinement to the univerſal ſyſtem of reaſoning, prejudice no one in behalf of a faith inconſiſtent with that of chriſtian charity.

The claſſical quotations would have been introduced with more propriety, had an Engliſh tranſlation been immediately ſubjoined; but the limits of the work would not admit of ſo conſiderable an addition.

THE

COMPLAINT.

NIGHT the FIRST.

ON

LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

ARTHUR ONSLOW, *Esq*;

SPEAKER of the HOUSE of COMMONS.

TIR'D nature's ſweet reſtorer, balmy *ſleep!*
He, like the world, his ready viſit pays
Where fortune ſmiles; the wretched he forſakes:

Line 1. *Tir'd nature's ſweet reſtorer, balmy ſleep!*] The repetition of the third perſon HE, has apparently led many, who peruſe the works of our author, into an error, on a ſuppoſition, that the preceding line was intended as an addreſs to ſleep. Mr. Melmoth in particular obſerves, in his remarks on the Night Thoughts, that *'twas perfectly proper to begin with a ſort of reproaching addreſs to the power which denied his repoſe.* A continuation in the ſecond perſon muſt have been ſo evidently neceſſary to common ſenſe, that Dr. Young could never have expoſed himſelf to criticiſm, had he had an idea that the commencement of his poem might have admitted a diſpute. As an addreſs therefore it cannot be conſidered, and that it was not invocatory, the following lines are a ſufficient evidence. The punctuation will, I allow, give room for doubts, and the pronoun immediately following, may render the ſenſe of our author ambiguous; but we meet with ſeveral inſtances of the like in ſcripture. *Night, ſable Goddeſs!* in the 18th line, though not exactly ſimilar in regard to the pronoun, is ſo with reſpect to the punctuation.

Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unſully'd with a tear.
From ſhort (as uſual) and diſturb'd repoſe,
I wake: How happy they, who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infeſt the grave.
I wake, emerging from a ſea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd, deſponding
From wave to wave of *fancy'd* miſery, [thought,
At random drove, her helm of reaſon loſt;
Tho' now reſtor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) ſeverer for ſevere.
The *day* too ſhort for my diſtreſs! and *night*,
Ev'n in the *zenith** of her dark domain,
Is ſun-ſhine, to the colour of my fate.

---

* That part in the heavens directly over our heads, uſed figuratively as the centre of darkneſs.

Line 5. *And lights on lids unſully'd with a tear.*] The metaphorical deſcription of ſleep is amazingly pretty, and tho' the metonymy is ſomewhat incorrect, the concluding thought is natural and pleaſing. Dr. Young, at the ſame time that he excels in the beauty of his poetry, rarely exceeds the bounds of nature. His images are lively, his narrations affecting, and from the coherence of their beauties, muſt greatly intereſt the feelings of the reader.

Line 7. *How happy they, who wake no more!*] The melancholy ſituation of the poet might naturally have led him, in a human ſenſe, to the above reflection. No one had greater cauſe to uſe the Pſalmiſt's words, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" but had he added, "It is mine own Infirmity," the fortitude of virtue had overbalanced the calamities of life.

Line 9. *I wake, emerging*———] This compariſon, the more we examine it, the more natural it muſt appear. The metaphor is beautifully expreſſive, and paints inimitably the revolutions of an unquiet mind. No poet attracts our pity, or wins on our attention with ſuch perſuaſive arguments. We view his ſituation as our own. His ſentiments are ſublime, his doctrine truly pious, and, while he charms us as a poet, he inculcates the moſt chriſtian admonitions.

Night,

Night, ſable goddeſs! from her *ebon*‡ throne,
In rayleſs majeſty, now ſtretc nes forth
Her leaden ſceptre o'er a ſlumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead! and darkneſs, how profound!
Nor eye, nor liſt'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation ſleeps. 'Tis, as the gen'ral pulſe
Of life ſtood ſtill, and nature made a pauſe;
An aweful pauſe! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be ſoon fulfill'd,
Fate! drop the curtain; I can loſe no more.
Silence, and *Darkneſs!* ſolemn ſiſters! twins
From antient *Night*, who nurſe the tender thought
To *reaſon*, and on reaſon build *reſolve*,
(That column of true majeſty in man)
Aſſiſt me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom: *There* this frame ſhall fall
A victim ſacred to your dreary ſhrine:
But what are ye? THOU, who didſt put to flight
Primæval* *Silence*, when the morning-ſtars,

Line 18. *Night, ſable Goddeſs!*] The emblematical deſcription of night, the contemplative reflections that enſue, and the calm reſignation of the author, are ſo naturally and feelingly expreſs'd, that they need no comment: We meet with no deſcription of the fable Goddeſs ſo correctly poetic. "Her leaden ſceptre o'er a ſlumb'ring world" impreſſes a ſtriking idea on the mind, not only from the metaphor, but from the figurative expreſſion of the language.

Line 35. *But what are ye?*] This moral reflection, on cloſing an addreſs to imaginary beings, evinces the deſign of the author to have been truly original; and the ſudden and ſublime tranſition which immediately follows, ſhews him to have been inſpired with the moſt earneſt and unfeigned piety. How neceſſary an aſſiſtant the machinery of a poem has prov'd to its author, modern as well as ancient works will teſtify. A barren ſoil to need ſuch culture! Diveſted of theſe ornaments, LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY addreſs the ſoul, and in a ſtyle how intereſting how forcible!

‡ Sable, Duſky.

* The original chaos, or confuſion of things before the creation.

Exulting, ſhouted o'er the riſing ball;
O THOU! whoſe word from ſolid darkneſs ſtruck
That ſpark the ſun; ſtrike wiſdom from my ſoul;
My ſoul, which flies to Thee, her truſt, her treaſure,
As miſers to their gold, while others reſt.
Thro' this opaque* of *nature*, and of *ſoul*,
This double night, tranſmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to chear. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it thro' various ſcenes of *life*, and *death*;
And from each ſcene the nobleſt truths inſpire.
Nor leſs inſpire my *conduct*, than my *ſong*;
Teach my beſt reaſon, reaſon; my beſt will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm reſolve
Wiſdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the Phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

The

Line 38. *O thou! whoſe word from ſolid darkneſs ſtruck.*] There is a ſublimity in our author's addreſs to the deity, which I think equally beautiful with the grandeur of the ſubject; and the ſimilarity between it and Milton's Invocation of the Holy Ghoſt, is an evident proof of Dr. Young's excellence.

——— Thou from the firſt
Waſt preſent, and with mighty wings outſpread
Dove-like ſat'ſt brooding on the vaſt abyſs
And mad'ſt it pregnant: what in me is dark,
Illumin; what is low, raiſe and ſupport.

Line 43. *This double night*—] An opaque of nature, as proceeding from the variety of diſtreſsful occurrences he laboured under of ſoul, from his inability of treating ſo divine and momentary a ſubject, with an adequate ſublimity.

Line 52. *Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd*—] A truly chriſtian prayer, and how effectual, we may gather from the ſyſtem of chriſtianity which this work affords. From the complicated ſeries of Dr. Young's misfortunes, aroſe the ſerious, though ſad reflections which he has tranſmitted to mankind; nor is the word ſo

* A ſurface of darkneſs.

The bell ſtrikes *one*. We take no note of time,
But from its loſs. To give it then a tongue,
Is wiſe in man. As if an angel ſpoke,
I feel the ſolemn ſound. If heard aright,
It is the *knell* of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the *ſignal* that demands diſpatch;
How much is to be done? my hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? a fathomleſs abyſs*;
A dread eternity! how ſurely *mine!*
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor penſioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how auguſt,
How

ſo deafen'd to the dictates of religion, as, that "the phial ſhould be pour'd in vain."

Line 54. *The bell ſtrikes one. We take no note of time.*] The conciſeneſs and ſolemnity of theſe periods cannot fail of enforcing their beauties on the reader. A long digreſſion, on ſuch a ſubject, and in ſuch a ſcene, would have been unpardonable in a poet. "To give it then a tongue is wiſe in Man," is an admirable thought, and ſpecifies from what a ſeeming trifle may be drawn the moſt important leſſons of wiſdom.

Line 59. *Where are they?*] This natural and momentous queſtion is beautifully anſwered "With the years beyond the flood." So remote a diſtance of time, poetically and ſenſibly expreſſes the irretrievable loſs of miſpent hours, and the conſideration that yeſterday is equally irrevocable with the antediluvian æra, muſt undoubtedly ſtrike the ſenſible reader.

Line 65. *And can eternity belong to me,*] The beautiful contraſt contained in this and the following lines, conciſely expreſſes not only the equality, but dignity of mankind.

Line 67. *How poor, how rich, how abject, how auguſt,*] Mr. Melmoth remarks the continued length of this period as an unpardonable error in poetry. In a frivolous digreſſion, or trifling deſcription, I coincide with his opinion; but the grandeur and ſublimity

* A bottomleſs pit.

How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How paſſing wonder HE, who made him ſuch!
Who centred in our make ſuch ſtrange extremes!
From different natures marvelouſly mixt,
Connection exquiſite of diſtant worlds!
Diſtinguiſh'd *link* in Being's endleſs chain!
Midway from *nothing* to the *Deity!*
A beam ethereal† ſully'd, and abſorpt!‡
Tho' ſully'd, and diſhonour'd, ſtill divine!
Dim miniature of greatneſs abſolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of duſt!
Helpleſs immortal! inſect *infinite!*
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myſelf,
And in myſelf am loſt! At home a ſtranger,
Thought wanders up and down, ſurpris'd, aghaſt,
And wond'ring at her *own:* how reaſon reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly diſtreſs'd! what joy, what dread!

Alternately

ſublimity of the ſubject, the dignity of the ſentiments, and beauty of the poetry, remove all cauſe of criticiſm.

Line 71. *Connection exquiſite of diſtant worlds!*] The unbounded imagination of our poet, may, in the opinion of ſome readers, have led him into an unintelligible ſentiment; but when we conſider "diſtant worlds" as metaphorical, and alluding to the contrariety of natures or paſſions in the ſoul, the thought, I think, is eaſily explained.

Line 80. *A worm! a god!—*] The concluſion of Dr. Young's reflexion is ſtriking and expreſſive. He points out the frail and lamentable condition of Man in this world, by a very natural alluſion; and in a moment admirably holds to view the immutable dignity of the ſoul. Mr. Melmoth's criticiſm cannot be better confuted than by——"A worm! a god!

Line 85. *Triumphantly diſtreſs'd!*] In how degrading a view do the diſtreſſes attendant on earthly calamities appear, when held in competition with theſe ſublime reflexions on the ſoul. We catch the

† Heavenly. ‡ Obſcured.

Alternately tranſported, and alarm'd!
What can preſerve my life? or what deſtroy?
An angel's arm can't ſnatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
'Tis paſt conjecture; all things riſe in proof:
While o'er my limbs *ſleep*'s ſoft dominion ſpread,
What, tho' my ſoul phantaſtic meaſures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathleſs woods; or down the craggy ſteep
Hurl'd headlong, ſwam with pain the mantled* pool;
Or ſcal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,
With antic ſhapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaſeleſs flight, tho' devious, ſpeaks her nature
Of ſubtler eſſence than the trodden clod;
Active, aëreal, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her groſs companion's fall.
Ev'n ſilent night proclaims my ſoul *immortal*:
Ev'n ſilent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal†, Heav'n huſbands all events,
Dull ſleep inſtructs, nor ſport vain dreams in vain.
Why then *their* loſs deplore, that are not loſt?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
In infidel diſtreſs? Are *angels* there?
Slumbers, rak'd up in duſt, ethereal fire?

* Smooth. † Benefit.

the ſpirit of the author, loſe all thoughts of human viciſſitudes, and are ſolely enwrapt in the triumphant diſtreſs of Immortality.

Line 95. *Swam with pain the mantled pool*;] There appears an apparent inconſiſtency in the above. The epithet "mantled" is incongruous with "pain," but the error is ſo trifling, that it ſhould paſs unobſerved.

Line 101, *Unfetter'd with her groſs companion's fall.*] "Unfetter'd with a fall" is another of thoſe unavoidable errors which we cannot fail meeting with in the moſt correct Poetry. I have remarked it, leſt it ſhould fall under the eye of ſome ill-natured critic, who might be readier to diſcover than forgive an error.

They

They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
Of tenderneſs, let heav'nly pity fall
On me, more juſtly number'd with the dead.
This is the deſart, *this* the ſolitude:
How populous! how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal*, the ſaid *cypreſs* gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty ſhades!
All, all on earth is *ſhadow*, all beyond
Is *ſubſtance*; the reverſe is folly's *creed*:
How ſolid all, where change ſhall be no more!
This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the veſtibule.
Life's theatre as yet is ſhut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the maſſy bar,
This groſs impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos† of exiſtence free.
From *real* life, but little more remote
Is *He*, not yet a candidate for light,
The *future* embryo, ſlumb'ring in his fire.
Embryos we muſt be, till we burſt the ſhell,
Yon ambient§, azure‡ ſhell, and ſpring to life,
The life of gods: O tranſport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! *here* buries all his thoughts;
Interrs celeſtial hopes without one ſigh.
Pris'ner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,

* The gloom of Death.

† The ſubſtance within the womb before formation.

§ Surrounding. ‡ Blue.

Line 119. *All, all on earth is ſhadow, all beyond*] How ſerious an admonition, and how true a ſentiment is contained in the above, the reader muſt judge. Its veracity muſt appear ſtriking "The reverſe is folly's creed," will clearly evince how deficient we remain in real wiſdom.

Here

Here pinions all his wiſhes; wing'd by Heav'n
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where *ſeraphs* gather immortality.
On life's fair tree, faſt by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambroſial cluſt'ring glow,
In HIS full beam, and ripen for the juſt,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death, expire!
And is it in the flight of threeſcore years,
To puſh eternity from human thought,
And ſmother ſouls immortal in the duſt?
A ſoul immortal, ſpending all her fires,
Waſting her ſtrength in ſtrenuous idleneſs,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
At aught this ſcene can threaten, or indulge,
Reſembles *ocean* into tempeſt wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.
Where falls this cenſure? It o'erwhelms myſelf.
How was my heart incruſted by the world!
O how ſelf-fetter'd was my grov'ling ſoul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In ſilken thought, which reptile *fancy* ſpun,

Line 139. *Where ſeraphs gather immortality,*] It is evident, that the punctuation in the above lines is erroneous. I would recommend the following:

Where ſeraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, faſt by the throne of God,
What golden joys ambroſial cluſt'ring, glow
In his full beam———

Line 155. *How was my heart incruſted by the world,*] Mr. Melmoth's criticiſm is again very ſevere. He accuſes our author of too great an abundance of metaphors, which he affirms to be confined to the ſame ſentiment. The ground-work of his poem is Chriſtianity. The baſis he builds upon in the firſt book, LIFE, DEATH, IMMORTALITY, but the variations of ſentiment, in my opinion, are as numerous as beautiful.

Till darken'd *reaſon* lay quite clouded o'er
With ſoft conceit of endleſs comfort *here*,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the ſkies!
Night-viſions may befriend (as ſung above):
Our *waking* dreams are fatal. How I dreamt
Of things impoſſible! (Could ſleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of ſtable pleaſures on the toſſing wave!
Eternal ſunſhine in the ſtorms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapeſtries of pictur'd joys!
Joy behind joy, in endleſs perſpective!
Till at death's toll, whoſe reſtleſs iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myſelf undone.
Where now my frenſy's pompous furniture?
The *cobweb'd* cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mould'ring mud, is *royalty* to me!
The *ſpider*'s moſt attenuated* thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliſs; it breaks at every breeze.
O ye bleſt ſcenes of *permanent*† delight!
Full above meaſure! laſting, beyond bound!
A *perpetuity*‡ of bliſs, is bliſs.

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* Slender. † Stable, ſound.
‡ Without ſubjection to change.

Line 163. *Our waking dreams are fatal.*] A happy thought, and elegantly expreſſed! Mr. Melmoth, with his uſual ſeverity, might have accuſed the poet of iteration in purſuing the thought after a full period, when he treats of the deluſive images which deceived him.

Line 177. *The ſpider's moſt attenuated thread*] While the author charms us with the delicate piety of his ſentiments, he no leſs delights with the pleaſing flow of his language. The ſimilitude is expreſſive. He paints not only from nature, but experience.

Could

Could you, ſo rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghaſtly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadiſe the realms of light.
Safe are you lodg'd above theſe rolling ſpheres;
The baleful influence of whoſe giddy dance
Sheds ſad viciſſitude* on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions ev'ry hour;
And rarely for the better; or the beſt,
More mortal than the common births of fate.
Each *moment* has its ſickle, emulous
Of *Time*'s enormous ſcythe, whoſe ample ſweep
Strikes empires from the root; each *moment* plays
His little weapon in the narrower ſphere
Of ſweet domeſtic comfort, and cuts down
The faireſt bloom of ſublunary† bliſs.
  Bliſs! ſublunary bliſs!—Proud words, and vain!
Implicit treaſon to divine decree!
A bold invaſion of the rights of heav'n!
I claſp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace!
What darts of agony had miſs'd my heart!
  Death! great proprietor of all! tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the ſtars.

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* The revolutions of change. † Earthly.

Line 194. ——*Each moment plays*
His little weapon in the narrower ſphere.] The beautiful metaphor contained in "Each moment has its ſickle," is, I think, equal to the ſcythe of time. The thought is not only pleaſing, but is continued throughout the remaining lines with a truly poetic ſpirit. We are more affectingly intereſted with the ravages of the moment, than the moſt lamentable reflections on the devaſtations of time.

Line 204. *Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine*] The imagery of this addreſs is bold, and its dignity truly adequate to the character it addreſſes.

The

The ſun himſelf by thy permiſſion ſhines;
And, one day, thou ſhalt pluck him from his ſphere.
Amid ſuch mighty plunder, why exhauſt
Thy *partial* quiver on a mark ſo *mean?*
Why thy *peculiar* rancour wreak'd on *me?*
Inſatiate archer! could not *one* ſuffice?
Thy ſhaft flew *thrice*; and *thrice* my peace was ſlain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
O *Cynthia!** why ſo pale? Doſt thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour? Grieve to ſee thy wheel
Of ceaſeleſs change outwhirl'd in human life?
How wanes‡ my *borrow'd* bliſs! from *Fortune*'s ſmile,
Precarious courteſy! not *virtue*'s ſure,
Self-given, *ſolar*, ray of ſound delight.
In ev'ry vary'd poſture, place, and hour,
How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy!
Thought, buſy thought! too buſy for my peace!
Thro' the dark poſtern§ of time long elaps'd,
Led ſoftly, by the ſtillneſs of the night,
Led, like a murderer, (and ſuch it proves!)
Strays, (wretched rover!) o'er the pleaſing *paſt*;
In queſt of wretchedneſs perverſely ſtrays;
And finds all deſart *now*; and meets the ghoſts

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* The moon. ‡ Fades, diminiſhes. § A cover'd walk.

Line 211. *Inſatiate Archer! could not one ſuffice?*] The author here laments the death of of his wife, ſon, and daughter, the two latter of whom are repreſented under the names of Philander and Narciſſa. The play on the word "thrice" is unworthy the grandeur of the ſubject. Pope uſes a ſimilar repetition in the Rape of the Lock, and Virgil's "ter que quaterque" is the origin of each; but it ſhould be conſidered, the ſublimity of the Latin renders the latter beautiful.

Line 221. *How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy!*] Quite puerile! An attempt at ſound too often deſtroys both the beauty and ſenſe of poetry. The repetition is not only diſguſting, but the word itſelf unworthy an inſertion.

Of

Of my departed joys; a num'rous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet comfort's blaſted cluſters I lament;
I tremble at the bleſſings once ſo dear;
And ev'ry pleaſure pains me to the heart.
Yet why *complain?* or why complain for one?
Hangs out the ſun his luſtre but for me,
The *ſingle* man? Are angels all beſide?
I mourn for millions: 'tis the common lot;
In *this* ſhape, or in *that*, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than ſure heirs of *pain*.
War, famine, peſt, vulcano, ſtorm, and fire,
Inteſtine broils, *Oppreſſion*, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple braſs, beſiege mankind.
God's image diſinherited of day,
Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a ſun was made.
There, beings deathleſs as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life;
And plow the winter's wave, and reap deſpair.
Some, for hard maſters, broken under arms,
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valour ſav'd,
If ſo the tyrant, or his minion doom.

Line 244. *God's image diſinherited of day.*] This thought is very feelingly expreſſed, and a ſtriking reflection on a fellow creature's misfortunes. It is evident, that from the variety of Dr. Young's diſtreſs, aroſe that dignity which he maintains throughout the Night Thoughts. He clearly proves the truth of that admirable text, "It is better to go to the houſe of mourning, than to the houſe of joy," and is no where better repreſented, than on a comparative view with the divine pſalmiſt.

Line 247. *There, beings deathleſs as their haughty lord.*] Unleſs by "beings deathleſs," the author has an alluſion to "how happy they who wake no more," I find ſome obſcurity in the paſſage.

Want, and incurable *diſeaſe*, (fell pair!)
On hopeleſs multitudes remorſeleſs ſeize
At once; and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning *hoſpitals* eject the dead!
What numbers groan for ſad admiſſion there!
What numbers, once in *Fortune*'s lap high fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To ſhock us more, ſolicit it in vain!
Ye ſilken ſons of pleaſure! ſince in pains
You rue more modiſh viſits, viſit *here*,
And breathe from your debauch: *give*, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion o'er you: but, ſo great
Your impudence, you bluſh at what is right!
Happy! did ſorrow ſeize on *ſuch* alone.
Not *prudence* can defend, or *virtue* ſave;
Diſeaſe invades the chaſteſt temperance;
And puniſhment the guiltleſs; and alarm,
Thro' thickeſt ſhades, purſues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns,
And his guard falling, cruſhes him to death.
Not *Happineſs* itſelf makes good her name;
Our very wiſhes give us not our wiſh.

How

Line 261. ——*Since in pains*
You rue more modiſh viſits.] That is, ſince your viſits of pleaſure are attended with injuries to your healths, "viſit here." A neceſſary invocation! but what hopes the author founded on a reformation, may be judged from "You bluſh at what is right.

Line 274. *Our very wiſhes give us not our wiſh.*] A ſeeming inconſiſtency, which experience will aptly reconcile. The diſcontented part of mankind are, and have ever been ſo numerous, that if our hearts don't teſtify its truth, they will evince it. No one expreſſes, in ſtronger colouring, the vanity of human wiſhes, than our author; no one more naturally. On the fields of fancy an author roves unbounded; 'tis an imaginary ſoil. We cannot well diſtinguiſh

How diſtant oft the thing we doat on moſt,
From that for which we doat, *felicity?*
The *ſmootheſt* courſe of nature has its pains;
And *trueſt* friends, thro' error, wound our reſt.
Without misfortune, what calamities!
And what hoſtilities, without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the beſt on earth.
But endleſs is the liſt of human ills,
And ſighs might ſooner fail, than cauſe to ſigh.
A part how ſmall of the terraqueous* globe
Is tenanted by man! the reſt a *waſte,*
Rocks, deſarts, frozen ſeas, and burning ſands:
Wild haunts of monſters, poiſons, ſtings, and death.
Such is earth's melancholy map! But, far
More ſad! this earth is a true map of *man.*
So bounded are its haughty lord's *delights*
To *woe*'s wide empire; where deep *troubles* toſs,
Loud *ſorrows* howl, invenom'd *paſſions* bite,

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diſtinguiſh errors from beauties; but on the ſubject of humanity, our ſoul is intereſted, and conſcience is ſo nice a critic, that in a ſyſtem of morality, the ſmalleſt deviations ſtrike us.

Line 291. ——*Where deep troubles toſs.*] Mr. Melmoth ſtiles this and the following metaphors, bombaſt. Viewed ſeparately, they may, on a brief examination, be cenſured, as the uncorrected language of an enthuſiaſt. But when we conſider the compariſon within the period, the criticiſm is unjuſt. The lines I allude to are

Rocks, deſarts, frozen ſeas, and burning ſands:
Wild haunts of monſters, poiſons, ſtings, and death.

Such is the map of the terraqueous globe, and as ſuch, the author views it as a ſimilitude of Man. The ſimile is ſtriking and original. In appoſition to rocks are placed "deep troubles" of the ſoul; to deſarts, "loud ſorrows howl," &c. &c. &c. I cannot view the paſſions which Dr. Young expreſſes, in the light of bombaſt, but rather as poetical, and in ſtrict propriety with the foregoing lines.

* A compoſition of earth and water.

Rav'nous *calamities* our vitals ſeize,
And threat'ning *fate* wide opens to devour.
What then am I, who ſorrow for *myſelf*?
In age, in infancy, from others aid
Is all our hope; to teach us to be *kind*.
That, nature's *firſt*, *laſt* leſſon to mankind;
The ſelfiſh heart deſerves the pain it feels.
More gen'rous ſorrow, while it ſinks, exalts;
And conſcious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue, more than *prudence*, bids me give
Swoln thought a *ſecond* channel; who divide,
They weaken too the torrent of their grief.
Take then, O world! thy much-indebted tear.
How ſad a ſight is human happineſs,
To thoſe whoſe thought can pierce beyond an hour!
O thou! whate'er thou art! whoſe heart exhults!
Wouldſt thou I ſhould congratulate thy fate?
I know thou wouldſt; thy pride demands it from me.
Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,
The ſalutary cenſure of a friend.
Thou happy *wretch!* by blindneſs art thou bleſt;
By dotage dandled to perpetual ſmiles.
Know *ſmiler!* at thy peril art thou pleas'd:
Thy pleaſure is the promiſe of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor ſevere,
But riſes in demand for her delay;

She

Line 308. *O thou! whate'er thou art! whoſe heart exults!*] The admonition that follows this addreſs is forcibly directed to the mind. The ſound reaſoning and obvious truths which it contains, cannot fail inſpiring us with eſteem for the author, as a chriſtian, and gratitude, as an inſtructer.

Line 317. *Misfortune, like a creditor ſevere.*] The compariſon is elegant and natural, the thought particularly ſtriking, and the truth it contains, not only poetic, but real. "Out of good will

She makes a ſcourge of paſt proſperity,
To ſting thee more, and double thy diſtreſs.
LORENZO, Fortune makes her court to thee.
Thy fond heart dances, while the *ſyren* ſings.
Dear is thy welfare; think me not unkind;
I would not damp, but to ſecure thy joys.
Think not that *fear* is ſacred to the ſtorm.
Stand on thy guard againſt the *ſmiles* of fate.
Is Heav'n tremendous in its frowns? Moſt ſure;
And in its favours formidable too:
Its favours here are trials, not rewards;
A call to duty, not diſcharge from care;
And ſhould alarm us, full as much as woes;
Awake us to their *cauſe* and *conſequence*;
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our deſert;
Awe nature's tumult, and chaſtiſe her joys,
Leſt while we claſp, we kill them; nay, invert
To worſe than *ſimple* miſery, their charms.
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like boſom friendſhips to reſentment ſour'd,

I cauſe evil to ariſe," that is, from imaginary good; for we may daily obſerve, how deeply the dart of misfortune pierces, after a laſting ſeries of tranquility. Shakeſpear admirably expreſſes its effects in the fall of Wolſey.

> And when he thinks, good eaſy man! full ſure
> His greatneſs is a ripening, nips his root,
> And then he falls as I do.

Line 321. *Lorenzo, fortune makes her court to thee.*] This admonitory addreſs to Lorenzo, who is ſuppoſed to have been his ſon, is replete with the moſt ſalutary counſel. "Awe nature's tumult and chaſtiſe her joys, leſt while we claſp, we kill them," is a leſſon often repeated, too often diſregarded both by the parent and the child. Indulgence, while it coincides with reaſon, relaxation, when under the guidance of virtue, are ineſtimably valuable. "But while we claſp, we kill," we paſs their bounds, and are undone.

With rage invenom'd riſe againſt our peace.
Beware what earth calls happineſs; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on leſs than an *immortal* baſe,
Fond as he ſeems, condemns his joys to death.
Mine dy'd with thee, PHILANDER! thy laſt ſigh
Diſſolv'd the charm; the diſinchanted earth
Loſt all her luſtre. Where, her glitt'ring towers?
Her golden mountains, where? All darken'd down
To naked waſte; a dreary vale of tears:
The great magician's dead! Thou poor, pale piece
Of out-caſt earth, in darkneſs! what a change
Form yeſterday! thy darling hope ſo near,
(Long-labour'd prize!) O how ambition fluſh'd
Thy glowing cheek! ambition truly great,
Of virtuous praiſe. Death's ſubtle ſeed within,
(Sly, treach'rous miner!) working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well-concerted ſcheme, and beckon'd
The worm to riot on that roſe ſo red,
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!
Man's foreſight is *conditionally* wiſe;
LORENZO! wiſdom into folly turns,
Oft, the firſt inſtant its idea fair
To lab'ring thought is born. How dim our eye!
The *preſent* moment terminates our ſight;
Clouds, thick as thoſe on doomſday, drown the *next*;
We penetrate, we phrophecy in vain.

Time

Line 356. ——*And beckon'd*
The worm to riot on that roſe ſo red.] Dr. Young's thoughts on the ſubject of Death are inimitable. Where he paints his terrors, we purſue the flights of his genius, and admire the ſtrength of his imagination; and in thoſe pleaſingly affecting ſcenes, where he laments the loſe of a Philander, his animated ſentiments

Time is dealt out by particles; and each,
Ere mingled with the ſtreaming ſands of life,
By fate's inviolable oath is ſworn
Deep ſilence, "Where eternity begins."
By nature's law, what may be, may be *now*;
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can riſe,
Than man's preſumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverſe
Is ſure to none: and yet on this *Perhaps*,
This *Peradventure*, infamous for lyes,
As on a rock of adamant we build
Our mountain hopes; ſpin out eternal ſchemes,
As we the fatal ſiſters could out-ſpin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.
Not ev'n PHILANDER had beſpoke his ſhroud,
Nor had he cauſe, a warning was deny'd:
How many fall as ſudden, not as ſafe!
As ſudden, tho' for years admoniſh'd home.
Of human ills the laſt extreme beware,

ſentiments melt us to that pity which himſelf expreſſes. The thought of "Death's beckoning the worm" is in Milton's ſtyle, and equally beautiful with his imagery.

Line 366. *Time is dealt out by particles; and each.*] The alluſion to an hour-glaſs is natural and apt. In a ſubject ſo barren of machinery, the poet has found reaſoning only as an aſſiſtant, and we may naturally expect very little profuſion of imagery; but the delicacy of our author's ſentiments, his bold expreſſion, ſtrong colouring, and beautiful metaphors, muſt diſarm the ſhafts of the critic, and prove a moſt agreeable deception to the candid reader.

Line 382. *Not ev'n Philander had beſpoke his ſhroud.*] A melancholy reflection! and worthy the ſerious conſideration of the unthinking and gay part of mankind.

Beware,

Beware, LORENZO! a *ſlow-ſudden* death.
How dreadful that deliberate ſurprize!
Be wiſe to-day; 'tis madneſs to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wiſdom is puſh'd out of life.
*Procraſtination** is the thief of time;
Year after year it ſteals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vaſt concerns of an eternal ſcene.
If not ſo frequent, would not This be ſtrange?
That 'tis ſo frequent, *This* is ſtranger ſtill.
Of man's miraculous miſtakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themſelves the compliment to think
They one day ſhall not drivel; and their pride
On this reverſion takes up ready praiſe;

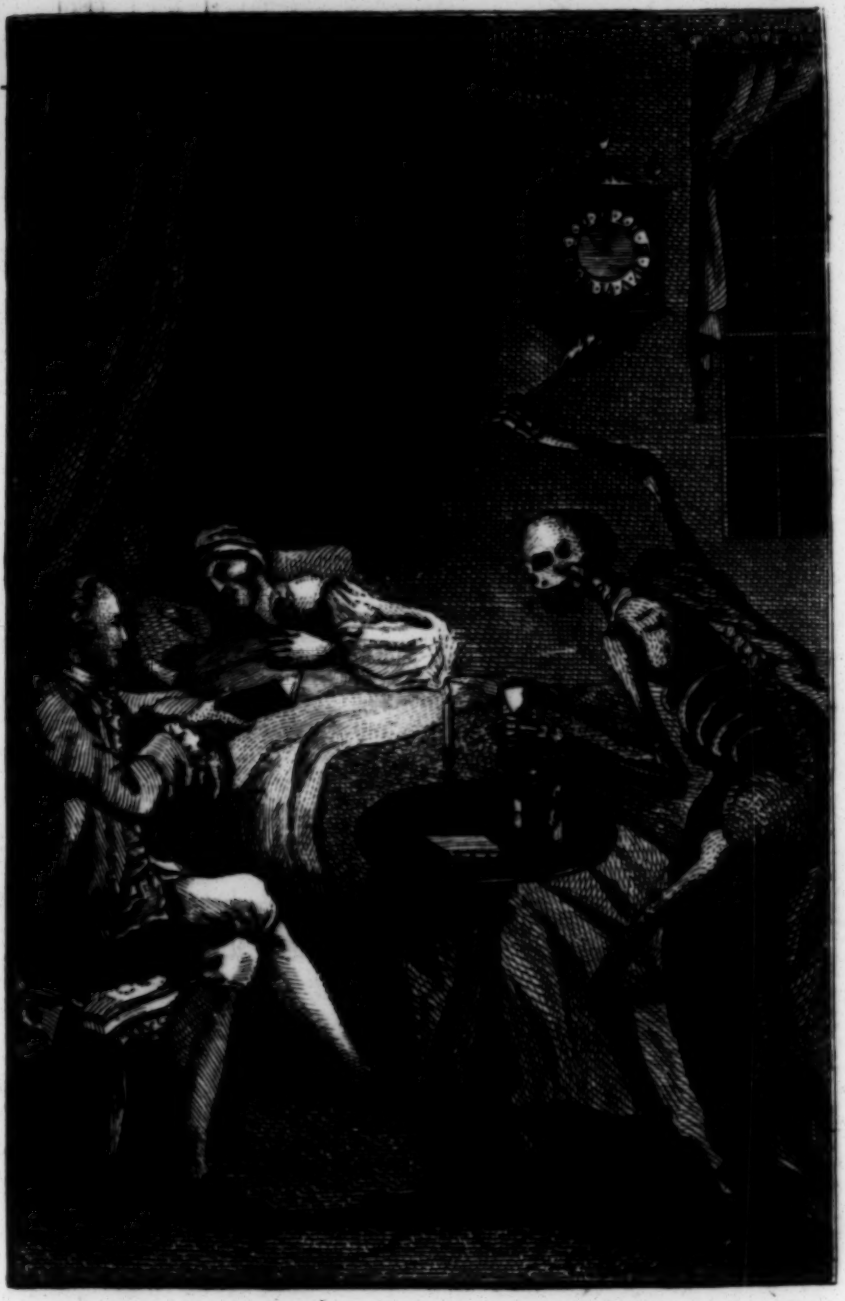
---

* A delay till the morrow.

Line 387. *Beware, Lorenzo! a ſlow-ſudden death.*] The beauty and forcible expreſſion of "a ſlow ſudden death," muſt ſtrike us with the elegance of its poetry, as well as the importance of the thought. The ſeeming contraſt, on reflection, deeply impreſſes on the mind that languor which attends concerns beyond the grave; till the tremendous terrors of a death-bed, rouſe it into a contemplating view of our paſt moments.

Line 392. *Procraſtination is the thief of time;*] This metaphorical image is picturesque and boldly coloured. The conciſeneſs of the ſentiment ſtrikes us more than the moſt admirable "vis poetica." To paint from nature, and to confine its imagery within a proper bound, are not only the ſtandards of perfection, but preſent the moſt pleaſing objects to the reader.

Line 397. *That 'tis ſo frequent, This is ſtranger ſtill.*] An evident emblem how greatly the leſſons of experience are ſuperior to thoſe of example.



.....On other themes I'll dwell.

.....What themes? Time's wondrous price,

Death, Friendship & Philander's final scene

At leaſt, their own; their future ſelves applauds;
How excellent that life they *ne'er* will lead!
Time lodg'd in their *own* hands is *folly*'s vails;
That lodg'd in *fate*'s, to *wiſdom* they conſign;
The thing they can't but *purpoſe*, they *poſtpone*:
'Tis not in *folly*, not to ſcorn a fool;
And ſcarce in human *wiſdom* to do more.
All *promiſe* is poor dilatory‡ man,
And that thro' ev'ry ſtage: when young, indeed,
In full content we, ſometimes, nobly reſt,
Un-anxious for *ourſelves*; and only wiſh,
As duteous ſons, our *fathers* were more wiſe.
At *thirty* man *ſuſpects* himſelf a fool;
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his plan;
At *fifty* chides his infamous delay;
Puſhes his prudent purpoſe to *Reſolve*;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Reſolves; and re-reſolves; then dies the ſame.
And why? Becauſe he thinks himſelf immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themſelves;
Themſelves, when ſome alarming ſhock of fate

‡ Remiſs in execution.

Line 404. *At leaſt, their own; their future ſelves applauds.*] There is again an error in the punctuation. I ſubmit the following amendment:

At leaſt their own their future ſelves applauds.

Line 409. *'Tis not in folly, not to ſcorn a fool.*] There is an ambiguity in this and the following line, which is not eaſily reconciled. The ſimilitude of "human wiſdom" to "folly" ſeem to be the grand points our author had in view. "'Tis not in folly, &c. &c." that is, 'tis wiſe not to ſcorn a fool.—The bounds of human wiſdom reach no farther.

Line 416. *At thirty man ſuſpects himſelf a fool.*] The irreſolution of mankind is here pleaſingly expreſs'd; that it is nature no one will deny. "Reſolves, and re-reſolves, then dies the ſame," is a truth daily experience will teach us.

Strikes

Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the ſudden dread;
— But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon cloſe; where paſt the ſhaft, no trace is found.
As from the *wing* no ſcar the ſky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the *keel*;
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature ſheds
O'er thoſe we love, we drop it in their grave.
— Can I forget PHILANDER? That were ſtrange! —
O my full heart!—But ſhould I give it vent,
The longeſt night, tho' longer far, would fail,
And the *lark* liſten to my *midnight* ſong.
The ſprightly *lark*'s ſhrill matin wakes the morn.
Grief's ſharpeſt thorn hard-preſſing on my breaſt,
I ſtrive, with wakeful melody, to chear
The ſullen gloom, ſweet *Philomel* !* like thee,
And call the ſtars to liſten: ev'ry ſtar
Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
Yet be not vain; there are, who thine excell,
And charm thro' diſtant ages: wrapt in ſhade,
Pris'ner of darkneſs! to the ſilent *hours*,

* The nightingale.

Line 430. *So dies in human hearts the thought of death.*] How elegantly Dr. Young's ſimilies are painted, and in how true colours, the reader will naturally diſcover without a comment. The two former are, I think, ſuperior to the generality of compariſons, and poetically expreſſive of our "irreſolute reſolves" on reformation.

Line 434. *O my full heart!*——] Mr. Melmoth juſtly points out this as critically expreſſive of the poet's ſituation. That 'tis the language of nature, the feeling mind muſt be conſcious; and how natural the break, the effuſions of an unfeigned ſorrow will beſt determine.

Line 443. *Yet be not vain; there are, who thine excell.*] This addreſs to the nightingale may be ranked amongſt the moſt pleaſing lines contained in our author's firſt book.

How

How often I repeat their rage divine,
To lull my griefs, and ſteal my heart from woe!
I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.
Dark, tho' not blind, like thee, *Mæonides*† !
Or, *Milton!* thee; ah could I reach your ſtrain!
Or *His*, who made *Mæonides* our *own*‖.
Man too He ſung: *immortal* man I ſing;
Oft burſts my ſong beyond the bounds of life;
What, *now*, but immortality can pleaſe?
O had *He* preſs'd his theme, purſu'd the track,
Which opens out of darkneſs into day!
O had he mounted on his wing of fire,
Soar'd, where I ſink, and ſung *immortal* man!
How had it bleſt mankind, and reſcu'd me!

Line 459. *How had it bleſt mankind, and reſcu'd me!*] It is difficult to determine which appears moſt ſtriking in the concluſion of the firſt Night, the author's modeſty, or the elegance of his compliment to Mr. Pope. His enervate language, where he lays aſide the ſubject, ſhews his ſtrength of genius, and poetic imagination as a poet; the ſublimity with which he ſuſtains his reaſonings, ſtamps him as a feeling penman of divine truths. On the whole, however ſubject his errors may be to criticiſm, a candid reader muſt view him as exalted in imagination, nervous in expreſſion, pious in ſentiment, and rich in poetic excellence.

† Homer. ‖ Pope.

The ARGUMENT.

BOOK II.

TIME, Death, and Friendſhip are the ground-work on which the poet builds the moral leſſons of his Second Night.—He addreſſes Lorenzo, a gay, miſguided libertine, on the importance of the ſubject; and cites Philander's death as a moſt recent and moving argument.—The ineſtimable value of time poetically deſcribed. — A grateful compliment to Dr. Mead.—The author deduces it as a moral certainty, that ſince the volubility, and preſent poſſeſſion of time, are equally irkſome to the mind, the uſeful employment of it is the moſt ſalutary remedy.—A metaphorical deſcription of its primary origin.—The author admoniſhes Lorenzo, by pointing out the levities of the age.—An emblematical deſcription of conſcience.—The ſupineneſs of mankind.—A caution of the approach of death.—The excellence of well judged reaſon.—Singular advantages of friendſhip.—Inutility of contemplation unſuſtained by converſe.—The author contemplates Philander's death with enthuſiaſtic energy.—Serious reflections on a death-bed.

THE

THE

COMPLAINT.

NIGHT the SECOND.

ON

TIME, DEATH, FRIENDSHIP.

Humbly Inſcribed

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

The Earl of WILMINGTON.

"*WHEN the cock crew, he wept**"—Smote by that eye,
Which looks on me, on All: that Pow'r, who bids
This midnight centinel, with clarion ſhrill,
Emblem of that which ſhall awake the dead,
Rouſe ſouls from ſlumber, into thoughts of *Heaven*.
Shall I too weep? Where then is fortitude? 6
And, fortitude abandon'd, where is man?

D I know

* St. Mark, Chap 14, Verſe 72.

Line 1. "*When the cock crew, he wept*"—*Smote by that eye.*] The author's pleaſing reſignation was never more apparent than at the commencement of the ſecond night. The contents of the former book are penned in the moſt enthuſiaſtic language of grief; but, conſidering his diſtreſsful ſituation, the tranſports of his ſorrow are within the bounds of nature. There is a ſublimity in his ſentiments on the Divine Being, which cannot fail to pleaſe.

Line 6. *Shall I too weep? Where then is fortitude?*] The critic, (as many ſuch there are) who might have peruſed the preceding book with

I know the terms on which he ſees the light;
He that is born, is liſted; life is war;
Eternal war with woe. Who bears it beſt,
Deſerves it leaſt.—On *other* themes I'll dwell.
LORENZO! let me turn *my* thoughts on thee,
And *thine*, on themes may profit; profit there,
Where moſt thy need. Themes, too, the genuine growth
Of dear PHILANDER's duſt. He, *thus*, tho' dead,
May ſtill befriend—What themes? *Time's wondrous price*,
Death, *Friendſhip*, and PHILANDER's *final ſcene*.
So could I touch theſe themes, as might obtain
Thine ear, nor leave thy heart quite diſengag'd,
The good deed would delight me; half impreſs
On my dark cloud an *Iris** ; and from grief
Call glory—Doſt thou mourn PHILANDER's fate?
I know thou ſay'ſt it: Says thy life the ſame?
He mourns the dead, who lives as they deſire.

Where

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with a malign intention to diſcover every minute defect our author ſhould be guilty of, founded a hope, we may preſume, of overturning the ſyſtem of morality which it contains from the paſſage, "How happy they, who wake no more." However blameable the ſentiment, the reflection was natural; no laboured thought, but the pure effuſion of diſtreſs. The language of reſignation may better be approved, "And, fortitude abandon'd, where is man?

Line 12. *Lorenzo! let me turn my thoughts on thee.*] The reflection was natural. Lorenzo was the only friend whoſe intereſt the poet took to heart. The real perſonage depicted under that character is yet unknown, but is generally believed to have been his ſon, whoſe libertiniſm and miſconduct were the cauſe of ſo ſevere a paternal reproof.

Line 23. *I know thou ſay'ſt it: Says thy life the ſame?*] From the death of Philander is deduced the moſt ſalutary argument that the loſs of a friend can dictate. His piety and moral conduct were

a

* A rainbow.

Where is that thrift, that avarice of TIME,
(O glorious avarice!) thought of death inſpires,
As rumour'd robberies endear our gold?
O *Time!* than gold more ſacred; more a load
Than lead, to fools; and fools reputed wiſe.
What *moment* granted man without account! —
What *years* are ſquander'd, *wiſdom*'s debt unpaid!
Our wealth in days all due to *that* diſcharge.
Haſte, haſte, he lies in wait, he's at the door,
Inſidious† *Death*; ſhould his ſtrong hand arreſt,
No compoſition ſets the pris'ner free.
Eternity's inexorable‡ chain
Faſt binds; and vengeance claims the full arrear.
How late I ſhudder'd on the brink! how late
Life call'd for her laſt refuge in deſpair!
That *Time* is mine, O MEAD! to thee I owe;
Fain would I pay thee with *Eternity*.
But ill my genius anſwers my deſire;
My ſickly ſong is mortal, paſt thy cure.
Accept the will: that dies not with my ſtrain.
For what calls thy diſeaſe, LORENZO! Not

† Deceitful. ‡ Deaf to prayer.

a ſtriking contraſt to the diſſoluteneſs of Lorenzo. And yet, the libertine was not ſo irrevocably loſt as to deſpiſe Philander. He loved his virtues, and bewailed his fate. "Says thy life the ſame?" A queſtion, whoſe importance, if duly weighed, might be the ground-work of ſerious reformation.

Line 27. *As rumour'd robberies endear our gold?*] The ſimile is apt and pleaſing. The emblem of death, as a robber, (line 498) poetically calls the beauty of it to our recollection after a full period.

Line 40. *That Time is mine, O Mead! to thee I owe;*] That eaſy grace with which our author pays a compliment, ſeems to be a proof, that in his younger days, he was not wholly unacquainted with the language of courts.

For *Eſculapian**, but for *moral* aid.
Thou think'ſt it folly to be wiſe too ſoon.
Youth is not rich in *time*; it may be, poor;
Part with it as with money, ſparing; pay
No moment, but in purchaſe of its worth;
And what its worth, aſk death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher-aim'd, ſtill nearer the great *mark*
Of men and angels; virtue more divine.
Is this our *duty*, *wiſdom*, *glory*, *gain*?
(*Theſe* Heav'n benign in vital union binds)
And ſport we like the natives of the bough,
When vernal ſuns inſpire? *Amuſement* reigns
Man's great demand: to trifle is to live:
And is it then a trifle, too, to die?——
Thou ſay'ſt I *preach*, LORENZO! 'Tis confeſt.
What, if for once, I preach thee quite *awake*?
Who wants *amuſement* in the flame of battle?
Is it not treaſon to the ſoul *immortal*,
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
Will toys amuſe, when med'cines cannot cure?
When ſpirits ebb, when life's inchanting ſcenes
Their luſtre loſe, and leſſen in our ſight,

* The aid of phyſic.

Line 46. *For Eſculapian, but for moral aid.*] The progreſs which the ſcience of Æſculapius has made ſince the remote æra of its author, ſeems to have puſhed out the more ſalutary cordials of morality. How greatly we are benefitted, or injured, by the revolution, I will not determine.

Line 61. *And is it then a trifle, too, to die?*] By the ſingular attachment of mankind to the miſuſe of time, it might be thought ſo. Conceit and folly ſeem to have the uſurping hand, and reaſon is an exile. We run the race of life careleſs and inattentive, "Eternity the prize."

(As

(As lands, and cities with their glitt'ring ſpires,
To the poor ſhatter'd bark, by ſudden ſtorm
Thrown off to ſea, and ſoon to periſh there)
Will toys amuſe?—No: thrones will then be toys,
And earth and ſkies ſeem duſt upon the ſcale.
Redeem we time!—its *loſs* we dearly buy.
What pleads LORENZO for his high-priz'd ſports?
He pleads time's num'rous *blanks*; he loudly pleads
The ſtraw-like *trifles* on life's common ſtream.
From whom thoſe *blanks* and *trifles*, but from *thee*?
No *blank*, no *trifle*, nature made, or meant.
Virtue, or *purpos'd* virtue, ſtill be Thine;
This cancels thy complaint at once; *This* leaves
In *act* no trifle, and no *blank* in time.
This greatens, fills, immortalizes All;
This, the bleſt art of turning all to gold;
This, the good heart's prerogative to raiſe
A royal tribute, from the pooreſt hours.
Immenſe revenue! ev'ry moment *pays*.
If nothing more than *purpoſe* in thy power;
Thy purpoſe firm, is equal to the deed:

Line 70. *As lands, and cities with their glitt'ring ſpires.*] The length of this period renders the ſenſe, on a firſt peruſal, ſomewhat confuſed, tho' the concluſion is inimitably forcible. The extent of Dr. Young's imagination has led him into a *rhapſodical* error, which the leſs enraptured part of his readers will not readily excuſe.

Line 83. *In act no trifle, and no blank in time.*] The repetitions of "this, blank, and trifle," are evidently beneath the dignity of poetry. There is a medium, which, when preſerved, adds a beauty to the ſubject, and is conſiſtent with reaſon; but unleſs the delicacy required in uſing it, be ſtrictly attended to, the whole becomes a diſguſting jargon to the ear.

Who does the beſt his circumſtance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
Our *outward* act, indeed, admits reſtraint;
'Tis not in things o'er *thought* to domineer;
Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are heard in heaven.

On all-important *Time*, through ev'ry age,
Tho' much, and warm, the wiſe have urg'd; the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
"*I've loſt a day*"—The prince who nobly cry'd,
Had been an emperor without his crown;
Of *Rome?*—Say, rather, Lord of human race:
He ſpoke, as if deputed by mankind.
So ſhould all ſpeak: ſo *reaſon* ſpeaks in all:
From the ſoft whiſpers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to phrenſy fly,
For reſcue from the *bleſſings* we poſſeſs?
Time, the ſupreme!—Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all, that makes archangels ſmile.
Who murders Time, he cruſhes in the birth
A pow'r ethereal, only *not* ador'd.

Line 91. *Who does the beſt his circumſtance allows.*] In examining the propriety of this ſentiment, we perceive the author's opinions in religion to be drawn from truth and benevolence. No bigotry to any particular ſyſtem, unleſs the grand one of Chriſtianity, is perceptible throughout his works. He draws proofs from reality; and while he inſpires the reader with a religious reverence for piety, leads him into no laboured and uſeleſs notions, or incomprehenſible difficulties.

Line 110. *Who murders Time, he cruſhes in the birth.*] The thought is beautiful and original. In the ſevere rules of poetry, our author has doubtleſs his ſuperiors; but in the flights of imagination, and originality of his ideas, not to mention his elegance of expreſſion, he may juſtly be ranked as firſt in the liſt of Engliſh poets.

Ah!

Ah! how unjuſt to nature, and himſelf,
Is thoughtleſs, thankleſs, inconſiſtent man!
Like children babbling nonſenſe in their ſports,
We cenſure nature for a ſpan too ſhort;
That ſpan too ſhort, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To laſh the ling'ring moments into ſpeed;
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourſelves.
Art, brainleſs *Art*, our furious charioteer
(For *nature*'s voice unſtifled would recall)
Drives headlong tow'rds the precipice of death;
Death, moſt our dread; death *thus* more dreadful made;
O what a riddle of abſurdity!
Leiſure is pain; takes off our chariot-wheels:
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Bleſt leiſure is our curſe; like that of *Cain*,
It makes us wander; wander earth around
To fly that tyrant, thought. As *Atlas* groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amuſement;
The next amuſement mortgages our fields;
Slight inconvenience! Priſons hardly frown,
From hateful *Time* if priſons ſet us free.
Yet when *Death* kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments ſhrink,
Ages to years. The teleſcope is turn'd.
To man's falſe opticks* (from his folly falſe)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And

---

* Viſionary powers.

Line 139. *Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings.*] When we compare the emblematical paintings of the ancients, with thoſe of the modern poets, we own the ſuperiority of the former; not only from the priority, but the ſuper-excellence of their thoughts. Spenſer,

And ſeems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when paſt by; what then is ſeen,
But his broad pinions ſwifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction ſtrong,
Rueful, aghaſt! cry out on his career,
Leave to thy foes theſe errors, and theſe ills;
To nature juſt, their *cauſe* and *cure* explore.
Not ſhort Heav'n's bounty; boundleſs our expence:
No niggard, nature; men are prodigals.
We *waſte*, not *uſe* our time; we breathe, not live,
Time *waſted* is exiſtence, *us'd* is life.
And *bare exiſtence*, man, to *live* ordain'd,
Wrings, and oppreſſes with enormous weight.
And why? ſince *Time* was giv'n for uſe, not waſte,
Injoin'd to fly; with tempeſt, tide, and ſtars,
To keep his ſpeed, nor ever wait for man.
Time's uſe was doom'd a pleaſure; waſte, a pain;
That man might *feel* his error, if unſeen;
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure;

Spenſer, among our countrymen, is bold in his deſcriptions, and figurative in his images. His genius, like Young's, was unbounded, and equally ſoar'd above the pedantic confin'd laws of what is call'd correct writing. The peculiar beauty of our author's mataphors cannot be better evinced than by ſeparately viewing his animated digreſſions on the advances of time. The line I have quoted with the remainder of the ſentence, has, doubtleſs, a ſtriking annotation in the mind of the reader. Till we can diſcover an equal ſublimity in any preceding or future poet, the impartial critic will ſay with Virgil,

Ex illo Corydon, Corydon eſt tempore nobis.

Line 153. *And why? ſince Time was giv'n for uſe, not waſte.*] It is evident, that, throughout the Night Thoughts, we diſcover an obſcurity in many paſſages, which is not removed without ſome difficulty. This generally proceeds from the lengthened periods and ill-connected parts of a ſentence, by which the mind is confuſed, and unable to retain the ſentiment throughout, as in the above line.

Not,

Not, blund'ring, ſplit on idleneſs, for eaſe.
Life's cares are comforts ; ſuch by Heav'n deſign'd ;
He that has none, muſt make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments ; and without employ
The ſoul is on a rack ; the rack of reſt,
To ſouls moſt adverſe ; action all their joy.
Here, then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds ;
Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
We rave, we wreſtle, with *great nature's plan* ;
We thwart the Deity ; and 'tis decreed,
Who thwart his will, ſhall contradict their own.
Hence our unnatural quarrel with ourſelves ;
Our thoughts at enmity ; our boſom-broil ;
We puſh Time from us, and we wiſh him back ;
Laviſh of luſtrums, and yet fond of life ;
Life we think long, and ſhort ; *Death* ſeek, and ſhun ;
Body and ſoul, like peeviſh man and wife,

Line 161. *He that has none, muſt make them, or be wretched.*] Whether we view "Life's cares," as the neceſſary employment only of the mind, or as the calamities incident to humanity, we may, from experience, remove the ſeeming inconſiſtency of the poet's obſervation. A never to be conquered fondneſs for variety actuates the generality, if not the whole of mankind ; nor is its tendency deſtructive to their happineſs. Who taſtes the joys of liberty more than the ſlave who gains his freedom, or rather, who ſo much? To feel the bleſſings of tranquility, we muſt have not the knowledge only, but the experience of pain. Supineneſs, or as Young expreſſes it, "the rack of reſt," renders the mind taſteleſs, unnerves its faculties, and forms, from an animated being, a lifeleſs ſtatue.

Line 165. *Here, then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds.*] This conciſe and brief explanation of what the author is conſcious will appear ambiguous to minds unacquainted with the leſſons of true wiſdom, or the value of the ſubjects it diſcuſſes, is pleaſing and poetic. There is a ſimilarity in the concluſion of one of Horace's Epiſtles.

Line 175. *Body and ſoul, like peeviſh man and wife.*] A compariſon too trifling and puerile, unworthy the ſubject and pen of the author.

United

United jar, and yet are loth to part.
Oh the dark days of vanity! while Here,
How taſteleſs! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone? they ne'er go; when paſt, they haunt us ſtill;
The ſpirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd,
And ſmiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death, nor life, delight us. If time *paſt*,
And time *poſſeſt*, both pain us, what can pleaſe?
That which the Deity to pleaſe ordain'd,
Time *us'd*. The man who conſecrates his hours
By vig'rous effort, and an honeſt aim,
At once he draws the ſting of life and death;
He *walks with Nature*, and her paths are peace.
Our error's cauſe and cure are ſeen: See next
Time's *nature*, *origin*, *importance*, *ſpeed*;
And thy great *gain* from urging his career.—
All-ſenſual man, becauſe untouch'd, unſeen,
He looks on *Time* as nothing. Nothing elſe
Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's.—Time's a god.
Haſt *thou* ne'er heard of *Time*'s omnipotence?
For, or *againſt*, what wonders can he do!
And *will*: To ſtand blank *neuter* he diſdains.

Not

. Line 180. *The ſpirit walks of every day deceas'd.*] Sublime and admirable! What pity, that amidſt ſuch a profuſion of ſweets, we ſhould here and there meet with a weed to feed a hungry critic.

Line 185. *Time us'd.*——] Amidſt the variety of ſentiments the author ſcatters through the Night Thoughts, none are more forcibly directed to the mind than his reflections on the miſuſe, or rather diſregard of time. From thence may be dated the origin of evil; and how ſevere a reproof muſt it be to the inactive ſoul, when it conſiders, that it has not only neglected, but changed the bleſſings of heaven to a curſe. The counſels of the author, as well as the errors of Lorenzo, have long been public. The momentary follies of the one are followed! The ſerious, the ſacred truths of the former are neglected!

Line 197 ——*To ſtand blank neuter he diſdains.*] The conſideration that each moment ſpent, balances the ſcale either of good

or

Not on *thoſe terms* was *Time* (Heav'n's ſtranger!) ſent
On his important embaſſy to man.
LORENZO! no: On the long-deſtin'd hour,
From everlaſting ages growing ripe,
That memorable hour of wond'rous birth,
When the dread Sire, on emanation* bent,
And big with nature, riſing in his might,
Call'd forth creation (for then *Time* was born).
By Godhead ſtreaming thro' a thouſand worlds;
Not on *thoſe terms*, from the great days of heaven,
From old Eternity's myſterious orb,
Was *Time* cut off, and caſt beneath the ſkies;
The ſkies, which watch him in his new abode,
Meaſuring his motions by revolving ſpheres;
That horologe† machinery divine
Hours, days, and months, and years, his children, play,
Like num'rous wings around him, as he flies:
Or, rather, as unequal plumes thy ſhape
His ample pinions, ſwift as darted flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his antient reſt,

or evil, ſhould be a weighty admonition to the Lorenzos of our age. Let the libertine then anſwer, which are the more pon'drous moments of *his* life, thoſe paſſed in guilt and inactivity, or thoſe in piety and innocence.

Line 200. *Lorenzo! no: On the long deſtin'd hour.*] The period is here carried to an amazing length; and the confuſed machinery of Time's attendants (tho' there is a beautiful ſublimity of thought) is ill expreſſed.

Line 217. *To gain his goal, to reach his antient reſt.*] This is again a poetical feather, added to the wings of Time, and expreſſive of the extenſive genius of the poet. There is a fameneſs in the Latins in their deſcription of Time, which cannot be obſerved in our author. He adds an emblematical figure, where ever he introduces him to the view of the reader; and, as he advances, ſeems to be more rich in imagination.

* The ſource and origin of nature.

† The emblem is taken from a clock.

And

And join a new *Eternity* his ſire;
In his *immutability** to neſt,
When worlds, that count his circles *now*, unhing'd,
(Fate the loud ſignal ſounding) headlong ruſh
To *timeleſs* night, and chaos, whence they roſe.
Why ſpur the ſpeedy? Why with levities
New-wing thy ſhort, ſhort day's too rapid flight?
Know'ſt thou, or what thou doſt, or what is done?
Man flies from *Time*, and *Time* from man; too ſoon
In ſad divorce this double flight muſt end:
And then, where are we? Where, LORENZO! then
Thy ſports? thy pomps?—I grant thee, in a ſtate
Not unambitious; in the *ruffled* ſhroud,
Thy *Parian*† tomb's *triumphant arch* beneath.
Has *Death* his fopperies? Then well may *Life*
Put on her plume, and in her rainbow ſhine.
Ye well-array'd! Ye lilies of our land!
Ye lilies *male!* who neither toil, nor ſpin,

* Unchangeableneſs.

† Marble from the Iſland of Paros, the ſmalleſt of the Cyclades.

Line 220. *When worlds, that count his circles now, unhing'd.*] On a careful peruſal of this and the following lines, there is a certain grandeur of expreſſion which particularly ſtrikes us. The language is energic, and conveys a forcible idea of the ſubject; and in the execution of the thought, we may perceive ſome remaining ſparks of Milton's fire.

Line 232. *Has death his fopperies?*] This interrogatory reproof has ſomething ſo naturally adapted to the many inſtances of the truth it contains, that we are apt to anſwer in the affirmative to a preceding queſtion. "Is death a trifle too?" An unpreposſeſſed reflection will dictate, that it muſt ariſe from a deſire in mankind to tranſmit their follies to the grave.

Line 234. *Ye well-array'd! Ye lilies of our land!*] A reproof by no means too ſevere for the preſent age—"Who nothing can ſupport, yourſelves moſt inſupportable," is an agreeable play on the words. The ſubject being held in a ludicrous view admits of the repetition. How true a ſentiment it contains, the experience of an hour will diſcover.

(As

(As ſiſter lilies *might*) if not ſo wiſe
As *Solomon*, more ſumptuous to the ſight!
Ye delicate! who nothing can ſupport,
Yourſelves moſt inſupportable! for whom
The winter roſe muſt blow, the ſun put on
A brighter beam in *Leo*‡; ſilky-ſoft
Favonius§ breathe ſtill ſofter, or be chid;
And other worlds ſend odours, ſawce, and ſong,
And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!
O ye LORENZOS of our age; who deem
One moment unamus'd, a miſery
Not made for feeble man! who call aloud
For ev'ry bawble, drivell'd o'er by ſenſe;
For rattles, and conceits of ev'ry caſt;
For change of follies, and relays of joy,
To drag your patient thro' the tedious length
Of a ſhort winter's *day*—ſay, ſages! ſay,
Wit's oracles! ſay, dreamers of gay dreams!
How will you weather an *eternal night*,
Where ſuch expedients fail?
O treach'rous *conſcience!* while ſhe ſeems to ſleep
On *roſe* and *myrtle*, lull'd with ſyren ſong;
While ſhe ſeems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong *appetite* the ſlacken'd rein,
And give us up to *licence*, unrecall'd,
Unmark'd;—See, from behind her ſecret ſtand,
The ſly informer minutes ev'ry fault,

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‡ A ſign of the zodiack. § The weſtern breeze.

Line 254. *How will you weather an eternal night?*] A ſerious queſtion, of too great moment for the moſt diſſolute of mankind to be inattentive to, when in the hour of contemplation.

Line 261. ——*See, from behind her ſecret ſtand.*] The imagery is again beautiful; and the progreſs of conſcience poetically expreſſed.

And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the groſs *act* alone employs her pen;
She reconnoitres *fancy*'s airy band,
A watchful foe! The formidable ſpy,
Liſt'ning, o'erhears the whiſpers of our camp;
Our dawning purpoſes of heart explores,
And ſteals our embryos of iniquity.
As all-rapacious uſurers conceal
Their doomſday-book from all-conſuming heirs:
Thus, with indulgence moſt ſevere, ſhe treats
Us ſpendthrifts of ineſtimable *Time*;
Unnoted, notes each moment miſapply'd;
In leaves more durable than leaves of braſs,
Writes our whole hiſtory; which *Death* ſhall read
In ev'ry pale delinquent's private ear;
And *Judgment* publiſh; publiſh to more worlds
Than this; and endleſs age in groans reſound.
LORENZO, *ſuch* that *ſleeper* in thy breaſt!
Such is her ſlumber; and her vengeance *ſuch*
For ſlighted counſel; ſuch thy future peace!
And think'ſt thou ſtill thou canſt be wiſe *too ſoon*?
But why on *Time* ſo laviſh is my ſong?
On this great *theme* kind *nature* keeps a ſchool,
To teach her ſons herſelf. Each night we die,
Each morn are born anew: Each day a life!

Line 269. *And ſteals our embryos of iniquity.*] This concluding thought is, if poſſible, ſuperior to the lines that precede it. The quick recollection of guilt is forcibly marked, by the "embryos of iniquity," which, as a metaphor, is inexpreſſibly ſtriking.

Line 276. ——*Which Death ſhall read,*
In ev'ry pale delinquent's private ear.] The ſtrength of the colouring, and expreſſion of the epithets, convey an affecting idea of their beauties to the mind. We ſeem to view the images as reflections from nature; and the idea of death reading the liſt of our offences, when too late to eraſe them, is truly poetic.

And

And ſhall we kill each day? If *trifling* kills;
Sure *vice* muſt butcher. O what heaps of ſlain
Cry out for vengeance on us! *Time* deſtroy'd
Is *ſuicide*, where more than *blood* is ſpilt.
Time flies, death urges, knells call, Heav'n invites,
Hell threatens; all exerts; in effort all;
More than creation labours! Labours more?
And is there in creation, what, amidſt
This tumult univerſal, wing'd diſpatch,
And ardent energy, ſupinely yawns?——
Man ſleeps; and *man* alone; and *man*, whoſe fate,
Fate irreverſible*, intire, extreme,
Endleſs, hair-hung, breeze-ſhaken, o'er the gulph
A moment trembles; drops! and *man*, for whom
All elſe is in alarm; *man*, the ſole cauſe
Of this ſurrounding ſtorm! and yet he ſleeps,
As the ſtorm rock'd to reſt—Throw *years* away?
Throw *empires*, and be blameleſs. Moments ſeize:
Heav'n's on their wing: a moment we may wiſh,
When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid *day* ſtand ſtill,
Bid him drive back his car, and reimport
The period paſt, regive the given hour.
LORENZO, more than miracles we want;
LORENZO—O for yeſterdays to come!

* Without a change.

Line 299. *Fate irreverſible, intire, extreme.*] I agree with Mr. Melmoth in his criticiſm on the number of theſe epithets. They are not only too crowded on each other, but when examined, an inconſiſtent jargon of words without coherence. "Intire, extreme," viewed ſeparately, require the author's explanation. I own my inſufficiency, but tho' the error is culpable, it is pleaſing.

Line 311. *Lorenzo—O for yeſterdays to come!*] The natural effuſions of real feeling muſt not only impreſs a more forcible idea on the mind than cold morality, but add greatly to the elegance of poetry.

Such is the language of the man *awake*;
His ardor ſuch, for what *oppreſſes* thee.
And is his ardor vain, LORENZO? No;
That *more* than miracle the gods indulge;
To-day is *yeſterday* return'd; return'd
Full-power'd to cancel, expiate, raiſe, adorn,
And reinſtate us on the rock of peace.
Let it not ſhare its predeceſſor's fate;
Nor, like its elder Siſters, die a fool.
Shall it evaporate* in fume? Fly off
Fuliginous, and ſtain us deeper ſtill?
Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?
More wretched for the clemencies of Heav'n?
Where ſhall I find Him? Angels! tell me where.
You know him; He is near you: Point him out:
Shall I ſee glories beaming from his brow?
Or trace his footſteps by the riſing flower's?
Your golden wings, *now* hov'ring o'er him, ſhed
Protection; now, are waving in applauſe
To that bleſt ſon of foreſight! lord of fate!
That awful independent on *to-morrow!*

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* Vaniſh.

Line 316. *To day is yeſterday return'd.*] The author, whilſt he holds to view the miſuſe of Lorenzo's paſt days, bids him not deſpair. The argument with which he ſtrengthens his admonitions, is bold and poetic; and the maſterly manner in which he perſonifies "to day," ſuffices of itſelf to ſtamp the poet a favourite of the muſes.

Line 323. *Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?*] An evident ſimilarity of ſound between "poorer" and "pour'd," muſt ſtrike the reader on the firſt peruſal. The alteration is by no means agreeable to a delicate ear, as the nature of the ſubject will not admit of puerile, tho' poetical beauties.

Line 325. *Where ſhall I find Him? Angels! tell me where.*] In this and the following lines we perceive an enthuſiaſm, which, I think, does not embelliſh the dignity of the ſubject. The epithets are beyond reaſon, and ſtrike us only with their impropriety.

Whoſe

Whoſe *work is done*, who triumphs in the *paſt*;
Whoſe *yeſterdays* look backwards with a ſmile;
Nor, like the *Parthian*, wound him as they fly;
That common, but opprobrious lot! Paſt hours,
If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
If folly bounds our proſpect by the grave,
All feeling of futurity benumb'd;
All god-like paſſion for eternals quench'd;
All reliſh of realities expir'd;
Renounc'd all correſpondence with the ſkies;
Our freedom chain'd; quite wingleſs our deſire;
In ſenſe dark priſon'd All that ought to ſoar;
Prone to the centre, crawling in the duſt;
Diſmounted ev'ry great and glorious aim;
Embruted* ev'ry faculty divine;
Heart-bury'd in the rubbiſh of the world.
The world, that gulph of ſouls, immortal ſouls,
Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire
To reach the diſtant ſkies, and triumph there
On thrones, which ſhall not mourn their maſters
Tho' we from *earth*; *ethereal*, they that fell. [chang'd;

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* Buried.

Line 334. *Whoſe yeſterdays look backwards with a ſmile.*] How pleaſing an image! Let the mind, which dictates of morality cannot melt to reformation, view the ſolid reaſoning and beautiful embelliſhments of YOUNG; and if it ſtill continues callous to their arguments, how irrevocably loſt!

Line 335. *Nor, like Parthian, wound him as they fly.*] The Parthians had a cuſtom of diſſembling flight, when reduced to the "neſſes" of war; and as they fled, wounded the purſuing enemy.

Fidentem que fuga Parthum, verſiſque ſagittis.

The compariſon is very apt and beautiful.

Line 336. ——————*Paſt hours.*] The immoderate length of the enſuing period is particularly diſguſtful; and thro' the multitude of its confuſed ideas, deſtroys the beauties of each.

Such veneration due, O man, to man.
Who venerate themſelves, the world deſpiſe.
For what, gay friend! is this *eſcutcheon'd* world,
Which hangs out DEATH in one eternal night?
A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the ſhroud.
Life's little ſtage is a ſmall eminence,
Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: we gaze around;
We read their monuments; we ſigh; and while
We ſigh, we ſink; and *are* what we deplor'd;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!
Is death at diſtance? No: He has been on thee;
And giv'n ſure earneſt of his final blow.
Thoſe hours, which lately ſmil'd, where are they now?
Pallid to thought, and ghaſtly! drown'd, all drown'd,
In that great deep, which nothing diſembogues *;
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee ſmall renown.
The reſt are on the wing; how fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire;
A moment, and the world's blown up *to thee*;

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* A ſea term, taken from a ſhip which is removed from a gulph into the open river.

Line 363. *We read their monuments; we ſigh; and while.*] Hervey's Meditations are, in an inferior ſenſe, what our author's Night Thoughts are in a more ſublime and poetical. The moral ſyſtem in each is ſimilar. Life and Death are the arguments from whence their inſtructions are deduced: but Young's concluding ſentiments convey a ray of hope, which the gloom of the former denies us.

Line 372. ——————*How fleet their flight!*] An evident proof how regardleſs our author was of the confines of correct poetry. "A fleet flight" is a tautologic jargon that muſt offend the moſt partial admirer of his beauties!

The ſun is darkneſs, and the ſtars are duſt.
'Tis greatly wiſe to talk with our paſt hours;
And aſk them, what report they bore to Heaven;
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their anſwers form what men *experience* call;
If *wiſdom*'s friend, her beſt; if not, worſt foe.
O reconcile them! Kind *experience* cries,
"There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;
"The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
"And by ſucceſs are tutor'd to deſpair."
Nor *is* it only thus, but *muſt* be ſo.
Who knows not this, tho' grey, is ſtill a child.
Looſe then from earth the graſp of fond deſire,
Weigh anchor, and ſome happier clime explore.
Art thou ſo moor'd thou canſt not diſengage,
Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future ſcenes?
Since, by *life*'s paſſing breath, blown up from earth,
Light, as the ſummer's duſt, we take in air
A moment's giddy flight, and fall again;
Join the dull maſs, increaſe the trodden ſoil,
And ſleep till earth herſelf ſhall be no more;

Line 375. *The ſun is darkneſs, and the ſtars are duſt.*] Theſe metaphorical images are too much beyond the ſtyle of his admonition, to be pleaſing. After ſo grave an addreſs to the ſoul of Lorenzo, this ſudden flight of imagination is an inconſiſtency.

Line 376. *'Tis greatly wiſe to talk with our paſt hours.*] This ſentiment is pleaſingly expreſſed, and the view of our "paſt hours" in a figurative light, is inimitable.

Line 389. *Art thou ſo moor'd, thou canſt not diſengage?*] A ſituation which the knowledge of mankind will too frequently hold to our view.

Line 395. *And ſleep till earth herſelf ſhall be no more.*] Whether this or a contrary ſentiment be founded on truth, I ſhall leave to a more learned critic to diſcuſs. Opinions, inconſiſtent with real happineſs, tho' purſued beyond the grave, are ſtill unprofitable.

Since

Since *then* (as emmets, their ſmall world o'er-thrown)
We, ſore amaz'd, from out earths ruins crawl,
And riſe to fate extreme of foul or fair,
As man's own choice (controuler of the ſkies !)
As man's deſpotic will, perhaps *one* hour,
(O how omnipotent is Time !) decrees ;
Should not each *warning* give a ſtrong alarm ?
Warning, far leſs than that of boſom torn
From boſom, bleeding o'er the ſacred dead !
Should not each *dial* ſtrike us as we paſs,
Portentous, as the *written wall*, which ſtruck,
O'er midnight bowls, the proud *Aſſyrian** pale,
Ere-while high-fluſht with inſolence and wine ?
Like *that*, the dial ſpeaks ; and points to thee,
LORENZO ! loth to break thy banquet up ;
" O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee ;
" And, while it laſts, is emptier than my ſhade."
Its ſilent language ſuch : nor need'ſt thou call
Thy *Magi* ‡, to decypher what it means.
Know, like the *Median*, fate is in thy walls :
Doſt aſk, *How ? Whence ? Belſhazzar* like, amaz'd !
Man's make incloſes the ſure ſeeds of death ;
Life feeds the murderer ; Ingrate ! he thrives
On her own meal, and then his nurſe devours.
But, here, LORENZO, the deluſion lies ;

* Belſhazzar.

‡ Wiſe men, Interpreters.

Line 406. *Portentous, as the written wall, which ſtruck.*] Daniel, Chap. V. Verſe 5.

" In the ſame hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and " wrote over againſt the candleſtick, upon the plaiſter of the " wall of the king's palace, and the king ſaw part of the hand " that wrote."

Line 418. ——*Ingrate ! he thrives.*] The thought is original, and peculiarly expreſſive,

That

That *ſolar ſhadow*, as it meaſures life,
It life reſembles too: Life ſpeeds away
From point to point, tho ſeeming to ſtand ſtill.
The cunning fugitive is ſwift by ſtealth:
Too ſubtle is the movement to be ſeen;
Yet ſoon man's hour is up, and we are gone:
Warnings point out our danger; *gnomons* §, time:
As *theſe* are uſeleſs when the ſun is ſet;
So *thoſe*, but when more glorious *reaſon* ſhines.
Reaſon ſhould judge in all; in reaſon's eye,
That ſedentary ſhadow travels hard.
But ſuch our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whiſper what we wiſh,
'Tis later with the wiſe, than he's aware;
A *Wilmington* goes ſlower than the ſun;
And all mankind miſtake their time of day: —
Ev'n age itſelf. Freſh hopes are hourly ſown
In furrow'd brows. So gentle life's deſcent,
We ſhut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter, for the ſpring;
And turn our bleſſings into bane. Since oft
Man muſt *compute* that age he cannot *feel*,
He ſcarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's lateſt eve, we keep in ſtore
One diſappointment ſure, to crown the reſt;

The

§ Sun-dial.

Line 421. *That ſolar ſhadow, as it meaſures life.*] Is only a repetition of "Time in advance behind him hides his wings."

Line 427. *Warnings point out our danger; gnomons, time.*] The compariſon is juſt and ſtriking; and the poetical ſimilitude of reaſon and the ſun, ſuperior to criticiſm.

Line 438. ——*So gentle life's deſcent.*] A pleaſing metaphor, and in its imagery correctly critical.

Line 445. *One diſappointment ſure, to crown the reſt.*] The unnatural folly in mankind of prolonging life beyond all human probability, and

The diſappointment of a promis'd hour.
On *this*, or ſimilar, PHILANDER! thou,
Whoſe mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue;
And ſtrong, to wield all ſcience, worth the name;
How often we talk'd down the ſummer's ſun,
And cool'd our paſſions by the breezy ſtream!
How often thaw'd, and ſhorten winter's eve,
By conflict kind, that ſtruck out latent truth,
Beſt found, ſo ſought; to the *recluſe* more coy!
Thoughts diſintangle, paſſing o'er the lip;
Clean runs the thread; if not, 'tis thrown away,
Or kept to tie up nonſenſe for a ſong;
Song, faſhionably fruitleſs! ſuch as ſtains
The *fancy*, and unhallow'd *paſſion* fires;
Chiming her ſaints to *Cytherea*'s* fane.
Know'ſt thou, LORENZO! what a friend contains?

As

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* Venus.

and their delufive promiſes of joys, far out of view, are very naturally painted by the author. Experience might teach them; ſince age has rendered their vanities inexcuſable, to found their baſis on a more ſolid rock.

Truſt on, and think to morrow will repay,
To morrow's falſer than the former day.

DRYDEN.

Line 449. *And ſtrong, to wield all ſcience, worth the name.*] There is an inconſiſtency of expreſſion in this line, which Mr. Melmoth ſeverely criticiſes. "To wield all ſcience," is, as he juſtly remarks, a glaring abſurdity; and however natural it might appear "the tongue" would be ſtill an oppoſition to its propriety.

Line 451. *And cool'd our paſſions by the breezy ſtream.*] This is rather the language of one more attatched to the vanities of the world than Dr. Young. Were his and Philander's paſſions ſo violent as to need a ſtream to cool them? The whole of this digreſſion is unequal to the poet's uſual correctneſs of thought.

Line 461. *Know'ſt thou, Lorenzo! what a friend contains?*] The reader cannot fail admiring the beauties of our author's addreſs to Lorenzo,

As bees *mixt nectar* draw from fragrant flow'rs,
So men from FRIENDSHIP, *wiſdom* and *delight*;
Twins ty'd by nature; if they part, they die.
Haſt thou no friend to ſet thy mind abroach?
Good ſenſe will ſtagnate. Thoughts ſhut up, want air,
And ſpoil, like bales unopen'd to the ſun.
Had thought been all, ſweet ſpeech had been deny'd;
Speech, thought's canal! ſpeech, thought's criterion too!
Thought in the mine, may come forth gold or droſs;
When coin'd in word, we know its *real* worth.
If ſterling, ſtore it for thy future uſe;
'Twill buy thee benefit; perhaps, renown.
Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more poſſeſt;
Teaching, we learn; and, giving, we retain
The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot,
Speech ventilates* our intellectual fire;
Speech burniſhes our mental magazine;
Brightens, for ornament; and whets, for uſe.

Lorenzo, on the ſubject of friendſhip. The thoughts are original, and in many places clearly expreſſive of the ſenſible idea our author had of its value.

Line 477. *Speech ventilates our intellectual fire.*] Theſe beautiful reflections on the excellence of thoſe diſtinctions between man and brute, are moral and poetic. The ſolidity of the ſubject is embelliſhed with every aſſiſtance unbounded fancy could afford. How pleaſing an union, the general encomiums on our author will evince! There are ſimilar ſentiments, tho' differently pictured, in Dryden, and Lee's Duke of Guiſe.

Speech is the morning to the ſoul;
It ſpreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which elſe lie furl'd, and clouded in the ſoul.

* A thought taken from the blowing of glaſs.

What numbers, ſheath'd in erudition†, lie
Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,
And ruſted in; who might have borne an edge,
And play'd a ſprightly beam, if born to ſpeech;
If born bleſt heirs of half their mother's tongue!
'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate puſh
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned ſcum,
And defecates‡ the ſtudent's ſtanding pool. —
In *contemplation* is his proud reſource?
'Tis poor, as proud, by *converſe* unſuſtain'd.
Rude thought runs wild in *contemplation*'s field;
Converſe, the menage, breaks it to the bit
Of due reſtraint; and *emulation*'s ſpur
Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.
'Tis converſe qualifies for ſolitude;
As exerciſe, for ſalutary reſt.
By that untutor'd, *contemplation* raves;
And *nature*'s fool, by *wiſdom*'s is outdone.
Wiſdom, tho' richer than *Peruvian** mines,
And ſweeter than the ſweet ambroſial hive,
What is ſhe, but the means of *happineſs*?
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.

Friendſhip,

† Learning. ‡ Cleanſes.

* The country of Peru is famous for its gold.

Line 480. *What numbers, ſheath'd in erudition, lie.*] The metaphor is confuſed, and by no means pleaſing, as that of the conflicting waves (Line 486) affects us only by its boldneſs. We find nothing natural in the ſimilitude.

Line 502. *A melancholy fool, without her bells.*] We are more ſtruck by the ludicrous view he gives of affected wiſdom, than if he had exhauſted volumes of morality to prove the truth of his ſentiments.

Friendſhip, the means of wiſdom, richly gives
The precious end, which makes our wiſdom wiſe.
Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies, or damps, an *undivided* joy.
Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopoliſts*: it calls for *two*; —
Rich fruit! heav'n planted! never pluck'd by *one*.
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To *ſocial* man true reliſh of himſelf.
Full on ourſelves deſcending in a line,
Pleaſure's bright beam is feeble in delight:
Delight intenſe is taken by rebound;
Reverberated§ pleaſures fire the breaſt.
Celeſtial *Happineſs*, whene'er ſhe ſtoops
To viſit earth, one ſhrine the goddeſs finds,
And one alone, to make her ſweet amends,
For abſent Heav'n—the boſom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally ſoft,

* Perſons who engroſs a commodity. § Mutual. ſentiments. The vanity of wiſdom incoherent with happineſs, is pleaſingly expreſſed by Mr. Pope, in his Eſſay on Criticiſm.

'While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor mind the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with ſtrange ſurprize,
New diſtant ſcenes of endleſs ſcience riſe.

Line 520. *Where heart meets heart, reciprocally ſoft.*] An enthuſiaſm in friendſhip is highly beautiful. The reader, (has he not known the value of a friend) muſt, from the peruſal of theſe lines, feel a tumultuous paſſion in his ſoul, unconſcious of an object, beyond the power of language to expreſs. The natural deſcription which they contain cannot be ſufficiently admired by thoſe who love as YOUNG. Virgil's Niſus and Euryalus intereſt us by their affection more feelingly than Æneas's piety. And how great an idea Akenſide had of its ineſtimable price, may be deduced from his lines in the Pleaſures of Imagination.

——————Is ought ſo fair
In all the dewy landſcape of the ſpring?

Each other's pillow to repoſe divine.
Beware the counterfeit: in *paſſion*'s flame
Hearts melt; but melt like ice, ſoon harder froze.
True love ſtrikes root in *reaſon*; paſſions foe:
Virtue alone entenders us for life:
I wrong her much —— entenders us for ever.
Of *Friendſhip*'s faireſt fruits, the fruit moſt fair
Is *virtue* kindling at a rival fire,
And, *emulouſly*, rapid in her race.
O the ſoft enmity! endearing ſtrife!
This carries friendſhip to her noon-tide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity.
From *Friendſhip*, which outlives my former [themes,
Glorious ſurvivor of old *Time*, and *Death!*
From friendſhip, thus, that flow'r of heav'nly ſeed,
The wiſe extract earth's moſt *Hyblean* bliſs*,
Superior wiſdom, crown'd with ſmiling joy.
But for whom bloſſoms this *Elyſian* flower?
Abroad They find, who cheriſh it at *home*.
LORENZO! pardon what my love extorts,
An honeſt love, and not afraid to frown.
Tho' choice of follies faſten on the *great*,
None clings more obſtinate, than fancy fond,
That ſacred friendſhip is their eaſy prey;
Caught by the waſture of a golden lure;
Or faſcination of a high-born ſmile.
Their ſmiles the *great*, and the *coquet*, throw out

In the bright eye of Heſper in the morn,
In Nature's faireſt forms, is ought ſo fair
As virtuous friendſhip?——

Achilles' lamentation for Patroclus, tho' his ſentiments are heathen, and his revenge diſſimilar to our poet's ſilent grief, is ſtill an intereſting ſcene.

* Hybla was renowned for the moſt precious honey: here uſed for the moſt refined bliſs.

For

For other hearts, tenacious of their own;
And we no leſs of ours, when *ſuch* the bait.
Ye fortune's cofferers! Ye pow'rs of wealth!
Can gold gain friendſhip? Impudence of hope!
As well mere man an angel might beget.
Love, and love only, is the loan for love.
LORENZO! pride repreſs; nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.
All like the purchaſe; few the price will pay;
And this makes friends ſuch miracles below.
What if (ſince daring on ſo nice a theme)
I ſhew thee friendſhip delicate, as dear,
Of tender violations apt to die?
Reſerve will wound it; and *diſtruſt* deſtroy.
Deliberate on all things with thy friend:
But ſince friends grow not thick on ev'ry bough,
Nor ev'ry friend unrotten at the core;
Firſt, on thy friend, delib'rate with thyſelf;
Pauſe, ponder, ſift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the choſen; fixing, fix;
Judge before friendſhip, then confide till death.
Well, for thy friend; but nobler far, for thee;
How gallant danger for earth's higheſt prize!

Line 555. *A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.*] Sincerity of affection among the great is a rare virtue, and from its ſcarceneſs ariſe the ſalutary counſels given by our poet. The vanity, or perhaps the natural benevolence of a man, may prompt him to ſeek a diſintereſted friendſhip. Shakeſpeare's advice,

Dull not thy palm with entertainment
Of each unfledg'd unhatch'd comrade.

Is a leſſon too uſeful to be neglected when the latter motive urges us.

Line 568. *Judge before friendſhip, then confide till death.* Throughout the whole counſel for the choice of a friend, we admire each particular

A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
" Poor is the friendleſs maſter of a world:
" A world in purchaſe for a friend is gain."
So ſung he (angels hear that angel ſing;
Angels from friendſhip gather half their joy)
So ſung PHILANDER, as his friend went round
In the rich *ichor**, in the gen'rous blood
Of BACCHUS, purple god of joyous wit,
A brow ſolute†, and ever-laughing eye.
He drank long health, and virtue, to his friend;
His friend, who warm'd him more, who more inſpir'd.
Friendſhip's the wine of life; but Friendſhip *new*
(Not ſuch was his) is neither ſtrong, nor pure.
O for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating ſpirit, of a Friend,
For twenty ſummers rip'ning by my ſide;
All feculence‖ of falſhood long thrown down;
All ſocial virtues riſing in his ſoul;
As cryſtal clear; and ſmiling, as they riſe!
Here nectar flows; it ſparkles in our ſight;
Rich to the taſte, and genuine from the heart.
High-flavour'd bliſs for gods! on earth how rare!
On earth how *loſt!* — PHILANDER is no more.

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particular ſentiment as a ſeparate beauty. The ſummary of the whole which I have quoted is conciſe and elegant. There is a ſimilarity of thought in Shakeſpeare's Hamlet.

The friends thou haſt, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteel.

Line 593. *On earth how loſt! Philander is no more.*] In the concluſion of his periods, the author affects us by the ſilent language of grief more than in the moſt labour'd energy of thought. Nature ſpeaks, we are not conſcious of the deception, and liſten to her eloquence with rapture.

* Suppoſed to be the blood of the God.
† Unwrinkled. ‖ Dregs.

Think'ſt

Think'ſt thou the theme intoxicates my ſong?
Am I too warm?—Too warm I cannot be.
I lov'd him much; but now I love him more.
Like birds, whoſe beauties languiſh, half conceal'd,
Till, mounted on the wing, their gloſſy plumes
Expanded ſhine with azure, green, and gold;
How bleſſings brighten as they take their flight!
His flight PHILANDER took; his upward flight,
If ever ſoul aſcended. Had he dropt,
(That eagle genius!) O had he let fall
One feather as he flew; I, then, had wrote
What friends might flatter; prudent foes forbear;
Rivals ſcarce damn; and ZOILUS‡ reprieve.
Yet what I can, I muſt: it were profane
To quench a glory lighted at the ſkies,
And caſt in ſhadows his illuſtrious cloſe.
Strange! the theme moſt affecting, moſt ſublime,
Momentous moſt to man, ſhould ſleep unſung!
And yet it ſleeps, by genius unawak'd,
*Painim** or *Chriſtian*; to the bluſh of wit.
Man's higheſt triumph! man's profoundeſt fall!
The *Death bed* of the Juſt! is yet undrawn
By mortal hand: it merits a divine:
Angels ſhould paint it, angels ever *there!*
There, on a poſt of honour, and of joy.
Dare I preſume, then? But PHILANDER bids;
And glory tempts, and inclination calls——
Yet am I ſtruck; as ſtruck the ſoul, beneath
Aëreal *groves* impenetrable gloom;

‡ An ignorant ancient critic. * Heathen.

Line 602. *Like birds, whoſe beauties languiſh, half conceal'd.*] The pictureſque, tho' not abſolutely our author's *forte*, yet is one of his excellencies, which cannot be paſſed over by the reader or the critic, without its merited admiration.

Or,

Or, in ſome mighty *ruin*'s ſolemn ſhade;
Or, gazing by pale lamps on *high-born duſt*,
In vaults; thin courts of poor unflatter'd kings!
Or, at the midnight *altar*'s hallow'd flame.
It is religion to proceed: I pauſe——
And enter, aw'd, the temple of my theme.
Is it his death-bed? No; it is his ſhrine:
Behold him, there, juſt riſing to a God.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is priviledg'd beyond the common walk
Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge of heav'n.
Fly, ye profane! if not, draw near with awe,
Receive the bleſſing, and adore the chance,
That threw in this *Bethesda*§ your diſeaſe:
If unreſtor'd by This, deſpair your cure.
For, *here*, reſiſtleſs demonſtration dwells:
A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
Here, tir'd *diſſimulation* drops her maſque,

§ A pool of healing water mentioned in the New Teſtament.

Line 635. *Behold him, there, juſt riſing to a God.*] The ſolemnity of expreſſion, and dignity of thought, with which this ſcene is introduced, muſt intereſt forcibly, and be a pleaſing introduction to the beautiful ſentiments occaſioned by Philander's exit,

Line 636. *The chamber where the good man meets his fate.*] How ſublime and pious a ſentiment! Throughout the whole of this affecting view, criticiſm muſt lay aſide her rod, and in alluſion to the 609th line, "Rivals ſcarce damn, and Zoilus repriev'd."

Line 639. *Fly, ye profane!*] Is a beautiful and ſtriking Digreſſion from the ſubject.

Line 642. *If unreſtored by This, deſpair your cure.*] In how energic and forcible a ſtyle the author addreſſes a guilty ſinner! The language of a death-bed is as enforcing a leſſon to the ſoul, as a death-bed repentance is ſincere. If its Bethesda waſhes not our diſeaſes, how lamentably ſhall we evince the poet's argument. "Lorenzo—O for yeſterdays to come!"

Line 645. *Here, tir'd diſſimulation drops her maſque.*] The imagery is inimitable.

Thro'

Thro' life's grimace, that miſtreſs of the ſcene!
Here real, and apparent, are the ſame.
You ſee the *man*; you ſee his hold on heav'n;
If ſound his virtue; as PHILANDER's, ſound.
Heav'n waits not the laſt moment; owns her friends
On this ſide death; and points them out to men,
A lecture, ſilent, but of ſov'reign pow'r!
To vice, confuſion; and to virtue, peace.
Whatever farce the boaſtful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majeſty in death;
And greater ſtill, the more the tyrant frowns.
PHILANDER! he ſeverely frown'd on thee.
"No warning giv'n! Unceremonious fate!
"A ſudden ruſh from life's meridian joys!
"A wrench from all we *love!* from all we *are!*
"A reſtleſs bed of pain, a plunge opaque
"Beyond conjecture! Feeble *nature*'s dread!
"Strong *reaſon*'s ſhudder at the dark unknown!
"A ſun extinguiſh'd! a juſt op'ning grave!
"And Oh! the laſt, laſt; what? (can words expreſs?
"Thought reach it?) the laſt—*ſilence* of a friend!"

Line 655. *Virtue alone has majeſty in death.*] We cannot find a more ſublime ſentiment in either ancient or modern writers. Its dignity in a moral ſenſe, and figurative excellence in poetry, are admirable.

Line 663. *Strong reaſon's ſhudder at the dark unknown!*] This ſentiment is beautifully expreſſed in Hamlet's ſoliloquy.

> But that the dread of ſomething after death,
> That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourne
> No traveller returns, puzzles the will.

Line 666. *Thought reach it?) the laſt—ſilence of a friend!*] Our feelings are now worked up to the higheſt pitch. Each ſentiment ſelected, paints, in the happieſt colours, the dignity of friendſhip, the grandeur of immortality. The diſ-union of the former, tho' from thence the latter takes its riſe, melts us into pity. We view the death-bed in all the ſublimity of virtue; the "laſt, laſt ſilence of a friend," in all the moving ſorrows of diſ-united love.

Where

Where are thoſe horrors, that amazement, where,
This hideous group of ills, which *ſingly* ſhock,
Demand from man?—I thought him man till *now*.
Thro' natures wreck, thro' vanquiſh'd agonies,
(Like the ſtars ſtruggling thro' this midnight gloom)
What gleams of joy? what more than human peace?
Where, the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
No, not in death, the *mortal* to be found.
His conduct is a legacy for All
Richer than *Mammon*'s* for his ſingle heir.
His comforters he comforts; great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur, *gives*, not *yields*
His ſoul ſublime; and cloſes with his fate.
How our hearts burnt within us at the ſcene!
Whence, this brave bound o'er limits fixt to man!
His God ſuſtains him in his final hour!
His final hour brings glory to his God!
Man's glory Heav'n vouchſafes to call her own.
We gaze; we meet; mixt tears of grief and joy!
Amazement ſtrikes! devotion burſts to flame!
Chriſtians adore! and *Infidels* believe.

---

* The god of riches, as figured by Milton.

Line 676. *Richer than Mammon's for his ſingle heir.*] The ſuperiority of virtue to riches is pleaſingly expreſſed. Milton deſcribes Mammon as

——The leaſt erected ſpirit that fell,
——— admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold
Than ought divine.——

Line 687. *Chriſtians adore! and Infidels believe.*] If, excluſive of a miracle, a guilty ſoul can turn to reformation, aſſuredly the pious man, in his laſt moments, contraſted with a view of the irreligious hopeleſs trembling ſinner on his death-bed, will be an argument that cannot fail a cure. Such ſcenes reward, enforce a Chriſtian's faith, and ſnatch the erring infidel from the brink of ruin.

Malpas del. et Sc.

——**Philander!** *thy last sigh*
Dissolv'd the charm: the disenchanted earth
Lost all her luster. Where, her glittering towers?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears;
The great magician's dead!

As ſome tall tow'r, or lofty mountain's brow,
Detains the ſun, illuſtrious from its height;
While riſing vapours, and deſcending ſhades,
With damps, and darkneſs, drown the ſpacious vale;
Undamp'd by doubt, undarken'd by deſpair,
PHILANDER, thus, auguſtly rears his head,
At that black hour, which gen'ral horror ſheds
On the low level of th' inglorious throng:
Sweet *peace*, and heav'nly *hope*, and humble *joy*,
Divinely beam on his exalted ſoul;
Deſtruction gild, and crown him for the ſkies,
With incommunicable luſtre, bright.

Line 684. *As ſome tall tow'r, or lofty mountain's brow.*] The ſimile, tho' ſublime, is rather confuſed, owing to the introduction of the ſun, and too great length of the period. Philander is very aptly compared to the tow'r; but in regard to "detaining the ſun," the allegory is not ſo completely poetical, as is uſual with our author.

Line 698. *Deſtruction gild, and crown him for the ſkies.*] The reader muſt evidently perceive a labour of expreſſion, which, without an attentive peruſal, requires explanation. "Peace, hope, and joy," are undoubtedly a reference to the ſun. In an allegorical ſenſe, they beam on Philander's ſoul; but as to gilding deſtruction, and then again crowning *him*, the metaphor muſt be allowed incongruous. The deſtruction which is meant by the poet, is apparently the diſſolution of the body by death.

The ARGUMENT.

BOOK III.

THE author pathetically recommends a converſe with reaſon and God, and in contraſt to the uſual Invocations of Phœbus, addreſſes night.—He compliments the Dutcheſs of Portland, to whom the third book is inſcribed under the name of Cynthia; and after having implored the aſſiſtance of the moon, mournfully reflects on the death of Narciſſa.—A poetical addreſs to the lilies, as emblems of her innocence; with a ſecond admonition to Lorenzo.—An enthuſiaſtic reflection on the inhumanity which followed Narciſſa's Death.—The author paints the ills which ariſe from the ſecret and deceitful treachery of Man; and in alluſion to the flower which ſprung from Ajax's blood, contemplates how valuable a leſſon of wiſdom may be deduced from the fate of Narciſſa.—A counſel to Lorenzo to admit reflections on Death, as moſt ſalutary to a religious Life.—The poet reproves the vanity of mankind in confining their ideas to preſent things alone.—Points out the propriety of a good man and an angel.—A comparative view of life and death, in which the latter is proved ſuperior in its benefits to mankind.

THE

THE COMPLAINT.

NIGHT the THIRD.

NARCISSA.

Humbly Inſcribed to Her GRACE

The DUCHESS of *P*----------.

Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere manes.

VIRG.

FROM *dreams*, where thought in fancy's maze runs mad,
To *reaſon*, that heav'n-lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wake; and at the deſtin'd hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment ſworn,
I keep my aſſignation with my woe.
— O! loſt to virtue, loſt to manly thought,
Loſt to the noble ſallies of the ſoul!
Who think it ſolitude to be alone. —

Line 6. *O! loſt to virtue, loſt to manly thought.*] The ſublimity with which this addreſs is expreſſed, muſt infallibly prepoſſeſs the reader in favour of its author. On the ſubjects of morality, I know of no one who equals him, either for genuine piety, or forcible expreſſion. On that of grief, poetry muſt acknowledge him to have tranſmitted her moſt ſtriking excellencies to immortality.

Communion

Communion ſweet! communion large, and high!
Our *Reaſon*, *Guardian Angel*, and our *God!*
Then neareſt theſe, when others moſt remote;
And all, ere long, ſhall be remote, *but* theſe.
How dreadful, *then*, to meet them all alone,
A ſtranger! unacknowledg'd! unapprov'd!
Now woo them; wed them; bind them to thy breaſt:
To win thy wiſh, creation has no more.
Or if we wiſh a *fourth*, it is a friend——
But friends, how mortal! Dang'rous the deſire.
Take PHOEBUS to yourſelves, ye baſking bards!
Inebriate‡ at fair Fortune's fountain-head;
And reeling thro' the wilderneſs of joy;
Where *ſenſe* runs ſavage, broke from *reaſon*'s chain,
And ſings falſe peace, till ſmother'd by the pall.
My fortune is unlike; unlike my ſong;
Unlike the Deity my ſong invokes.
I to *Day*'s ſoft-ey'd ſiſter pay my court,
(ENDYMION's rival!) and her aid implore;
Now firſt implor'd in ſuccour to the *muſe*.
Thou, who didſt lately borrow *CYNTHIA's form,
And modeſtly forego thine own! O Thou,

‡ Drunken.

* At the Duke of Norfolk's maſquerade.

Line 10, *Our Reaſon, Guardian Angel, and our God!*] Mr. Melmoth, in his critique on the Night Thoughts, points out this climax as peculiarly ſtriking. No ſubject admits the aſſiſtance of that figure in ſo forcible a manner, as the attributes of the Divine Being. No author paints them with ſuch energy as Dr. Young.

Line 24. *My fortune is unlike; unlike my ſong.*] The repetition of the words in this and the following line, has a pleaſing effect.

Line 29. *Thou, who didſt lately borrow Cynthia's form.*] If any thing can be reckoned an addition to the elegance of his compliment, it is the peculiar delicacy with which he enforces his mages. We cannot paſs a line without admiring the aptneſs of his ſimilitudes, and lively colouring of his metaphors.

Who

Who didſt thyſelf, at midnight hours, inſpire!
Say, why not CYNTHIA, patroneſs of ſong?
As thou her creſcent, ſhe thy character
Aſſumes; ſtill more a goddeſs by the change.
Are there demurring wits, who dare diſpute
This revolution in the world *inſpir'd?*
Ye train *Pierian*§! to the *lunar* ſphere,
In ſilent hour, addreſs your ardent call
For aid immortal; leſs her brother's right.
She, with the ſpheres harmonious, nightly leads
The mazy dance, and hears their matchleſs ſtrain,
A ſtrain for gods! deny'd to mortal ear.
Tranſmit it heard, thou ſilver queen of heav'n!
What title, or what name, endears thee moſt?
CYNTHIA! CYLLENE! PHOEBE*!—or doſt hear
With higher guſt, fair P———D† of the ſkies?
Is that the ſoft inchantment calls thee down,
More pow'rful than of old *Circean*‡ charm?
Come; but from heav'nly banquets with thee bring
The ſoul of ſong; and whiſper in mine ear
The theft divine; or in propitious dreams

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§ Poets. * Different names of the moon.
† Portland. ‡ An ancient enchantreſs.

Line 34. ———*Still more a Goddeſs by the change.*] How inimitably poetic! Her grace's charms muſt have doubtleſs reached the height of perfection, ſince Young has immortalized them in ſo pleaſing a dreſs.

Line 48. *More pow'rful than of old Circean charm?*]
Carminibus Circe, ſocios mutavit Ulyſſei.

Line 49. *Come; but from heav'nly banquets with thee bring.*] There is a very ſimilar invocation to truth in Voltaire's Henriade.

Viens, & s'il eſt vrai que la fable autrefois
Sçut a tes fiers accens melar ſa douce voix;
Si ſa main delicate orna ta tête altiere,
Si ſon ombre embellit les traits de ta lumiere;
Avec moi, ſur tes pas permets lui de marcher,
Pour orner tes attraits, & non pour les Cacher.

(For dreams are thine) transfuſe it thro' the breaſt
Of thy firſt votary —— But not thy laſt;
If, like thy *nameſake*, thou art ever kind.
And kind thou wilt be; kind on ſuch a theme;
A theme ſo like thee, a quite *lunar* theme,
Soft, modeſt, melancholy, female, fair!
A theme that roſe all pale, and told my ſoul,
'Twas night; on her fond hopes perpetual night;
A night which ſtruck a damp, a deadlier damp,
Than that which ſmote me from PHILANDER's
NARCISSA follows, ere his tomb is clos'd [tomb.
Woes cluſter; rare are *ſolitary* woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel;
Her death invades *his* mournful right, and claims
The grief that ſtarted from my lids for him:
Seizes the faithleſs, alienated tear,
Or ſhares it ere it falls. So frequent death,
Sorrow, he *more* than cauſes, he confounds;
For human ſighs his rival ſtrokes contend,
And make diſtreſs, diſtraction. Oh PHILANDER!
What was thy fate? A double fate to me;
Portent, and pain! a menace, and a blow!

Line 58. *A theme that roſe all pale, and told my ſoul.*] The imagery is here very fine. The natural ſolemnity with which the ideas are ſtrengthened intereſts the mind, and greatly embelliſhes the narrative. We meet with a ſimilarity of ſentiment in Shakeſpear's Richard III.

> But in the end——————
> Thou haſt a ſigh to blow away this praiſe,
> Ending with queen and ſon, and all are dead.

Line 67. *Seizes the faithleſs, alienated tear.*] Throughout the language of our author's ſorrows, how profuſe an abundance of metaphorical beauties do we meet with? This particular thought is remarkably pleaſing, and conſiſtent with the moſt critical laws of poetry. It is neither confuſed, nor ſpun out beyond a proper limit.

Like the black raven hov'ring o'er my peace,
Not leſs a bird of omen, than of prey.
It call'd NARCISSA long before her hour;
It call'd her tender ſoul, by break of bliſs,
From the firſt bloſſom, from the buds of joy;
Thoſe few our noxious fate unblaſted leaves,
In this inclement clime of human life.
Sweet harmoniſt! and beautiful as ſweet!
And young as beautiful! and ſoft as young!
And gay as ſoft! and innocent as gay!
And happy (if aught happy *here*) as good!
For Fortune fond had built her neſt on high.
Like birds quite exquiſite of note and plume,
Transfixt by *fate* (who loves a lofty mark)
How from the ſummit of the grove ſhe fell,
And left it unharmonious! All its charm
Extinguiſht in the wonders of her ſong!
Her ſong ſtill vibrates in my raviſht ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her!) thrilling thro' my heart!
Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy! this group
Of bright ideas, flow'rs of paradiſe,
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel, and preſent it to the ſkies; as all

Line 81. *Sweet harmoniſt! and beautiful as ſweet!*] This crowded compariſon of Narciſſa's beauties, is, I think, by no means pleaſing. It is extended above all poetical bounds, but as the fond effuſions of a parent's love, repells the dart of criticiſm———

Line 89. *And left it unharmonious! All its charm.*] Mopſus' lamentation on the death of Daphnis has ſome faint reſemblance to Dr. Young's ſentiments, tho' the Mantuan bard is far leſs intereſting in his ideas.

Tu decus omne tuis. Poſtquam te fata tulerunt
Ipſa Pales agros, atque ipſe reliquit Apollo.
Virgil. Eclogue V.

We gueſs of heav'n: And theſe were all her own.
And ſhe was mine; and I was—*was* moſt bleſt—
Gay title of the deepeſt miſery!
As bodies grow more pond'rous, robb'd of life;
Good loſt weighs more in grief, than gain'd, in joy.
Like bloſſom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal ſtorm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death ſtill lovely, lovelier there;
Far lovelier! Pity ſwells the tide of love.
And will not the ſevere excuſe a ſigh?
Scorn the proud man that is aſham'd to weep:
Our tears *indulg'd* indeed deſerve our ſhame.
Ye that e'er loſt an angel! pity me.
Soon as the luſtre languiſh'd in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day on human ſight;
And on her cheek, the reſidence of ſpring,
Pale omen ſat; and ſcatter'd fears around
On all that ſaw (and who would ceaſe to gaze,
That once had ſeen?) with haſte, parental haſte,
I flew, I ſnatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which bleak *Boreas** blew,

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* The north wind.

Line 99. *And ſhe was mine; and I was—was moſt bleſt—*] The affecting idea the author draws from Narciſſa's loſs muſt actuate forcibly on the paſſions of the reader. The repetition of *was* is ſtrikingly expreſſive of the reflection that his happineſs was no more.

Line 110. *Ye that e'er loſt an angel! pity me.*] The whole repreſentation of this mournful ſcene is, beyond deſcription, beautiful. Search ancient and modern authors, no language can be found which ſpeaks the father's ſorrow ſo forcibly to the ſoul.

Line 117. *I flew, I ſnatch'd her from the rigid north.*] In hopes of recovering the health of his daughter, he ſought the ſouth of France as a more temperate climate, but the hand of fate baffled his paternal cares, and even denied a grave to that Narciſſa whom in death he doated on.

And

And bore her nearer to the ſun; the ſun
(As if the ſun could envy) checkt his beam,
Deny'd his wonted ſuccour, nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
Of lilies; Faireſt lilies not ſo fair.
Queen lilies! and ye painted populace!
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambroſial lives;
In morn and ev'ning dew your beauties bathe,
And drink the ſun; which gives your cheeks to glow,
And out-bluſh (*mine* excepted) ev'ry fair;
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
Which often cropt your odours, incenſe meet
To thought ſo pure! Ye lovely fugitives!
Coæval race with man! for man you ſmile;
Why not ſmile *at* him too? You ſhare indeed
His ſudden paſs; but not his conſtant pain.
So man is made, nought miniſters delight,
But what his glowing paſſions can engage;
And glowing paſſions, bent on aught below,
Muſt, ſoon or late, with anguiſh turn the ſcale;
And anguiſh, after rapture, how ſevere!

Line 124. *Queen lilies! and ye painted populace!*] This beautiful addreſs is inimitably imagined; and the deſcriptive view he gives of his daughter's innocence in the compariſon, recalls each former reflection to the mind. Virgil's fifth Eclogue has ſome lines equally ſtriking on a ſimilar ſubject,

Extinctum Nymphæ crudeli funere Daphnim
Flebant: vos Coryli teſtes & flumina Nymphis:
Cum, complexa ſui corpus miſerabile nati
Atque deos, atque aſtra vocat crudelia Mater.

Line 139. *And anguiſh, after rapture, how ſevere!*] When, after toiling thro' a world of difficulties, we reach the ſummit of our ardent wiſhes, how ſweet the pleaſure! and how ſoon remembrance of a former ſcene eſcapes us! Purchaſed by pain, our joys are doubly pleaſing. But when, amidſt the revels of proſperity, misfortune ſtrikes the blow, and all our vanities become a dream, "the anguiſh, how ſevere!"

Rapture? bold man! who tempts the wrath divine,
By plucking fruit deny'd to mortal taſte,
While *here*, preſuming on the rights of heaven.
For tranſport doſt thou call on ev'ry hour,
LORENZO? At thy friend's expence be wiſe;
Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed, at beſt; but oft, a ſpear;
On its ſharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
Turn, hopeleſs thought! turn from her:—
Thought repell'd,
Reſenting rallies, and wakes ev'ry woe.
Snatch'd ere thy prime! and in thy bridal hour!
And when kind fortune, with thy lover, ſmil'd!
And when high-flavour'd thy freſh-op'ning joys!
And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliſs complete!
And on a foreign ſhore; where ſtrangers wept!
Strangers to Thee; and, more ſurpriſing ſtill,
Strangers to kindneſs, wept: Their eyes let fall
Inhuman tears; ſtrange tears! that trickled down
From marble hearts! obdurate tenderneſs!
A tenderneſs that call'd them more ſevere;
In ſpite of nature's ſoft perſuaſion, ſteel'd;
While *nature* melted, *ſuperſtition* rav'd;

Line 147. *On its ſharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.*] The allegory here is particularly ſtriking. The images, excluſive of their morality, are beautifully choſen.

Line 161. *While nature melted, ſuperſtition rav'd.*] In errors of religion no one ſhould criticiſe, while thoſe errors wound not the feelings of humanity; but when ſuperſtition's follies o'erpow'r the dictates of compaſſion, how lamentably loſt muſt be its followers! how dead to nature, pity, or chriſtianity, the propagators of ſuch a ſyſtem! What Pope ſays of it in its ancient ſtate may be aptly applied to its modern profeſſors now.

Zeal then, not charity, became the guide,
And hell was built on ſpite, and heav'n on pride.

That

That mourn'd the dead; and *this* deny'd a grave.
Their ſighs incenſt; ſighs foreign to the will!
Their will the *tyger* ſuckt, outrag'd the ſtorm.
For Oh! the curſt ungodlineſs of zeal!
While *ſinful fleſh* relented, *ſpirit* nurſt
In blind *infallibility*'s embrace,
The *fainted ſpirit*, petrify'd the breaſt;
Deny'd the charity of duſt, to ſpread
O'er duſt! a charity their dogs enjoy.
What could I do? what ſuccour! what reſource?
With pious ſacrilege, a grave I ſtole;
With impious piety, that grave I wrong'd;
Short in my duty; coward in my grief!
More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,
With ſoft-ſuſpended ſtep; and muffled deep
In midnight darkneſs, *whiſper'd* my laſt ſigh.
I *whiſper'd* what ſhould echo thro' their realms;
Nor writ her name, whoſe tomb ſhall pierce the ſkies.
Preſumptuous fear! how durſt I dread her foes,
While nature's loudeſt dictates I obey'd?
Pardon neceſſity, bleſt ſhade! Of grief
And indignation rival burſts I pour'd;
Half-execration mingled with my prayer;
Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd;
Sore grudg'd the ſavage land her ſacred duſt;
Stamp the curſt ſoil; and with humanity
(Deny'd NARCISSA) wiſht them all a grave.

Glows

Line 179. *Nor writ her name, whoſe tomb ſhall pierce the ſkies.*] What a magnificence of thought!—He has erected an immortal tomb to Narciſſa's memory, worthy her virtues; and, ſpite of Gallic inhumanity, may ſay with Horace,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.———

Line 188. (*Deny'd Narciſſa*) *wiſht them all a grave.*] That the author's rancour is conſiſtent with our Saviour's bleſſed ſyſtem of forgiveneſs,

Glows my reſentment into guilt? What guilt
Can equal violations of the dead?
The dead how ſacred! Sacred is the duſt
Of this heav'n-labour'd form, erect, divine!
This heav'n-aſſum'd majeſtic robe of earth,
He deign'd to wear, who hung the vaſt expanſe
With azure bright, and cloath'd the ſun in gold.
When ev'ry paſſion ſleeps that can offend;
When ſtrikes us ev'ry motive that can melt;
When man can wreak his rancour uncontroul'd,
That ſtrongeſt curb on inſult and ill-will;
Then, ſpleen to *duſt*? the duſt of innocence?
An angel's duſt!——This *Lucifer** tranſcends;
When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
'Twas not the ſtriſe of malice, but of pride;
The ſtrife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.
Far leſs than this is ſhocking in a race
Moſt wretched, but from ſtreams of mutual love;
And uncreated but for love divine;
And, but for love divine, this moment, loſt,

By

* Satan, alluding to Jude 9th.

forgiveneſs, I will not affirm. But tho' he erred, it was the error of affection, the error of unbounded love; in ſhort, the error of a father.——Critics, be ſilent!

A mind at eaſe like yours may talk of patience,
Diſplaying the philoſopher and hero.

MARTYN.

Line 189. ——————*What guilt*
Can equal violations of the dead?] In every age, nay even in each throughout the variety of religions, the dead were held as ſacred. Heathens (how lamentable and but how true!) gathered, from mo[illegible]ality alone, that leſſon of humanity, while thoſe enlightened by chriſtianity and revealed religion, forfeit the feelings of men to become ſlaves to deſpotiſm of ſuperſtitious enthuſiaſm.

Line 208. *And, but for love divine, this moment, loſt.*] The author's appeal to our Saviour's condeſcending pity for mankind, as an argument

By fate reſorb'd*, and ſunk in endleſs night.
Man hard of heart to man! Of horrid things
Moſt horrid! Mid ſtupendous, highly ſtrange!
Yet oft his courteſies are ſmoother wrongs;
Pride brandiſhes the favours he confers,
And contumelious‡ his humanity:
What then his vengeance? Hear it not, ye ſtars!
And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the ſound;
Man is to man the ſoreſt, ſureſt ill.
A previous blaſt foretells the riſing ſtorm;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
Volcanos bellow ere they diſembogue;
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
And ſmoke betrays the wide-conſuming fire:
Ruin from man is moſt conceal'd when near,
And ſends the dreadful tidings in the blow.

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argument for mutual benevolence, is a reproof that ſtrikes as ſeverely as the bitter enmity that hoſtile ſoil afforded him. That difference of opinion ſhould forbid a mutual charity between mankind is horrid; but to purſue their rancour after death, how ſhocking to humanity!

Line 215. ——————*Hear it not, ye ſtars!*] This figurative addreſs is peculiarly expreſſive. We find a ſimilar poetic beauty in Shakeſpeare's Othello.

It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul,
Let me not name it to you, my chaſte ſtars,
It is the cauſe.——————

Line 217. *Man is to man the ſoreſt, ſureſt ill.*] Though the author's ideas of mankind are dark and gloomy, yet they are in general deduced from nature and experience. Horace, in his works, handles the ſame ſentiment in a ſimilar manner; and Beaumont's reaſoning is of the ſame caſt.

I will ſooner truſt a crocodile
When he ſheds tears; for he kills ſuddenly,
And ends our cares at once; or any thing
That's evil to our nature, than a man.

* Swallowed up. ‡ Reproachful.

Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were!
Heav'n's Sov'reign ſaves all beings but Himſelf,
That hideous ſight, a naked human heart. —
Fir'd is the muſe? And let the muſe be fir'd:
Who not inflam'd, when what he ſpeaks, he feels,
And in the nerves moſt tender, in his friends?
Shame to mankind! PHILANDER had his foes;
He felt the truths I ſing, and I in him.
But he, nor I, feel more: paſt ills, NARCISSA!
Are ſunk in thee, thou recent wound of heart!
Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs;
Pangs num'rous, as the num'rous ills that ſwarm'd
O'er thy diſtinguiſht fate, and cluſt'ring there
Thick as the locuſt on the land of *Nile*,
Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.
Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale)
How was each circumſtance with aſpics arm'd?
An aſpic, each; and all, an *hydra* woe.
What ſtrong *Herculean* virtue could ſuffice?——
Or is it virtue to be conquer'd here?
This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews;
And each tear mourns its own diſtinct diſtreſs;
And each diſtreſs, diſtinctly mourn'd, demands
Of grief ſtill more, as heighten'd by the whole.
A grief like *this* proprietors excludes:

Line 226. *Heav'n's Sov'reign ſaves all beings but Himſelf.*] This idea is highly expreſſive of our author's flights of fancy. The ſentiment is as original as beautiful; and ſhews, in how deſpicable a light he held the benevolence of mankind.

Line 229. *Who not inflam'd, when what he ſpeaks, he feels.*] A beautiful ſentiment! which, as it charms us by its poetical energy, muſt warm us into a ſenſible feeling for the author's calamities.

Line 242. *An aſpic, each; and all, an hydra woe.*] We cannot ſufficiently admire the expreſſion with which this alluſion is painted.

Not

Not friends alone ſuch obſequies* deplore ;
They make mankind the mourner; carry ſighs
Far as the fatal *Fame* can wing her way ;
And turn the gayeſt thought of gayeſt age,
Down their right channel, thro' the vale of death.
The vale of death ! that huſht *Cimmerian*§ vale,
Where *darkneſs*, brooding o'er unfiniſht fates,
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day
(Dread day !) that interdicts all future change !
That ſubterranean world, that land of ruin !
Fit walk, LORENZO, for proud human thought !
There let my thought expatiate ; and explore
Balſamic truths, and healing ſentiments,
Of all moſt wanted, and moſt welcome, *here*.
For gay LORENZO's ſake, and for thy own,
My ſoul ! " The fruits of dying friends ſurvey ;
" Expoſe the *vain* of life ; weigh life and death ;
" Give death his eulogy† ; thy fear ſubdu'd ;
" And labour that firſt palm of noble minds,
" A manly ſcorn of terror from the tomb."
This harveſt reap from thy NARCISSA's grave.
As poets feign'd from AJAX'‖ ſtreaming blood
Aroſe, with grief inſcrib'd, a mournful flow'r‡ ;
Let wiſdom bloſſom from my mortal wound.

* Rites of burial.

§ The epithet is taken from Cimmeria, a country, where it is continual darkneſs.

† Commendation.

‖ A prince in the Trojan war. ‡ Inſcribed Ai, Ai.

Line 271. *As poets feign'd from Ajax' ſtreaming blood.*]

Dic, quibus in terris inſcripti nomina regum,
Naſcantur flores, et Phyllida ſolus habeto.

Virgil. Eclogue III.

Line 273. *Let wiſdom bloſſom from my mortal wound.*] The ſimile is very pleaſing. The more we examine its ſtrict adherence to poetical laws, the leſs prejudiced we ſhall be againſt our author's frequent neglect of them.

And

And *firſt*, of dying friends; what fruit from theſe?
It brings us more than triple aid; an aid
To chaſe our *thoughtleſſneſs*, *fear*, *pride*, and *guilt*.
— Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainleſs ardors; and abate
That glare of life, which often blinds the wiſe.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to ſmooth
Our rugged paſs to death; to break thoſe bars
Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws
Croſs our obſtructed way; and, thus, to make
Welcome, as ſafe, our port from ev'ry ſtorm.
Each friend by fate ſnatch'd from us, is a plume
Pluckt from the wing of human vanity, —
Which makes us ſtoop from our aëreal heights,
And, dampt with omen of our own deceaſe,
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Juſt ſkim earth's ſurface, ere we break it up,
O'er putrid earth to ſcratch a little duſt,
And ſave the world a nuiſance. — Smitten friends
Are angels ſent on errands full of love;
For us they languiſh, and for us they die:
And ſhall they languiſh, ſhall they die, in vain?
Ungrateful, ſhall we grieve their hov'ring ſhades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we diſdain their ſilent, ſoft addreſs;
Their poſthumous§ advice, and pious prayer? —

§ After death.

Line 280. *Our dying friends are pioneers, to ſmooth.*] The allegory which this image contains is ſtriking, and in a more extenſive and ſublime idea expreſſes the truth of "Mors janua vitæ."

Line 285. *Each friend by fate ſnatch'd from us, is a plume.*] Had the poet confined his metaphor within a proper limit, the commendation of their beauties were a needleſs trouble; but the confuſion of his images requires a careful eye to ſelect the peculiar excellence of each.

Senſeleſs,

Senſeleſs, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
Tread under-foot their agonies and groans;
Fruſtrate their anguiſh, and deſtroy their deaths?
LORENZO! no; the thought of death indulge;
Give it its wholeſome empire; let it reign,
That kind chaſtiſer of thy ſoul in joy!
Its reign will ſpread thy glorious conqueſts far,
And ſtill the tumults of thy ruffled breaſt:
Auſpicious æra! golden days, begin!
The thought of death, ſhall, like a god, inſpire.
— And why not think on death? Is life the theme
Of ev'ry thought? and wiſh of ev'ry hour?
And ſong of ev'ry joy? Surpriſing truth! —
The beaten ſpaniel's fondneſs not ſo ſtrange.
To wave the num'rous *ills* that ſeize on life
As their own property, their lawful prey;
Ere man has meaſur'd half his weary ſtage,
His luxuries have left him no reſerve,
No maiden reliſhes, unbroach'd delights;
On cold-ſerv'd repetitions he ſubſiſts,
And in the taſteleſs *preſent* chews the *paſt*;
Diſguſted chews, and ſcarce can ſwallow down.
Like laviſh anceſtors, his earlier years
Have diſinherited his future hours,

Line 311. *Of ev'ry thought? and wiſh of ev'ry hour?*] No ſubject can admit of ſuch extenſive counſel as the vanity of life; and no author ſtrengthens its truths with ſuch a *pathos* as Young. Gay, in his Miſcellanies, has ſimilar thoughts, tho' the morality is not ſo ſublime.

Ah! what is life with ills encompaſs'd round?
Amidſt our hopes fate ſtrikes the ſudden wound.

Line 321. *Diſguſted chews, and ſcarce can ſwallow down.*] Though Mr. Melmoth's criticiſm on theſe lines is humourous, and in ſome reſpect well-founded, yet we cannot blame our author's imagery, however indelicate, while it ſpeaks the language of nature.

Which ſtarve on orts, and glean their former field.
Live ever here, LORENZO!—Shocking thought!
So ſhocking, they who wiſh, diſown it too;
Diſown from ſhame, what they from folly crave.
— Live ever in the womb, nor ſee the light? —
For what live ever here?—With labouring ſtep
To tread our former footſteps? Pace the round
Eternal? To climb life's worn, heavy wheel, beat
Which draws up nothing new? To beat, and beat,
The beaten track? To bid each wretched day
The former mock? To ſurfeit on the *ſame*,
And yawn our joys? or thank a miſery
For change, tho' ſad? To ſee what we have ſeen?
Hear, till unheard, the ſame old ſlabber'd tale?
To taſte the taſted, and at each return
Leſs taſteful? O'er our palates to decant
Another vintage? ſtrain a flatter year,
Thro' loaded veſſels, and a laxer tone?
Crazy machines to grind earth's waſted fruits!
Ill-ground, and worſe concocted! Load, not life!
The *rational* foul kennels of exceſs!
Still-ſtreaming thorough-fares of dull debauch!
Trembling each gulph, leſt death ſhould ſnatch the bowl.
Such of our fine ones is the wiſh refin'd!
So would they have it: elegant deſire!

Line 330. *To tread our former footſteps? Pace the round.*] Too great an abundance of repeated interrogatories, and thoſe, I think, ſomewhat confuſed and diſguſtful, is an error hardly to be forgiven. Separately examined, nature pleads for them, tho' Mr. Melmoth is deaf to her interceſſion; which to incline to, let the reader determine.

Why

Why not invite the bellowing ſtalls, and wilds?
But ſuch examples might their riot awe.
Through want of virtue, that is, want of thought,
(Tho' on bright thought they father all their flights)
To what are they reduc'd! To love, and hate,
The ſame vain world; to cenſure, and eſpouſe,
This painted ſhrew of life, who calls them fool
Each moment of each day; to flatter bad
Thro' dread of worſe; to cling to this rude rock,
Barren, to *them*, of good, and ſharp with ills,
And hourly blacken'd with impending ſtorms,
And infamous for wrecks of human hope——
Scar'd at the gloomy gulph, that yawns beneath.
Such are their triumphs! ſuch their pangs of joy!
'Tis time, high time, to ſhift this diſmal ſcene.
This hugg'd, this hideous ſtate, what art can cure?
One only; but that one, what all may reach;
VIRTUE—She, wonder-working goddeſs! charms
That *rock* to bloom; and tames the *painted ſhrew*;
And what will more ſurpriſe, LORENZO! gives
To life's ſick, nauſeous *iteration**, change;
And ſtraitens nature's circle to a line.
Believ'ſt thou this, LORENZO? Lend an ear,
A patient ear, thou'lt bluſh to diſbelieve.
A languid, leaden iteration reigns,
And ever muſt, o'er thoſe, whoſe joys are joys

* Sameneſs, the unvaried revolution of circumſtance from day to day.

Line 349. *Why not invite the bellowing ſtalls, and wilds?*] A natural queſtion! whoſe forcible admonition muſt apparently be of weight with thoſe who own the dignity of human nature, tho' they deſtroy it.

Line 361. *Scar'd at the gloomy gulph, that yawns beneath.*] The period at the concluſion of this line, is apparently an error of punctuation; I would conclude the preceding line with the period, and this with a comma.

Of ſight, ſmell, taſte: the cuckow-ſeaſons ſing
The ſame dull note to ſuch as nothing prize,
But what thoſe ſeaſons, from the teeming earth,
To doating *ſenſe* indulge. But nobler minds,
Which reliſh fruits unripen'd by the *ſun*,
Make their days various; various as the dyes
On the dove's neck, which wanton in *his* rays.
On minds of dove-like innocence poſſeſt,
On lighten'd minds that baſk in virtue's beams,
Nothing hangs tedious, nothing old revolves
In *that*, for which they long; for which they live.
Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heav'nly hope,
Each riſing morning ſees ſtill higher riſe;
Each bounteous dawn its novelty preſents
To worth maturing*, new ſtrength, luſtre, fame;
While nature's circle, like a chariot-wheel
Rolling *beneath* their elevated aims,
Makes their fair proſpect fairer ev'ry hour;
Advancing *virtue*, in a line to *bliſs*;
Virtue, which Chriſtian motives beſt inſpire!
And *bliſs*, which Chriſtian ſchemes alone enſure!
And ſhall we then, for virtue's ſake, commence
Apoſtates† ? and turn infidels for joy ?
A truth it is few doubt, but fewer truſt,
"He ſins againſt *this* life, who ſlights the *next*."

---

* Ripening. † Diſbelievers.

Line 400. *While nature's circle, like a chariot wheel.*] Firſt, it is nature's circle; then again, virtue ſtraitens it to a line; and here, without any viſible reaſon, it is turned once more into its former ſhape, and like a chariot wheel! This ſurely is an inconſiſtency, but as Horace ſays,

Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.

What

What is this life? How few their fav'rite know!
Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
By paſſionately loving life, we make
Lov'd life unlovely; hugging her to death.
We give to Time Eternity's regard;
And, dreaming, take our paſſage for our port.
Life has no value as an end, but means;
An end deplorable! a means divine!
When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing; worſe than nought;
A neſt of pains; when held as nothing, much.
Like ſome fair hum'riſts, life is moſt enjoy'd,
When courted leaſt; moſt worth, when diſeſteem'd;
Then 'tis the ſeat of comfort, rich in peace;
In proſpect, richer far; important! awful!
Not to be mention'd, but with ſhouts of praiſe!
Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy!
The mighty baſis of eternal bliſs!
Where now the *barren rock? the painted ſhrew?*
Where now, LORENZO! life's *eternal round?*
Have I not made my triple promiſe good?
— Vain is the world; but only to the vain. —
To what compare we then this varying ſcene,
Whoſe worth ambiguous riſes, and declines;
Waxes, and wanes? (In all propitious, *Night*

Line 400. *What is this life? how few their fav'rite know!*] This, tho' a repetition of the author's former ſentiments, is ſtill a greater addition to their morality. Shakeſpeare, in his Troilus and Creſſida, ſpeaks ſimilarly on the ſame ſubject,

Our life is ſhort; but to extend that ſpan
To vaſt eternity, is virtue's work.

Line 401. *Fond in the dark; and blind in our embrace.*] The alluſion is beautifully expreſſive, and highly figurative of an unbounded attachment to the world.

Aſſiſts

Aſſiſts me here)—Compare it to the moon;
Darken herſelf, and indigent; but rich
In borrow'd luſtre from a higher ſphere: —
When groſs guilt interpoſes, lab'ring earth,
O'erſhadow'd, mourns a deep eclipſe of joy;
Her joys, at brighteſt, pallid, to that font
Of full effulgent glory, whence they flow.
Nor is that glory diſtant: Oh LORENZO!
A good man, and an angel! Theſe between
How thin the barrier! What divides their fate?
Perhaps a moment; or perhaps a year;
Or, if an age, it is a moment ſtill;
A moment, or eternity's forgot. —
Then be, what once they were, who now are gods;
Be what PHILANDER was, and claim the ſkies.
— Starts timid nature at the gloomy paſs?
The ſoft tranſition call it; and be chear'd:
Such it is often, and why not to thee? —

Line 424. ——————*Compare it to the moon.*] To call for inſpiration is a plan ſo critically followed, that Gods and Demi-Gods have been repeatedly invoked by the *pierian train* of poets and demi-poets. How vain their prayer, their works will teſtify. Night leaſt implored appears the moſt propitious. Our author's poem is a proof of my aſſertion, which, for its general beauties, ſeems to proclaim the hand of ſome aſſiſtant muſe. The compariſon of life to the moon is inimitable, and handled with all the powers of a poetic genius.

Line 432. *A good man, and an angel! Theſe between.*] There is a majeſty in theſe lines, which, as it ſtrikes us with a reverential awe for piety, enforces a pleaſing idea of the author's ſublimity of ſentiment.

Line 438. *Be what Philander was, and claim the ſkies.*] From the train of reaſoning which Young paints in all the lovelineſs of virtue, is deduced this fervent admonition. Virgil has a thought ſomething ſimilar, when he ſays,

Maſte nova virtute, puer, ſic itur ad aſtra.

To

— To hope the beſt is pious, brave, and wiſe;
And may itſelf procure, what it preſumes. —
Life is much flatter'd, death is much traduc'd;
Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown.
"*Strange competition!*"—True, LORENZO! Strange!
So little *life* can caſt into the ſcale.
Life makes the ſoul dependent on the duſt;
Death gives her wings to mount above the ſpheres.
Thro' chinks, ſtyl'd organs, dim *life* peeps at light;
— *Death* burſts th' involving cloud, and all is day; —
All eye, all ear, the diſembody'd pow'r. —
Death has feign'd evils, nature ſhall not feel;
Life, ills ſubſtantial, wiſdom cannot ſhun.
Is not the mighty *mind*, that ſon of heaven!
By tyrant *life* dethron'd, impriſon'd, pain'd?
By *death* inlarg'd, ennobled, deify'd?
— *Death* but intombs the body; *life* the ſoul. —

Line 442. *To hope the beſt is pious, brave, and wiſe.*] 'Tis not the language of bigotry which the author addreſſes to Lorenzo, nor does he wiſh to incite in him a dread of the Deity more than conſiſtent with his mercy. The horrors of hell are not painted, 'tis the glories of a heavenly exiſtence he deſcribes; and from the pleaſing hopes of future happineſs, inſpires us with the preſent.

Call up your better reaſon to your aid,
And hope the beſt. That friendly beam is left
To chear the wretch, and lighten thro' his ſorrows,
Nor can he ſink ſo low, but hope will find him;
The pleaſing proſpect of a better day
Shines thro' the gloom of life, and ſhortens pain.
HAVARD's Scanderbeg.

Line 451. *Death burſts th' involving cloud, and all is day.*] The expreſſive grandeur of his ideas, while it delights, aſtoniſhes. We are at a loſs which to admire moſt, his poetry, or his morality.

"Is *death* then guiltleſs? How he marks his way
"With dreadful waſte of what deſerves to ſhine!
"Art, genius, fortune, elevated power!
"With various luſtres *theſe* light up the world,
"Which *death* puts out, and darkens human race."
I grant, LORENZO! this indictment juſt:
The ſage, peer, potentate, king, conquerer,
Death humbles theſe; more barb'rous *life*, the *man*.
Life is the triumph of our mould'ring clay;
Death, of the ſpirit infinite! divine!
Death has no dread, but what frail *life* imparts;
Nor *life* true joy, but what kind *death* improves.
No bliſs has *life* to boaſt, till *death* can give
Far greater:—*life*'s a debtor to the grave,
Dark lattice! letting in eternal day.—
LORENZO! bluſh at *fondneſs* for a *life*,
Which ſends celeſtial ſouls on errands vile,
To cater for the ſenſe; and ſerve at boards,
Where ev'ry ranger of the wilds, perhaps
Each reptile, juſtly claims our upper hand.
Luxurious feaſt! a ſoul, a ſoul immortal,
In all the dainties of a brute bemir'd!
LORENZO! bluſh at *terror* for a *death*,
Which gives thee to repoſe in feſtive bow'rs,

Line 459. *Is Death then guiltleſs? How he marks his way.*] This epiſode, both as it diſplays the rational foundation on which the author's reaſoning is built, and, as it is ſtrictly poetical, cannot fail to pleaſe on a peruſal.

Line 473. *Dark lattice! letting in eternal day.*] The contraſted imagery of this reflection is beyond the aid of a comment to deſcribe. It cannot fail to ſtrike the reader with its poetical excellence.

Line 474. *Lorenzo! bluſh at fondneſs for a life.*] The comparative view which the author affords Lorenzo of Life and Death, is undoubtedly a maſter-piece in ſentiment, as well as poetry.

Where

Where nectars ſparkle, angels miniſter,
And more than angels ſhare, and raiſe, and crown,
And eternize, the birth, bloom, burſts of bliſs.
What need I more? O death, the palm is thine.
Then welcome, death! thy dreaded harbingers,
Age, and *diſeaſe*; diſeaſe, tho' long my gueſt;
That plucks my nerves, thoſe tender ſtrings of life;
Which, pluckt a little more, will toll the bell,
That calls my few friends to my funeral;
Where feeble nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
While reaſon and religion, better taught,
Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
With wreath triumphant. Death is victory;
It binds in chains the raging ills of life:
Luſt and *ambition*, *wrath*, and *avarice*,
Dragg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his power.
That ills corroſive*, cares importunate,
Are not immortal too, O death! is thine.
Our day of diſſolution!—Name it right;
'Tis our great pay-day; 'tis our harveſt, rich
And ripe: what tho' the ſickle, ſometimes keen,
Juſt ſcars us, as we reap the golden grain?
More than thy balm, O *Gilead!* heals the wound.

* Preying on the mind.

Life 490. *Which, pluckt a little more, will toll the bell.*] There is a *ſolemn ſadneſs* in this and the concluding lines, which, I think, is inexpreſſibly beautiful. Gray has ſome lines on this ſubject in his elegy, which equally move us by their natural ideas.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the ecchoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lonely bed.
For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her ev'ning care;
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envy'd kiſs to ſhare.

Birth's

Birth's feeble cry, and *death*'s deep diſmal groan,
Are ſlender tributes low-tax'd nature pays
For mighty gain: the gain of each, a life!
But O! the laſt the former ſo tranſcends,
Life dies, compar'd; *life* lives beyond the grave.
And feel I, *death!* no joy from thought of thee?
Death, the great counſellor, who man inſpires
With ev'ry nobler thought, and fairer deed!
Death, the deliverer, who reſcues man!
Death, the rewarder, who the reſcu'd crowns!
Death, that abſolves my birth; a curſe without it!
Rich *death*, that realizes all my cares,
Toils, virtues, hopes; without it a chimera*!
Death, of all pain the period, not of joy;
Joy's *ſource*, and *ſubject*, ſtill ſubſiſt unhurt;
One, in my ſoul; and one, in her great Sire;
Tho' the four winds were warring for my duſt.
Yes, and from winds, and waves, and central night,
Tho' priſon'd there, my duſt too I reclaim,
(To duſt when drop proud nature's proudeſt ſpheres)
And live *entire*. Death is the crown of life:
Were death deny'd, poor man would live in vain;
Were death deny'd, to live would not be life;
Were death deny'd, ev'n fools would wiſh to die.
Death wounds to cure: we fall; we riſe; we reign!
Spring from our fetters; faſten in the ſkies;
Where blooming *Eden* withers in our ſight!

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* A Deluſion.

Line 530 *Death wounds to cure: we fall; we riſe; we reign!*] How beautiful an effect this climax has, on ſo momentous a ſubject, needs not a comment. The reader, whether he examines its beauties in a poetical or moral ſenſe, will find an aſtoniſhing ſublimity contained in the ideas.

Death

Death gives us more than was in *Eden* loſt.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
When ſhall I die to vanity, pain, death?
When ſhall I die?—When ſhall I live for ever? 536

Line 534. *This king of terrors is the prince of peace.*]
Wiſdom of Solomon, Chap. 3.

Ver. 2. In the ſight of the unwiſe they ſeemed to die, and their departure is taken for miſery.

3. And their going from us for utter deſtruction, but they are in peace.

4. For they be puniſhed in the ſight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality.

The author's ſentiments are evidently ſimilar to thoſe of the royal penman, tho' more enforced, thro' the variety of additional beauties.

The ARGUMENT.

BOOK IV.

ADDRESS to Mr. Yorke.—Reflection on the vain terrors of Death, particularly to the aged.—The fruitleſs ſucceſs of wiſhes, exemplified in the author's ill requited attendance on the court.—The inutility of an attachment to worldly pomps.—A comparative view of himſelf with a tottering ruin; with an elegant compliment to Dr. Mead.—An addreſs to the Deity.—Invocation to Night.—The author beautifully recounts the mercy of our Saviour.—A poetic epiſode to the ſun; with enthuſiaſtic reflections on the bleſſings of our Lord's reſurrection.—The glories of God painted in the moſt ſublime ideas.—A comparative view of men and angels. The author concludes with an admonitory addreſs to Lorenzo, on the triumphs of reaſon and chriſtianity; with a ſecond and more ſublime view of the mercies offered to mankind.

THE COMPLAINT.

NIGHT the FOURTH.

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

CONTAINING

Our only CURE for the FEAR of DEATH;

And Proper SENTIMENTS of HEART on that Ineſtimable Bleſſing.

Humbly Inſcribed to the

Honble Mr. *YORKE.*

A Much-indebted muſe, O YORKE! intrudes.
Amid the ſmiles of fortune, and of youth,
Thine ear is patient of a ſerious ſong.
How deep implanted in the breaſt of man
The dread of death! I ſing its ſov'reign cure.
Why ſtart at death? Where is he? Death arriv'd,
Is paſt; not come, or gone, he's never *here.*
Ere *hope*, *ſenſation* fails; black-boding man
Receives, not *ſuffers*, death's tremendous blow.

Line 7. *Is paſt; not come, or gone, he's never here.*
Ere hope, ſenſation fails; black-boding man] There appears to me an evident error in the punctuation of the above lines. As they ſtand at preſent, the ear is diſguſted with an unintelligible jumble in the whole, unworthy of the author. The following I recommend as an amendment:

Is paſt; not come, or gone: He's never here
Ere, hope, ſenſation fails; black-boding man.

The knell, the ſhroud, the mattock, and the grave;
The deep damp vault, the darkneſs, and the worm;
Theſe are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's fool, and *error*'s wretch,
Man makes a death, which nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
And feels a thouſand deaths, in fearing one.
But were death frightful, what has *age* to fear?
If prudent, age ſhould meet the friendly foe,
And ſhelter in his hoſpitable* gloom.
I ſcarce can meet a monument, but holds
My younger; ev'ry date cries—"Come away."
And what recalls me? Look the world around,
And tell me what: The wiſeſt cannot tell.
Should any born of woman give his thought
Full range, on juſt *diſlike*'s‡ unbounded field;
Of things, the vanity; of men, the flaws;
Flaws in the *beſt*; the many, flaw all o'er;
As *Leopards*, ſpotted, or, as *Ethiops*, dark;
Vivacious† *ill*; *good* dying immature§;
(How immature, NARCISSA's marble tells)
And at its death bequeathing endleſs pain;
His heart, tho' bold, would ſicken at the ſight,

* Conducive to eternity. ‡ Unfavourable ideas of men and manners.
† In proſperity. § Unripe.

Line 10. *The knell, the ſhroud, the mattock, and the grave.*] The imagery contained in theſe lines carries with it ideas ſo poetical, and ſo beautifully expreſſed, that it cannot fail attracting the reader's admiration.

Line 31. (*How immature, Narciſſa's marble tells*).] We muſt kindly allow our author a trifling abſence of mind, when in the compoſition of this immortal poem; otherwiſe, we cannot paſs over Narciſſa's marble without a recollection of

I whiſper'd what ſhould echo through their realms,
Nor writ her name whoſe tomb ſhould pierce the ſkies.

And

And ſpend itſelf in ſighs for future ſcenes.
But grant to life (and juſt it is to grant
To *lucky* life) ſome perquiſites of joy* ;
A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
Long-rifled life of ſweet can yield no more,
But from our *comment* on the comedy,
Pleaſing *reflections* on parts well-ſuſtain'd,
Or purpos'd *emendations*† where we fail'd,
Or hopes of plaudits from our candid judge,
When, on their exit, ſouls are bid unrobe,
Toſs *Fortune* back her tinſel, and her plume,
And drop this maſk of fleſh behind the ſcene.
With me, that time is come; my world‡ is dead;
A new world§ riſes, and new manners reign:
Foreign commediane, a ſpruce band! arrive,
To puſh me from the ſcene, or hiſs me there.
What a pert race ſtarts up! the ſtrangers gaze,
And I at them; my neighbour is unknown;
Nor that the worſt: ah me! the dire effect
Of loit'ring here, of death defrauded long;

---

* Moments of content. † Corrections.
‡ Succeſsful period of life. § Change in the miniſtry.

Line 39. *But from our comment on the comedy.*] The ſimilitude is natural, but too much ſtrained, through the continued length of the period.

——All the world's a ſtage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits, and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts.

Line 48. *Foreign comedians, a ſpruce band! arrive.*] An alluſion to the revolutions of the court. The author's ill ſucceſs, and the demerits of thoſe "who puſh'd him from the ſcene," were the cauſe of this poignant ſatire. Mr. Melmoth criticiſes theſe ſentiments as not being original. On ſuch a ſubject, the powers of poetry and proſe have been ſo exhauſted, that it will hardly admit of novelty.

Of old ſo gracious (and let that ſuffice),
My very maſter knows me not.——
Shall I dare ſay, Peculiar is the fate?
I've been ſo long remember'd, I'm forgot.
An object ever preſſing dims the ſight,
And hides behind its ardor to be ſeen.
When in his courtiers ears I pour my plaint,
They drink it as the nectar of the great;
And ſqueeze my hand, and beg me come to-morrow;
Refuſal! canſt thou wear a ſmoother form?
Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my theme:
Who cheapens life, abates the *fear of death:*
Twice-told the period* ſpent on ſtubborn *Troy*,
Court-favour, yet untaken, I beſiege;
Ambition's ill-judg'd effort to be rich.

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* Ten years.

Line 54. *Of old ſo gracious (and let that ſuffice).*] There are ſimilar ſentiments on this ſubject in the firſt ſcene of Otway's Orphan.

Ern. ——————He might have claimed
Places in honour, and employment high;
A huffing, ſhining, flattering, cringing coward,
A canker-worm of peace was rais'd above him.
Paul. Yet ſtill he holds juſt value for the king,
Nor ever names him but with higheſt rev'rence:
'Tis noble that——————
Ern. Oh! I have heard him wanton in his praiſe,
Speak things of him might charm the ears of envy.

Line 60. *When in his courtiers ears I pour my plaint.*] Mr. Melmoth points out an error in the compoſition of this ſentiment, which he thinks the licence of poetry will not excuſe. "To drink nectar with the ear" is the metaphor on which he founds his criticiſm: But had he conſulted Shakeſpeare, he would have met with many inſtances of the like. "To drink with greedy ear," is an uſual expreſſion with that poet.

Line 63. *Refuſal! can'ſt thou wear a ſmoother form?*] There is a natural colouring in theſe lines that cannot fail to pleaſe. Dr. Young's knowledge of courts rendered him converſant with all their machinations.

Alas!

Alas! ambition makes my little, less;
Embitt'ring the possess'd: Why wish for more?
Wishing, of all employments, is the worst;
Philosophy's reverse! and health's decay!
Were I as plump, as stall'd† theology,
Wishing would waste me to this shade again.
Were I as wealthy as a *South-sea** dream,
Wishing is an expedient to be poor.
Wishing, that constant *hectic* of a fool;
Caught at a court; purg'd off by purer air,
And simpler diet; gifts of rural life!
Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed.
The world's a stately bark, on dang'rous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril:
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng;
As that of seas remote, or dying storms;
And meditate on scenes, more silent still;
Pursue my theme, and fight the *fear of death*.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager ambition's fiery chace I see;

† Deans, Canons, &c. * Adventure in the stocks.

Line 73. *Were I as plump, as stall'd theology.*] An apt allusion! and natural satire on those, who, as Shakespeare says,

——Neither plough, nor sow, and yet they reap
The fat of all the land, and suck the poor.——

Line 81. *My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed.*] The author, I think, seems to contradict a former sentiment.

Court favour, yet untaken, I besiege.

How could his heart be lain at rest, supposing him to be busily employed in managing so arduous a task?——

Line 82. *The world's a stately bark, on dang'rous seas.*] The allegory is very poetically handled, and the metaphorical images throughout, evidently proceed from a masterly pen.

I ſee the circling hunt, of noiſy men,
Burſt law's incloſure, leap the mounds* of right,
Purſuing, and purſu'd, each others prey;
As wolves, for rapine; as the fox, for wiles;
Till *death*, that mighty hunter, earths† them all.
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What, tho' we wade in wealth, or ſoar in fame?
Earth's higheſt ſtation ends in, "Here he lies:"
And "Duſt to duſt" concludes her nobleſt ſong.
If this ſong lives, poſterity ſhall know
One, tho' in *Britain* born, with courtiers bred,
Who thought e'en gold might come a day too late;
Nor on his ſubtle death-bed plann'd his ſcheme
For future vacancies in church or ſtate;
Some avocation‡ deeming it——to die;
Unbit by rage canine§ of dying rich;
Guilt's blunder! and the loudeſt laugh of hell.
O my coëvals‖! remnants of yourſelves!
Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave!
Shall we, ſhall aged men, like aged trees,
Strike deeper their vile root, and cloſer cling,
Still more enamour'd of this wretched ſoil?
Shall our pale, wither'd hands be ſtill ſtretch'd out,
Trembling, at once, with eagerneſs(*a*) and age?
With av'rice, and convulſions, graſping hard?
Graſping at air! for what has earth beſide?

---

* Incloſure. † Enſnares. ‡ Reſt after a ſeries of labour.
§ An epithet taken from the howling of dogs.
‖ Of an equal age. (*a*) For the attainment of riches.

Line 109. *O my coëvals! Remnants of yourſelves!*] This addreſs to thoſe of his own age is inimitable. The author's reflections on his ſituation, are as forcibly impreſſed on our minds, as thoſe on Narciſſa's fate, tho' his feelings are much more warmly deſcribed than the latter.

Man

Man wants but little; nor that little, long:
How ſoon muſt he reſign his very duſt,
Which frugal nature lent him for an hour!
Years* unexperienc'd ruſh on num'rous ills;
And ſoon as man, expert from time, has found
The *key* of life, it opes the gates of death.
When in this vale of years I backward look,
And miſs ſuch numbers, numbers too of ſuch,
Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
And ſtricter on their guard, and fitter far
To play life's ſubtle game, I ſcarce believe
I ſtill ſurvive: And am I fond of life,
Who ſcarce can think it poſſible, I live?
Alive by miracle! or, what is next,
Alive by MEAD! If I am ſtill alive,
Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,
Firmneſs of nerve, and energy of thought.
Life's lee† is not more *ſhallow*, than *impure*,
And *vapid*; *ſenſe* and *reaſon* ſhew the door,

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* Time, untried in its progreſs, and in the revolution of human affairs, which it bears with it, inflicts upon us a ſeries of misfortunes.

† Dregs.

Line 123. *The key of life, it opes the gates of death.*] In this brief alluſion to the ſhortneſs of life, we find great poetical judgment. The ideas are conciſe and expreſſive; nor are the images too much ſtrained: a fault our poet is frequently guilty of.

Line 131. *Alive by miracle! or, what is next.*] The author, doubtleſs, had no idea of a double entendre, when he paid Dr. Mead this compliment. Let us examine the different lights in which it may be conſtrued. "He lives by a miracle," very well; "or what is next, by Mead." Mead then, not by his ſuperior ſkill, but thro' miraculous good luck, preſerved the doctor's life.

Line 132. *Alive by Mead! If I am ſtill alive.*] Horace, in one of his odes, has an idea very ſimilar:

Et, quod placeo, (ſi placeo) tuum eſt.

Call

Call for my bier, and point me to the duſt.
O thou great arbiter† of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial ſun!
Whoſe all-prolific§ beam late call'd me forth
From darkneſs, teeming darkneſs, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
The duſt I tread on, high to bear my brow;
To drink the ſpirit of the golden day*;
And triumph in exiſtence; and could'ſt know
No motive, but my bliſs; and haſt ordain'd
A riſe in bleſſing; with the *patriarch*'s joy,
Thy call I follow to the land unknown;
I truſt in Thee, and know in whom I truſt;
Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs:
All weight in this—O let me live to Thee!
Tho' *nature*'s terrors, *thus*, may be repreſt;
Still frowns grim *death*; guilt points the tyrant's ſpear.
And whence all human guilt? From death forgot.
Ah me! too long I ſet at nought the ſwarm
Of friendly warnings, which around me flew;
And ſmil'd, unſmitten: ſmall my cauſe to ſmile!

† Diſpenſer. § Engendering.
* To taſte the influence of life attended with eternity.

Line 138. *O thou great arbiter of life and death.*] The ſublimity and natural fervour of this addreſs is inconceivably beautiful. "Nature's immortal, immaterial ſun," has a grandeur of thought which breathes the genuine fire of Milton. The repetition of *and* ſo frequently occurs on a peruſal of the Night Thoughts, that it diſguſts us. In this place, particularly, the ſubject will by no means admit of it.

Line 155. *Ah me! too long I ſet at nought the ſwarm.*]

Sæpe malum hoc nobis, ſi mens non læva fuiſſet,
De cœlo tactas memini prædicere quercus:
Sæpe ſiniſtra cava prædixit ab ilice Cornix.

Death's

Death's admonitions, like ſhafts upwards ſhot.
More dreadful by delay; the longer ere
They ſtrike our hearts, the deeper is their wound.
O think how deep, LORENZO! *Here* it ſtings:
Who can appeaſe its anguiſh? How it burns!
What hand the barb'd*, invenom'd, thought can draw?
What healing hand can pour the balm of peace?
And turn my ſight undaunted on the tomb?
With joy,—with grief, that *healing hand*† I ſee;
Ah! too conſpicuous! It is fix'd on high.
On high!—What means my phrenſy? I blaſpheme;
Alas! how low! how far beneath the ſkies!
The ſkies is form'd; and now it bleeds for me—
But bleeds the balm I want—yet ſtill it *bleeds*.
Draw the dire ſteel—Ah no! The dreadful bleſſing
What heart or can ſuſtain, or dares forego?
There hangs all human hope: that nail ſupports
The falling univerſe: that gone, we drop;
Horror receives us, and the diſmal wiſh
Creation had been ſmother'd in her birth ——
Darkneſs his curtain, and his bed the duſt;
When ſtars and ſun are duſt beneath his throne!
In heav'n itſelf can ſuch indulgence dwell?
O what a groan was there! A groan *not His*.
He ſeiz'd our dreadful right; the load ſuſtain'd;
And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
A thouſand worlds, *ſo* bought, were bought too dear.

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* Bearded. † The redeeming Saviour.

Line 174. ——————*That nail ſupports.*] The energy of thought which this contains, is inexpreſſibly beautiful. The poet does juſtice to the ſublimity of the ſubject, by the poetic grandeur of his ſentiments.

Senſations

Senſations *new** in angels boſoms riſe;
Suſpend their ſong; and make a pauſe in bliſs
O for their ſong, to reach my lofty theme!
Inſpire me, *Night!* with all thy tuneful ſpheres;
Whilſt I with ſeraphs ſhare ſeraphic themes,
And ſhew to men the dignity of man;
Leſt I blaſpheme my ſubject with my ſong.
Shall *Pagan*† pages glow celeſtial flame,
And *Chriſtian* languiſh? On our hearts, not heads,
Falls the foul infamy: my heart! awake.
What can awake thee, unawak'd by *this*,
"Expended‡ Deity on human weal?"
Feel the *great truths*, which burſt the tenfold night
Of *heathen* error, with a golden flood§
Of endleſs day: To feel is to be fir'd;
And to believe, LORENZO! is to feel.
Thou moſt indulgent, moſt tremendous‖ Pow'r!
Still more tremendous, for thy wond'rous love!
That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands;
And foul tranſgreſſion dips in ſev'nfold guilt;
How our hearts tremble at thy love immenſe!
In love immenſe, inviolably juſt!
Thou, rather than thy *juſtice* ſhould be ſtain'd,
Didſt ſtain the *croſs*; and, work of wonders, far
The greateſt, that thy deareſt ſar might bleed.
Bold thought! Shall I dare ſpeak it, or repreſs?
Should man more *execrate*(*a*), or *boaſt*, the guilt

* A riſing from grief, a paſſion foreign to the breaſt of angels.

† Heathen.

‡ Benevolence directed towards the welfare of mankind.

§ Expanding ſplendor. ‖ To be dreaded.

(*a*) Curſe.

Line 185. *Senſations new in angels boſoms riſe.*] This thought contains a very pleaſing idea, and is a ſtriking addition to the dignity of the preceding lines.

Which

Which rous'd ſuch vengeance? which ſuch love inflam'd?
O'er guilt (how mountainous!) with outſtretcht arms,
Stern† *juſtice*, and ſoft ſmiling *love*, embrace,
Supporting, in full majeſty, thy throne,
When ſeem'd its majeſty to need ſupport,
Or *that*, or *man*, inevitably loſt.
What, but the fathomleſs of thought divine,
Could labour ſuch expedient from deſpair,
And reſcue both? Both reſcue! Both exalt!
O how are both exalted by the *deed!*
The wondrous deed! or ſhall I call it more?
A wonder in Omnipotence itſelf!
A myſtery no leſs to gods than men!
Not, *thus*, our infidels th' *Eternal* draw,
A God all o'er conſummate‡, abſolute,
Full-orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete:
They ſet at odds heav'ns jarring attributes;
And, with one excellence another wound;
Maim Heav'n's perfection, break its equal beams;
Bid *mercy* triumph over—God himſelf,
Undeify'd by their opprobrious praiſe:
A god *all* mercy, is a god unjuſt.
Ye brainleſs wits! ye baptiz'd infidels!
Ye worſe for mending! waſh'd to fouler ſtains!
The ranſom was paid down; the fund of heaven,

† Severe in its adminiſtration. ‡ Of divine perfection.

Line 233. *A god all mercy, is a god unjuſt.*] The mercy of God, tho' an attribute the moſt beneficial to the ſalvation of mankind, yet, ſtretched too far, renders the diſtinctions of good and evil abſolutely void. The Old Teſtament has a variety of inſtances, where the love and merciful forgiveneſs of the Almighty, have been attended, not with adoration, but idolatry. Our's is a ſoil of ingratitude, which, cultured by the hand of an unbounded love, produces weeds.

Heav'n's

Heav'n's inexhauſtible, exhauſted fund,
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
All price beyond: tho' curious to compute,
Archangels fail'd to caſt the mighty ſum:
Its value vaſt ungraſp'd by minds *create*,
For ever hides, and glows, in the *Supreme*.
And was the ranſom paid? It was: And paid
(What can exalt the bounty more?) for *You*.
The ſun beheld it—No; the ſhocking ſcene
Drove back his chariot: *midnight* veil'd his face;
Not ſuch as *this*; not ſuch as nature makes;
A *midnight*, nature ſhudder'd to behold;
A *midnight* new! a dread eclipſe (without
Oppoſing ſpheres) from her Creator's frown!
Sun! didſt thou fly thy maker's pain? or ſtart
At that enormous load of human guilt,
Which bow'd his bleſſed head; o'erwhelm'd his croſs;
Made groan the centre; burſt earth's marble womb,
With pangs, ſtrange pangs! deliver'd of her dead?
Hell howl'd; and Heav'n that hour let fall a tear;
Heav'n wept, that men might ſmile! Heav'n bled,
Might never die!—— [that man
And

Line 237. *Heav'n's inexhauſtible, exhauſted fund.*] From the ſeeming contradiction of theſe epithets ariſes the majeſty with which the ſentiments are painted. Though, as Mr. Melmoth obſerves, the ideas are not worthy the ſubject they depicture, yet, a candid reader will allow them all the ſublimity and excellence, language and poetry admit of.

Line 245. *The ſun beheld it—No; the ſhocking ſcene.*] How beautifully deſcribed! The images are animated beyond the power of imitation. Unaſſiſted with the creative aid of fancy, we view them figured in the moſt lively colours; they almoſt breathe the inſpired truths which each ſelected ſentiment contains.

Line 257. *Heav'n wept, that men might ſmile! Heav'n bled.*] The ſtriking beauty that ſo affecting a thought diſplays, cannot eſcape the

And is devotion virtue? 'Tis *compell'd*: [theſe?
What heart of ſtone, but glows at thoughts like
Such contemplations mount us; and ſhould mount
The mind ſtill higher; nor ever glance on man,
Unraptur'd, uninflam'd.—Where roll my thoughts
To reſt from wonders? Other wonders riſe;
And ſtrike where-e'er they roll: my ſoul is caught:
Heav'n's ſov'reign bleſſings, cluſt'ring* from the croſs,
Ruſh on her, in a throng, and cloſe her round,
The pris'ner of amaze!—In His bleſt *life*,
I ſee the *path*, and in His *death*, the *price*,
And in His great *aſcent*, the *proof* ſupreme
Of immortality.—And did He riſe?
Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
He roſe! He roſe! He burſt the bars of death.
Lift up your heads, ye everlaſting gates!
And give the King of Glory to come in:
Who is the King of Glory? He who left
His throne of glory, for the pang of death:
Lift up your heads, ye everlaſting gates!
And give the King of Glory to come in.
Who is the King of Glory? He who ſlew

the admiration of a feeling and truly chriſtian reader. Were it viewed in the light of fancy, there is a ſtrength of deſcription that greatly intereſts us; but conſidered as the ground-work of our ſalvation, we cannot ſufficiently reflect on its inеſtimable excellence.

Line 267. *Ruſh on her, in a throng, and cloſe her round.*] There is an incongruity in this image, by no means to be reconciled. The compariſon of heaven's bleſſings to a ſet of conſtables, or a preſs-gang, is highly degradatory of the ſubject. 'Tis one of thoſe numerous errors which an enraptured poet unguardedly falls into, but which adorn the pallid brow of criticiſm.

* Drawn, as it were, to that centre, and ſhowered on us from the crucifixion of our Saviour.

The rav'nous foe, that gorg'd all human race†!
The King of Glory, He, whoſe glory fill'd
Heav'n with amazement at his love to man;
And with divine complacency beheld
Pow'rs moſt illumin'd, wilder'd‡ in the theme.
The theme, the joy, how then ſhall *man* ſuſtain?
Oh the burſt gates! cruſh'd ſting! demoliſh'd throne! [heav'n!
Laſt gaſp! of vanquiſh'd death! Shout earth and
This *ſum of good* to man: *whoſe* nature, then,
Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb!
Then, then, I roſe; then firſt *humanity*
Triumphant, paſt the cryſtal ports of light,
(Stupendous gueſt!) and ſeiz'd eternal youth,
Seiz'd in our *name*. E're ſince, 'ti s blaſphemous
To call man mortal. Man's mortality
Was, then, transferr'd to death; and heav'n's du- [ration
Unalienably ſeal'd to this frail frame,
This child of duſt,—Man, all-immortal! hail;
Hail, Heav'n! all-laviſh of ſtrange gifts to man!
Thine all the glory; man's the boundleſs bliſs.
Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,
On Chriſtian joy's exulting wing, above

† Death. ‡ Loſt.

Line 285. *Pow'rs moſt illumin'd, wilder'd in the theme.*] The ground-work of this beautiful view of our Saviour's divine condeſcenſion to mankind, tho' in the deſcription original, is evidently taken from the third book of Milton's Paradiſe Loſt. This ſentiment which I quote is ſimilar to that of the afore-mentioned poet.

Admiration ſeiz'd
All heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend
Wondring; but ſoon th' Almighty thus reply'd.
Book III. Line 271.

Th'

Th' *Aonian* mount?—Alas, ſmall cauſe for joy!
What if to pain immortal? If extent
Of being, to preclude* a cloſe of woe?
Where, then, my boaſt of immortality?
I boaſt it ſtill, tho' cover'd o'er with guilt;
For guilt, not innocence, His life He pour'd;
'Tis guilt alone can juſtify His death;
Nor that, unleſs His death can juſtify
Relenting guilt in Heav'n's indulgent ſight.
If, ſick of folly, I relent; He writes
My name in heav'n, with that inverted ſpear
(A ſpear deep-dipt in blood!) which pierc'd His ſide,
And open'd there a font for all mankind
Who ſtrive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live:
This, only *this*, ſubdues the *fear of death*.
And what is *this*?—Survey the wond'rous cure:
And at each ſtep, let higher wonder riſe!
"Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon

* To forbid, ſhut out.

Line 303. *Th' Aonian mount?*———] Helicon, in Aonia, or as now called Bæotia.

Line 309. *'Tis guilt alone can juſtify his death.*] Is almoſt a repetition of

Should man more execrate, or boaſt the guilt
Which rous'd ſuch vengeance, which ſuch love inflam'd.

Which is verbally taken from Adam's ſpeech in Milton's twelfth book:

Full of doubt I ſtand,
Whether I ſhould repent me now of ſin
By me done and occaſioned; or rejoice
Much more, that much more good thereof ſhall ſpring.
Line 474.

Line 312. *If, ſick of folly, I relent; He writes.*] This ſentiment throughout is beautiful. The metaphorical images are naturally choſen, and poetically expreſſed. He combats Death with the moſt pointed weapons of reaſon, and adminiſters the moſt comforting and balmy medicine to deſpair.

" Thro' means, that ſpeak its value infinite!
" A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!
" With blood divine of Him, I made my foe!
" Perſiſted to provoke! tho' woo'd, and aw'd,
" Bleſt, and chaſtis'd, a flagrant rebel ſtill!
" A rebel, 'midſt the thunders of his throne!
" Nor I alone! a rebel univerſe!
" My ſpecies up in arms! not one exempt!
" Yet for the foulſt of the foul, He dies,
" Moſt joy'd, for the redeem'd from deepeſt guilt!
" As if our race were held of higheſt rank;
" And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man!"
Bound, ev'ry heart! and ev'ry boſom, burn!
Oh what a ſcale of miracles is here!
Its loweſt round, high-planted on the ſkies;
Its tow'ring ſummit loſt beyond the thought
Of man or angel! O that I could climb
The wonderful aſcent, with equal praiſe!
Praiſe! flow for ever, (if aſtoniſhment
Will give thee leave) my praiſe! for ever flow;
Praiſe ardent, cordial, conſtant, to high Heav'n
More fragrant, than *Arabia* ſacrific'd,
And all her ſpicy mountains in a flame.
So dear, ſo due to Heav'n, ſhall *praiſe* deſcend,
With her loſt plume from *plauſive** angels wing

* Applauding.

Line 337. ——— *O that I could climb.*] This beautiful digreſſion adds an energy to the dignity of his lines. Virgil has ſomething ſimilar in his eclogue inſcribed Pollio. Tho' unaſſiſted with revealed religion, and the divine redemption of mankind, this heathen poet ſublimatically foretells the coming of our Saviour, tho' the alluſion is to an earthly monarch.

O mihi tam longæ, maneat pars ultima vitæ,
Spiritus & quantum ſat erit tua dicere facta!

Firſt pluckt by man) to tickle mortal ears,
Thus diving in the pockets of the great?
Is *praiſe* the perquiſite of ev'ry paw,
Tho' black as hell, that grapples well for gold?
Oh love of gold! thou meaneſt of amours!
Shall *praiſe* her odours waſte on VIRTUE's dead†,
Embalm the baſe, perfume the ſtench of guilt,
Earn dirty bread by waſhing *Ethiops* fair,
Removing filth, or ſinking it from ſight,
A ſcavenger in ſcenes, where *vacant* poſts,
Like gibbets yet untenanted, expect
Their future ornaments? From courts and thrones,
Return, apoſtate* *praiſe!* thou vagabond!
Thou proſtitute! to thy firſt love return,
Thy firſt, thy greateſt, once unrivall'd theme.
There flow redundant; like *Meander* flow,
Back to thy fountain; to that parent Pow'r,
Who gives the tongue to ſound, the thought to ſoar,
The ſoul to *be*. Men homage pay to men,
Thoughtleſs beneath whoſe dreadful eye they bow
In mutual awe profound, of clay to clay,
Of guilt to guilt; and turn their backs on Thee,
Great Sire! whom thrones† celeſtial ceaſeleſs ſing;

† Loſt to mortality. * Wandering from truth.
‡ Heavenly ſpirits.

Line 351. *Shall praiſe her odours waſte on virtue's dead.*] Though we believe the author to be himſelf rather tinctured with the vice of flattery, we ſhould not leſs commend his ſentiments on its effects. Shakeſpeare points out, in a ſimilar manner, the miraculous metamorphoſes atchieved on thoſe whom riches inſufe a flatterer.

Gold! yellow, glitt'ring, precious gold,
Gold that will make black white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
Baſe, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
TIMON of ATHENS.

To proſtrate angels, an amazing ſcene!
O the preſumption of man's awe for man!—
Man's Author! End! Reſtorer! Law! and Judge!
Thine, all; day thine, and thine this gloom of *night*,
With all her wealth, with all her radiant§ worlds:
What, night eternal, but a frown from Thee?
What, heav'n's meridian glory, but thy ſmile?
And ſhall not *praiſe* be Thine? not human praiſe?
While heav'n's high hoſt on *hallelujahs* live?
O may I breathe no longer, than I breathe
My ſoul in praiſe to Him, who gave my ſoul,
And all her infinite of proſpect fair,
Cut thro' the ſhades of hell, *great Love!* by Thee,
O moſt adorable! moſt unador'd!
Where ſhall that praiſe begin, which ne'er ſhould end?
Where-e'er I turn, what claim on all applauſe!
How is *night*'s ſable* mantle labour'd o'er,
How richly wrought with attributes divine!
What *wiſdom* ſhines! what *love!* This midnight pomp,
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd!

§ Beaming. * Darkneſs.

Line 376. *And ſhall not praiſe be thine? not human praiſe?*] Theſe reflections on the remiſsneſs of mankind towards a contemplation of the Deity, are fervently expreſſed. The piety which they contain muſt ſet their poetical merits in a fairer light; and while the reader conſiders the devotion of angels, (beings of a rank ſo greatly ſuperior to his own) his ſupineneſs muſt be alarmed, his faith ſtrengthened, and hope built on a more religious baſis.

Line 378. *O may I breathe no longer, than I breathe.*] May be conſidered as an imitation of Tityrus' ſpeech in Virgil's firſt Eclogue.

Ante leves ergo paſcentur in æthere cervi
Et freta, &c.——
Quam noſtro illius labatur pectore vultus.

Built

Built with divine ambition! nought to Thee;
For others this profuſion! Thou, apart,
Above! beyond! Oh tell me, mighty Mind!
Where art Thou? Shall I dive into the *deep*?
Call to the *ſun*, or aſk the roaring *winds*,
For their Creator? Shall I queſtion loud
The *thunder*, if in that th' Almighty dwells?
Or holds HE furious *ſtorms* in ſtreighten'd reins;
And bids fierce *whirlwinds* wheel his rapid car?
What mean theſe queſtions?—Trembling I re-
My proſtrate ſoul adores the *preſent* God: [tract;
Praiſe I a diſtant deity? He tunes
My voice (if tun'd); the nerve, that writes, ſuſtains;
Wrapt in his Being, I reſound his praiſe:
But tho' paſt *all* diffus'd, without a ſhore,
His eſſence*; *local*† is His throne (as meet),
To gather the diſperſt (as ſtandards call
The liſted from afar); to fix a point,
A central point, collective of his ſons,
Since *finite*‡ ev'ry nature, but his own.
The nameleſs *He*, whoſe nod is *nature*'s birth;
And

---

* Being. † Fixed.

‡ Either ſubject to an end, or exiſting by birth.

Line 409. *The nameleſs He, whoſe nod is nature's birth.*] The ſublime grandeur of idea which the author entertains of the Deity, throughout his work, is, I think, far ſuperior to any compoſition on the ſubject, excluſive of the ſacred writings. Milton's deſcriptive ſentiments on the attributes of the Almighty, tho' more dazzling than Young's, and even the foundation of his Thoughts, have, I think, a leſs majeſty. That the reader may judge, I have ſelected a few lines from his third book.

Thee, father, firſt they ſung, omnipotent,
Immutable, immortal, infinite,
Eternal King; The author of all being,

Fountain

And *nature*'s ſhield, the ſhadow of his hand;
Her diſſolution, his ſuſpended ſmile!
The great *Firſt, Laſt!* pavilion'd§ high he ſits
In darkneſs, from exceſſive ſplendor, born,
By gods unſeen, unleſs thro' luſtre loſt.
His glory, to created glory, bright,
As that to central horrors; He looks down
On all that ſoars; and ſpans immenſity. ‖ noble thought.
Tho, *night* unnumber'd worlds unfolds to view,
Boundleſs creation! what art thou? a beam,
A mere effluvium of his majeſty:
And ſhall an atom of this atom-world
Mutter, in duſt and ſin, the theme of heav'n?
Down to the centre ſhould I ſend my thought

Fountain of light, Thyſelf invifible
Amidſt the glorious brightneſs where thou ſit'ſt
Thron'd inacceſſible; but when thou ſhad'ſt
The full blaze of thy beams, and thro' a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant ſhrine,
Dark with exceſſive bright thy ſkirts appear:
Yet dazzle heav'n, that brighteſt Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.

Line 412. ——— *Pavilion'd high he ſits.*] There is a confuſed ambiguity in this and the two following lines, which was the neceſſary effect attendant on an attempt to deſcribe the incomprehenſible attributes of the Deity. I recommend the following explanation of the difficulties:

——"He ſits pavilion'd high in darkneſs *born*, that is, ariſing from exceſſive ſplendor: By gods unſeen, unleſs *thro' luſtre loſt*, that is, unleſs from a diminution of his brightneſs."

Line 423. *Down to the centre ſhould I ſend my thought.*] The poet has apparently borrowed this thought of impotency in deſcription from Virgil's Georgic the ſecond.

Non ego cuncta meis amplecti verſibus opto
Non mihi ſi linguæ centum ſint, oraque centum
Ferrea vox. ———

§ Enthroned.

Thro'

Thro' beds of glitt'ring ore, and glowing gems,
Their beggar'd blaze wants luſtre for my lay;
Goes out in darkneſs: If, on tow'ring wing,
I ſend it thro' the boundleſs† vault of ſtars;
The ſtars, tho' rich, what droſs their gold to *Thee*,
Great! good! wiſe! wonderful! eternal King!
If to thoſe *conſcious ſtars* thy throne around,
Praiſe ever-pouring, and imbibing§ bliſs;
And aſk their ſtrain; they want it, *more* they want,
Poor their abundance, humble their ſublime,
Languid their energy, their ardor cold,
Indebted ſtill, their higheſt rapture burns:
Short of its mark, defective, tho' divine.
Still more—This theme is man's, and man's alone;
Their vaſt appointments reach it not: they ſee
On earth a bounty not indulg'd on high;
And *downward* look for Heav'n's ſuperior praiſe!
Firſt born of ether*! high in fields of light‡!
View man, to ſee the glory of your God!
Could angels envy, they had envy'd *here*;
And ſome *did* envy; and the reſt, tho' gods,
Yet ſtill gods *unredeem'd* (there triumphs man,
Tempted to weigh the duſt againſt the ſkies)
They leſs would *feel*, tho' more adorn, my theme:
They ſung *Creation* (for in that they ſhar'd);
How roſe in melody, that child of love!
Creation's great ſuperior, man! is thine;
Thine is *Redemption*; they juſt gave the key;
'Tis thine to raiſe, and eternize, the ſong;
Tho, human, yet divine; far ſhould not *this*

† Firmament. § Inheriting eternal joys.
* The ſkies. ‡ The eternal regions of the bleſt.

Raiſe man o'er man, and kindle ſeraphs *here?*
Redemption! 'twas creation more ſublime;
Redemption! 'twas the labour of the ſkies;
Far *more* than labour—It was *death* in heav'n.
A truth ſo ſtrange! 'twere bold to think it true;
If not far bolder ſtill, to diſbelieve.
Here pauſe, and ponder: Was there death in heav'n?
What then on earth? On earth, which ſtruck the blow?
Who ſtruck it? Who!—O how is *man* inlarg'd,
Seen thro' this medium! How the pigmy tow'rs
How counterpois'd* his origin from duſt!
How counterpois'd, to duſt his ſad return!
How voided his vaſt diſtance from the ſkies!
How near he preſſes on the ſeraph's wing!
Which is the ſeraph? Which the born of clay?
How this demonſtrates, thro' the thickeſt cloud
Of guilt, and clay condens'd, the ſon of heav'n!
The *double* ſon; the made, and the re-made!
And ſhall heav'n's double property be loſt?
Man's double madneſs only can deſtroy.
To man the bleeding croſs has promis'd *all*;
The bleeding croſs has ſworn eternal grace;

* Contraſted.

Line 458. *A truth ſo ſtrange! 'twere bold to think it true.*] How beautifully do theſe two lines expreſs the boundleſs love of God to mankind! The reverential piety which it ſhould naturally inſpire, is no where better exemplified than in the ſentiments of Young. He paints the miracles of our Lord's Redemption in the moſt affecting colours. The intereſting ſcene is impreſſed on the mind in the warmeſt language of piety and religion. His doctrine is admirable, as the effuſions of the moſt ſincere chriſtianity. The pleaſing turn of thought he gives his ſentiments are the material excellence of poetry.

Who

Who gave his life, what grace ſhall He deny?
O ye! who from this *Rock of Ages*†, leap,
Apoſtates, plunging headlong in the deep!
What cordial joy, what conſolation ſtrong,
Whatever winds ariſe, or billows roll,
Our int'reſt in the maſter of the ſtorm!
Cling *there*, and in wreck'd nature's ruins *ſmile*;
While vile apoſtates *tremble* in a calm.
Man! know thyſelf. All wiſdom centres there:
To none man ſeems ignoble, but to man;
Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire:
How long ſhall human nature be *their* book,
Degen'rate mortal! and *unread* by thee?
The beam dim *reaſon* ſheds ſhews wonders there;
What high contents! illuſtrious faculties!
But the grand *comment*, which diſplays at full
Our human height, ſcarce ſever'd from divine,
By Heav'n compos'd, was publiſh'd on the *croſs*.
Who looks on that, and ſees not in himſelf
An awful ſtranger, a terreſtial god?
A glorious partner with the Deity
In that high attribute, immortal life?
If a god bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm:
I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting ſoul

† Eternal ſalvation.

Line 477. *O ye! who from this rock of ages, leap.*] From this line, to the concluſion of the period, we find no ſort of connection, but the whole a jumble of abſurdities. The author firſt addreſſes the Apoſtates, then inſtantaneouſly reflects on our conſolations, and laſtly, concludes the period with an addreſs to nobody-knows-who.

Line 484. *Man! know thyſelf. All wiſdom centres there.*] The remoteſt authors of antiquity, have, in their diſcourſes on morality laid this down as the baſis of natural religion.

Catches

Catches ſtrange fire, Eternity! at thee;
And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys:
How chang'd the face of nature! how improv'd!
What ſeem'd a chaos, ſhines a glorious world,
Or, what a world, an *Eden*; heighten'd all!
It is another ſcene! another ſelf!
And ſtill another, as time rolls along;
And that a *ſelf* far more illuſtrious ſtill.
Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in ſhades
Unpierc'd by bold conjecture's keeneſt ray,
What evolutions* of ſurpriſing fate!
How nature opens, and receives my ſoul
In boundleſs walks of raptur'd thought! Where gods
Encounter†, and embrace me! What new births
Of ſtrange adventure, foreign to the ſun,
Where, what now charms, perhaps, whate'er exiſts,
Old Time, and fair *Creation*, are forgot!
Is this extravagant? Of man we form
Extravagant conception, to be juſt:
Conception unconfin'd wants wings to reach him.

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* Changes, revolving ſcenes. † Meet.

Line 505. *It is another ſcene! another ſelf!*] Had the poet confined the above ſentiment to the line I have quoted, its beauties would have been ſufficiently ſublime; but by ſpinning out the thought two lines farther, the ideas become an unintelligible confuſion.

Line 517. *Is this extravagant? Of man we form.*] This and the enſuing lines are ſo bewildered in extravagance, that an uninſpired reader, or even that omnicient Being, a critic, muſt examine them carefully before he can render the author's meaning intelligible. The following will, I think, be in ſome reſpects explanatory.

"Is this extravagant? In ſtrict juſtice, extravagant conceptions are formed from man only. A conception, tho' boundleſs, wants wings to define his nature: The god-head only more removed from its reach, as to the ſuperiority of its attributes."

Beyond

Beyond its reach, the Godhead only, more.
He, the great Father! kindled at one flame
The world of rationals; one ſpirit pour'd
From ſpirit's awful fountain; pour'd Himſelf
Thro' all their ſouls; but not in equal ſtream,
Profuſe, or frugal, of th' inſpiring God,
As his wiſe plan demanded; and when paſt
Their various trials, in their various ſpheres,
If they *continue* rational, as made,
Reſorbs* them all into Himſelf again;
His throne their centre, and his ſmile their crown.
Why doubt we, then, the *glorious truth* to ſing,
Tho' yet *unſung*, as deem'd, perhaps, too bold?
Angels are men of a ſuperior kind;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celeſtial mountains wing'd in flight;
And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
And ſlipp'ry ſtep, the bottom of the ſteep.
Angels their failings, mortals have their praiſe;
While *here* of corps† ethereal, ſuch enroll'd,
And ſummon'd to the *glorious ſtandard* ſoon,
Which flames eternal crimſon thro' the ſkies.
Nor are our *brothers* thoughtleſs of their kin,
Yet abſent; but not abſent from their love.
MICHAEL‖ has fought our battles; RAPHAEL ſung
Our triumphs; GABRIEL on our errands flown,

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* Re-admits. † Form.

‖ This favourable interpoſition of angels may be ſeen at length in Milton's Paradiſe Loſt.

Line 521. *He, the great Father! kindled at one flame.*] This ſublime view of the works of the Deity, has an intereſting grandeur, which evidently marks it as the offſpring of Young's imagination.

Sent by the SOV'REIGN: And are theſe, O man!
Thy friends, thy warm allies? and thou (ſhame burn
The cheek to cinder!) rival to the brute?
Religion's all. Deſcending from the ſkies
To wretched man, the goddeſs in her left
Holds out *this* world, and, in her right, the *next*;
Religion! the ſole voucher man is man;
Supporter ſole of man above himſelf;
Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives the ſoul a ſoul that acts a god.
Religion! Providence! an After-ſtate!
Here is firm footing; *here* is ſolid rock;
This can ſupport us; all is ſea beſides;
Sinks under us; beſtorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man faſtens on the ſkies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.
As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkneſs, and ſtench, and ſuffocating damps,

Line 548. ——————*And thou (ſhame burn.*] The dignity of man is here viewed in the moſt forcible light. Its propinquity to an angelic nature is handled in the moſt ſublime language; and the whole compoſition is a ſtriking admonition to the groveling part of our ſpecies.

Line 553. *Religion! the ſole voucher man is man.*] What could be the author's meaning when he penn'd this line, I am not able to determine. The only idea I can form from it, is, that religion is the only reliance in the intercourſe of mankind; the ſole voucher between man and man. If it be otherwiſe, the punctuation is very erroneous, as, in its preſent form, it will admit of no explanation.

Line 561. *His hand the good man faſtens on the ſkies.*] This image is particularly beautiful, in a poetic and religious view. Horace, in the beginning of one of his odes, has a thought exactly ſimilar.

Line 563. *As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air.*] The compariſon is ſtriking, and correſpondent in all its parts. No poet gives a more pleaſing view of religion, and its rewards, or admoniſhes a reformation in morality with greater ſtrength of argument.

And

And dungeon horrors, by kind fate, diſcharg'd,
Climbs ſome fair eminence, where ether pure
Surrounds him, and *Elyſian* proſpects riſe,
His heart exults, his ſpirits caſt their load;
As if new-born, he triumphs in the change;
So joys the ſoul, when from inglorious aims,
And ſordid ſweets, from feculence* and froth
Of ties terreſtrial, ſet at large, ſhe mounts
To reaſon's region, her own element,
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the ſkies.
Religion! thou the ſoul of happineſs;
And, groaning *Calvary*‡, of thee! *There* ſhine
The nobleſt truths; *there* ſtrongeſt motives ſting:
There, ſacred violence aſſaults the ſoul;
There, nothing but *compulſion* is forborne,
Can love allure us? or can terror awe?
He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the ſun;
He ſighs!—the ſigh earth's deep foundation ſhakes.
If, in his love, ſo terrible, what then
His wrath inflam'd? his tenderneſs on fire?
Like ſoft, ſmooth oil, outblazing other fires?
Can pray'r, can praiſe avert it?—Thou, my *all!*

---

* Impure dregs.

‡ The mountains on which the jews crucified our Saviour.

Line 581. *He weeps! the falling drop puts out the ſun.*] The magnificence of this ſentiment, may, undoubtedly, be reckoned amongſt the moſt conciſely ſtriking excellencies of the Night Thoughts. Mr. Melmoth criticiſes it for a poetical error, which any other writer would have readily forgiven. He cites *a ſigh*, as a fault in the climax, being inferior in its force to *a tear*, which he remarks, rather to fall than riſe on the imagination.

Line 586. ——————*Thou, my all.*] I am ſurprized that this ſimilar miſtake ſhould have eſcaped Mr. Melmoth's Severity, as it is certainly a much greater error in poetry than the former. That the author ſhould firſt addreſs the Deity, by the epithet of "Thou, my all," and then fall into a diviſion of that *all*, is certainly a pierian blunder.

My theme! my inſpiration! and my crown!
My ſtrength in age! my riſe in low eſtate!
My ſoul's ambition, pleaſure, wealth!—my world!
My light in darkneſs! and my life in death!
My boaſt thro' time! bliſs thro' eternity!
Eternity, too ſhort to ſpeak thy praiſe!
Or fathom‖ thy profound of love to man!
To man of men the meaneſt, ev'n to me;
My ſacrifice! my God!—what things are theſe!
What then art Thou? by what name ſhall I call
Knew I the name devout archangels uſe, [Thee?
Devout archangels ſhould the name enjoy,
By me unrivall'd; thouſands more ſublime,
None half ſo dear, as that, which, tho' unſpoke,
Still glows at heart: O how Omnipotence
Is loſt in love! Thou great *Philanthropiſt* !*
Father of angels! but the friend of man!
Like JACOB, fondeſt of the younger born†!
Thou, who didſt ſave him, ſnatch the ſmoaking brand
From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood!
How art thou pleas'd, by bounty to diſtreſs!

‖ Meaſure. * Lover of mankind. † Benjamin.

Line 596. *What then art thou? By what name ſhall I call thee?*] Is an alluſion to Adam's converſe with God, in Milton's eighth book.

O by what name, for Thou above all theſe,
Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
Surpaſſeſt far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this univerſe,
And all this good to man? For whoſe well-being
So amply, and with hands ſo liberal,
Thou haſt provided all things.

Line 357.

To make us groan beneath our gratitude,
Too big for birth! to favour, and confound;
To challenge, and to diſtance, all return!
Of laviſh love ſtupendous heights to ſoar,
And leave praiſe panting in the diſtant vale!
Thy right too great defrauds Thee of thy due;
And ſacrilegious* our ſublimeſt ſong.
But ſince the naked *will* obtains thy ſmile,
Beneath this monument of praiſe *unpaid*,
And future life ſymphonious† to my ſtrain,
(That nobleſt hymn to Heav'n!) for ever lie
Intomb'd my *fear of death!* and ev'ry fear,
The dread of ev'ry evil, but thy frown.
Whom ſee I yonder, ſo demurely ſmile?
Laughter a labour, and might break their reſt.
Ye Quietiſts, in homage to the ſkies!
Serene! of ſoft addreſs! who mildly make
An unobſtruſive‡ tender of your hearts,
Abhorring violence! who *halt* indeed;
But, for the bleſſing, *wreſtle* not with Heav'n§!
Think you my ſong too turbulent? too warm?
Are *paſſions*, then, the pagans of the ſoul?

---

* Impious. † In conjunctive harmony. ‡ Inanimate.
§ Alluding to Jacob's conteſt with the angel of God.

Line 612. *And leave praiſe panting in the diſtant vale.*] The author in this thought riſes above all commendation. The picturesque view is painted in the moſt critical and admirable colours.

Line 629. *Are paſſions, then, the pagans of the ſoul?*] This addreſs is a ſufficient reply to the ſcruples which might doubtleſs ariſe in thoſe luke-warm breaſts, whoſe ideas of religion are unempaſſioned with the fervour of chriſtianity: On a ſubject ſo momentous as the preſent, the author muſt, like Young, be enthuſiaſtically warmed, with the truths he deſcribes, to deſcribe thoſe truths pathetically to the ſoul.

Reaſon alone baptized? alone *ordain'd*
To touch things ſacred? Oh for warmer ſtill!
Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my powers;
Oh for an humbler art, and prouder ſong!
THOU, my much-injur'd theme! with that ſoft eye,
Which melted o'er doom'd *Salem*, deign to look
Compaſſion to the coldneſs of my breaſt;
And pardon to the winter* in my ſtrain.
Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen, formaliſts!
On ſuch a theme, 'tis impious to be calm;
Paſſion is reaſon, tranſport temper, *here*.
Shall Heav'n, which gave us ardor, and has ſhewn
Her own for man ſo ſtrongly, not diſdain
What ſmooth emollients† in theology,
Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,
That profe of piety, a lukewarm praiſe?
Riſe odours ſweet from incenſe *uninflam'd?*
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows, its heat is ſtruck to heaven;
To human hearts her golden harps are ſtrung;
High heav'n's *orcheſtra*‡ chaunts *Amen* to man.
Hear I, or dream I hear, their diſtant ſtrain,
Sweet to the ſoul, and taſting ſtrong of heaven,
Soft-wafted on celeſtial *pity*'s plume,
Thro' the vaſt ſpaces of the univerſe,
To cheer me in this melancholy gloom?

---

* Impotency of expreſſion. † Luke-warm preachers.
‡ Celeſtial band.

Line 653. *Soft-wafted on celeſtial pity's plume.*] There is an expreſſion contained in the ſelection of this line, which conveys its images in the moſt natural and ſtriking manner to the mind. The ſoftneſs of the deſcription is beautiful, and the choice of words inimitable.

Oh

Oh when will *death* (now ſtingleſs) like a friend,
Admit me of their choir? Oh when will *death*,
This mould'ring, old, partition-wall throw down?
Give beings, one in nature, one abode?
Oh death divine! that giv'ſt us to the ſkies!
Great *future!* glorious patron of the *paſt*,
And *preſent!* when ſhall I thy ſhrine adore?
From nature's *continent*, immenſely wide,
Immenſely bleſt, this little *iſle of life*,
This dark, incarcerating* *colony*,
Divides us. Happy day! that breaks our chain;
That manumits‡; that calls from exile home;
That leads to nature's great *metropolis*,
And re-admits us, thro' the *guardian* hand
Of elder brothers, to our *Father*'s throne;
Who hears our advocate, and, thro' his wounds
Beholding man, allows *that* tender name.
'Tis this makes *Chriſtian triumph* a command:
'Tis this makes joy a *duty* to the wife;
'Tis impious, in a good man, to be ſad.
Seeſt thou, LORENZO! where hangs all our hope?

---

* Incloſing, taken from the Carceres among the Romans, wherein their horſes were ſhut up.

‡ Reſtores us to freedom.

Line 675. *'Tis impious, in a good man, to be ſad.*] The continual viciſſitudes of life, ſo greatly impreſſed in the memory by daily revolutions; the vanity of reliance on earthly happineſs, ſo evidently exemplified in fortune's change, render the good man converſant with troubles. Conſcious, as he muſt be, of the unalterable decrees of fate, of the well-grounded views of an eternity hereafter, "How can he be ſad?" Lamentation for worldly loſſes muſt ſtamp him an inhabitant of this lower ſphere. "How then can he be good?" Thus, we find a conciſe explanation of our author's ſentiment. The tranquility of mind, apparent in virtue, will ſtill farther evince it.

Touch'd

Touch'd by the *croſs*, we live; or, *more* than die;
That *touch* which touch'd not angels; more divine
Than that, which touch'd confuſion into form,
And darkneſs into glory; partial *touch!*
Ineffably§ pre-eminent regard!
Sacred to man, and ſov'reign thro' the whole
Long golden chain of miracles, which hangs
From heav'n thro' all duration, and ſupports
In one illuſtrious, and amazing plan,
Thy welfare, *nature!* and thy God's renown;
That touch, with charms celeſtial, heals the ſoul
Diſeas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,
Turns earth to heav'n, to heav'nly thrones transforms
The ghaſtly ruins of the mould'ring tomb.
Doſt aſk me when? when *He* who dy'd returns?
Returns, how chang'd! Where then the man of woe?
In glory's terrors all the Godhead burns;
And all his courts, exhauſted by the tide
Of deities triumphant in his train,

§ Infinitely beyond our merits.

Line 678. *That touch which touch'd not angels; more divine.*] The needleſs repetitions of the word *touch* are too puerile to be admired. Mr. Melmoth takes notice of them in his obſervations, which, tho' ſeverely critical, are ſometimes juſt. I look on this error, and that of prolonging his thoughts beyond all reaſonable bounds, to be the Scylla and Charybdis of our author.

Line 681. *Ineffably pre-eminent regard!*] This ſubject is beautifully handled by Milton, in his third book:

O unexampled love,
Love no where to be found leſs than divine!
Hail ſon of God, Saviour of men; Thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my ſong
Henceforth, and never ſhall my harp thy praiſe
Forget, nor from thy father's praiſe diſjoin.

Line 4th,

Leave

Leave a ſtupendous ſolitude in heaven;
Repleniſht ſoon; repleniſht with increaſe
Of pomp, and multitude; a radiant band
Of angels new; of angels from the tomb.
Is this by fancy thrown remote? and riſe
Dark doubts between the promiſe, and event?
I ſend thee not to volumes for thy cure;
Read nature; nature is a friend to truth;
Nature is *Chriſtian*; preaches to mankind;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.
Haſt thou ne'er ſeen the comet's flaming flight?
Th' illuſtrious ſtranger paſſing, terror ſheds
On gazing nations, from his fiery train,
Of length enormous; takes his ample round
Thro' depths of Ether; coaſts unnumber'd worlds,
Of more than ſolar glory; doubles wide
Heav'n's mighty cape; and then reviſits earth,
From the long travel of a thouſand years.
Thus, at the deſtin'd period, ſhall return
HE, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze:
And, with him, *all* our triumph o'er the tomb.

Line 696. *Leave a ſtupendous ſolitude in heaven.*] No author deſcribes the coming of our Saviour with ſuch magnificence of ideas, or ſuch ſublimity of language, as Dr. Young. Milton treats little of it, as inconſiſtent with the plan of his Paradiſe Loſt. Others have pleaded the vaſt ſuperiority of the deſign to human abilities, and by this means have left the palm to our poet.

Line 706. *Haſt thou ne'er ſeen the comet's flaming flight?*] This beautiful deſcription of the comet is particularly figurative. Milton, in his divine poem, has ſome lines of equal ſublimity.

——Like a comet
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' attic ſky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes peſtilence and war.

Nature

Nature is dumb on this important point;
Or hope precarious* in low whiſper breathes;
Faith ſpeaks aloud, diſtinct; ev'n *adders* hear;
But turn, and dart into the dark again.
Faith builds a bridge acroſs the gulph of death,
To break the ſhock blind *nature* cannot ſhun,
And lands thought ſmoothly on the farther ſhore.
Death's terror is the mountain *faith* removes;
That mountain barrier between man and peace.
'Tis *faith* diſarms deſtruction; and abſolves
From ev'ry clam'rous charge the guiltleſs tomb.
Why diſbelieve? LORENZO!—"*Reaſon* bids,
"All-ſacred reaſon."—Hold her ſacred ſtill;
Nor ſhalt thou want a rival in thy flame:
All-ſacred *Reaſon!* ſource, and ſoul, of all!
Demanding praiſe, on earth, or earth above!
My heart is thine: deep in its inmoſt folds,
Live thou with Life; live dearer of the two.
Wear I the bleſſed croſs, by fortune ſtampt
On paſſive nature, before thought was born?
My birth's blind bigot! fir'd with *local*‡ zeal!
No; *reaſon* rebaptiz'd me when adult§;
Weigh'd True and Falſe in her impartial ſcale;

---

* Doubtful. ‡ The religion of the country.
§ Ripened to a mature age.

Line 735. *Wear I the bleſſed croſs, by fortune ſtampt.*] Chriſtianity, at its firſt origin, owed the ſucceſs it met with, not only to an Almighty Teacher, but to its ſalutary doctrines. Conſcience, not cuſtom, prompted its primitive propagators to purſue its precepts. 'Tis true, the ſacred title ſtill ſubſiſts, but how diveſted of its ancient purity! We are bigotted to its ineſtimable value——by our Birth. And can we then expect the rewards of chriſtianity on ſo eaſy terms? or hope to reap the fruits of that faith, which our fathers, not our reaſon, told us was meritorious?

My

My heart became the convert of my head;
And made that choice, which once was but my fate.
"On argument alone my faith is built:"
Reaſon purſu'd is *faith*; and, unpurſu'd
Where proof invites, 'tis reaſon, then, no more:
And ſuch our *proof*, That, or our *Faith* is *right*,
Or *reaſon* lyes, and Heav'n deſign'd it *wrong*;
Abſolve we this? What, then, is blaſphemy?
— Fond as we are, and juſtly fond of *Faith*,
Reaſon, we grant, demands our firſt regard;
The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear.
Reaſon the root, fair *faith* is but the flower;
The fading flower ſhall die; but *reaſon* lives
Immortal, as her Father in the ſkies.
When *faith* is virtue, *reaſon* makes it ſo.
Wrong not the Chriſtian; think not reaſon *yours*;
'Tis *reaſon* our great *Maſter* holds ſo dear;
'Tis *reaſon*'s injur'd rights his wrath reſents;
'Tis *reaſon*'s voice obey'd his glories crown;
To give loſt *reaſon* life, he pour'd his own:
Believe, and ſhew the reaſon of a man; —

Line 745. *And ſuch our proof, That, or our Faith is right.*] The author's peculiar merit in handling his arguments, renders the proofs he advances uncontradictory. The baſis of religion is fixed ſtill firmer on our reaſon by the admirable precepts he inculcates; and when united to the rock of chriſtianity, is a foundation on which we build the moſt ſanguine hopes.

Line 758. *'Tis reaſon's voice obey'd his glories crown.*] That the neceſſity of religion is deducible from reaſon only, is a truth the moſt abandoned muſt confeſs, when queſtioned in the moments of a ſerious contemplation. Its admonitions to virtue, and natural morality, are the chief points on which a religious life can be founded: When reaſon's loſt, the duties of chriſtianity are at an end.

Believe,

Believe, and taſte the pleaſure of a god;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb:
Thro' *reaſon*'s wounds alone, thy *faith* can die;
Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
And dips in *venom* his twice-mortal ſting.
Learn hence what honours, what loud *pæans**, due
To thoſe, who puſh our *antidote*† aſide;
Thoſe boaſted friends to *reaſon* and to *man*,
Whoſe fatal love ſtabs ev'ry joy, and leaves
Death's terror heighten'd, gnawing on his heart.
Theſe pompous ſons of *reaſon* idoliz'd,
And vilify'd at once; of reaſon dead,
Then deify'd, as monarchs were of old;
What conduct plants proud laurels on their brow?
While *love of truth* thro' all their camp reſounds,
They draw *pride*'s curtain o'er the noon-tide ray;
Spike up their inch of reaſon, on the point
Of philoſophic wit, *call'd* argument;
And then, exulting in their taper, cry,
"Behold the ſun:" And *Indian*-like, adore.
Talk they of *morals*? Oh thou bleeding love!
Thou maker of *new* morals to mankind!
The *grand* morality is love of Thee.

---

* Were terms uſed in thankſgiving to Apollo,—Praiſes, Encomiums.

† Cure.

Line 771. *Theſe pompous ſons of reaſon idoliz'd,*
And vilify'd at once] The pious, and the libertine, ſeparately allow the dignity of reaſon; each follows as their *Reaſon* leads; but what a contraſt! The latter, buoy'd up in irreligion, by the erring multitude, confines his conſcience to a ſelf-created ſentiment, which, as of ſervice to his ſublunary views, he bids his reaſon liſten to; kills the pure ſentiments that otherwiſe it dictates, and then, in all the vanity of error, ſtiles his miſguided notions, The dignity of man.

As

As wiſe as SOCRATES, if ſuch they were,
(Nor will they 'bate of that ſublime renown)
As wiſe as SOCRATES, might juſtly ſtand
The definition* of a modern fool.
— A *Chriſtian* is the higheſt ſtile of man.
And is there, who the bleſſed croſs wipes off,
As a foul blot, from his diſhonour'd brow?
If angels tremble, 'tis at ſuch a ſight:
The wretch they quit, deſponding‡ of their charge,
More ſtruck with grief or wonder, who can tell? —
— Ye ſold to ſenſe! ye citizens of earth!
(For ſuch alone the Chriſtian banner fly)
Know ye how wiſe your choice, how great your gain?
Behold the picture of earth's happieſt man:
"He calls his wiſh, it comes; he ſends it back,
"And ſays, he call'd another; that arrives,
"Meets the ſame welcome; yet he ſtill calls on;
"Till *one* calls him, who varies not his call,
"But holds him faſt, in chains of darkneſs bound,
"Till nature dies, and judgment ſets him free;
"A freedom, far leſs welcome than his chain." —

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* Term of diſtinction. ‡ Deſpairing.

Line 792. *The wretch they quit, deſponding of their charge.*] How exquiſitely expreſſive is the poet's language! How lovely are his paintings, when he draws the chriſtian in all the purity of innocence! and how naturally dreadful his pictures of the infidel!

Line 801. *Till one calls him, who varies not his call.*] Language is deficient, and, indeed, commendation needleſs, when we attempt a deſcriptiou of the many beauties our author's work contains. To ſay, "this is beautiful" or "that ſublime" will be diſparaging the abilities of the reader; and to paſs the excellencies of the poet, without the tribute of admiration, is an injuſtice to their writer.

But grant man happy; grant him happy long;
Add to life's higheſt prize her lateſt hour;
That hour, ſo late, is nimble in approach,
That, like a poſt, comes on in full career:
— How ſwift the ſhuttle flies, that weaves thy ſhroud! —
Where is the fable of thy former years?
Thrown down the gulph of time; as far from thee
As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand,
Like a bird ſtruggling to get looſe, is going;
Scarce now poſſeſs'd, ſo ſuddenly 'tis gone;
And each ſwift moment fled, is death advanc'd
By ſtrides as ſwift: Eternity is all;
And whoſe eternity? Who triumphs there?
Bathing for ever in the font of bliſs* !
For ever baſking in the Deity!
LORENZO! who?—Thy conſcience ſhall reply.
O give it leave to ſpeak; 'twill ſpeak ere long,
Thy leave unaſkt: LORENZO! hear it now,
While uſeful its advice, its accent mild.
By the great edict, the divine decree,
Truth is depoſited with man's *laſt hour*;
An honeſt hour, and faithful to her truſt;
Truth, eldeſt daughter of the Deity;

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* Enjoyment of celeſtial happineſs.

Line 813. *Like a bird ſtruggling to get looſe, is going.*] The ſimile is ſtrikingly pleaſing, and depictures the volubility of time by a moſt natural image.

Line 820. *Lorenzo! who? Thy conſcience ſhall reply.*] The author doubtleſs alludes to Philander; and after enforcing all the arguments of moral admonition, cites the example of his friend's religious life as an awakening monitor to Lorenzo. If the momentous truths of an eternal exiſtence can be found of any weight, Young's precepts will, doubtleſs, ſtrengthen them, as far as human reaſoning can aſſiſt.

Truth,

Truth, of his council, when he made the worlds;
Nor leſs, when he ſhall judge the worlds he made;
Tho' ſilent long, and ſleeping ne'er ſo ſound,
Smother'd with errors, and oppreſt with toys,
That heav'n-commiſſion'd hour no ſooner calls,
But from her cavern in the ſoul's abyſs,
Like him they fable under *Ætna** whelm'd,
The goddeſs burſts in thunder, and in flame:
Loudly convinces, and ſeverely pains.
Dark *demons* I diſcharge, and *hydra*-ſtings†;
The keen vibration‡ of bright *Truth*—is hell:
Juſt definition! tho' by ſchools untaught.
Ye deaf to truth! peruſe this parſon'd page,
And truſt, for once, a prophet, and a prieſt;
"Men may *live* fools, but fools they cannot *die*."

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* A burning mountain in Sicily.

† The terrors of ſuperſtitious alarms and vain fears.

‡ The darting rays.

Line 838. *The keen vibration of bright Truth—is hell.*] A reproaching conſcience, and an uneaſy mind, will fully exemplify the truth of this poetical figure. However loſt the mind may be in error, there is a period when reaſon re-aſſumes the government; 'Tis then, that evil deeds ſpread around a ghaſtly horror, and the rays of truth ſhine brighter, by ſo long a ſeclusion from the ſoul. 'Tis then, the tortur'd libertine confeſſes how awful are the recollections of a paſt miſconduct; and, if enwrapt in the horrors of a death-bed, evinces the poet's aſſertion,

"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

The ARGUMENT.

BOOK V.

THE transformations cauſed in morality by wit; an opiate to conſcientious ſcruples, and reconcilement of virtue and vice.—The author reminds Lorenzo of its vanities, and demands his attention to more ſerious truths.—An addreſs to the Earl of Litchfield—To that ſpirit which turned the poet's thoughts from "Vain and vile, to ſolid and ſublime."—The inconſtancy of mankind in virtuous reſolutions.—The author's relapſe; reflections on the inſtability of purpoſed fortitude.—The birth of ſuicide.—Various kinds of grief.—The faults of age, and character of Death.—Counſel to Lorenzo to peruſe Narciſſa's moral alone, as from thence truth may be derived.—Compariſon of heavenly and worldly wiſdom.—Contemplation on the various cares of life.—The author reflects on the vices of Britain.—Deduces a theme from the youth, gaiety, and fortune of Narciſſa.—The folly of dreading Death, rather than the cares of age.—Introduction of Death perſonified.—Reflections on mankind.—Story of Lyſander and Aſpaſia.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

Malpas Sc.

With pious sacrilege a grave I stole;
More like her murderer than friend, I crept
With soft suspended step; & muffled deep
In midnight darkness, wispered my last sigh.

THE COMPLAINT.

NIGHT the FIFTH.

THE RELAPSE.

Humbly Inſcribed

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

The Earl of LITCHFIELD.

LORENZO! to recriminate* is juſt.
Fondneſs for fame is avarice of air.
I grant the man is vain, who writes for praiſe.
Praiſe no man e'er deſerv'd, who ſought no-more.
As juſt thy *ſecond charge*. I grant the *muſe*
Has often bluſht at her degen'rate ſons,
Retain'd by *ſenſe* to plead her filthy cauſe;
To raiſe the low, to magnify the mean,

* To accuſe the accuſer.

Line 1. *Lorenzo! to recriminate is juſt.*] On a ſuppoſition that his pupil retorts an accuſation againſt him, the author indulges him in ſtating the truth or falſehood of the charge. "Fondneſs for fame is avarice of air," is Lorenzo's plea, on a hope of deſtroying the author's precepts, by intimating ambition as the cauſe of his publications. The poet's anſwer allows the ſentiment to be juſt; but in the fourth line acquaints his accuſer, that a more laudable deſign than praiſe was his inducement.

And ſubtilize† the groſs into refin'd:
As if to magic numbers pow'rful charm
'Twas giv'n, to make a *civet*‡ of their ſong
Obſcene, and ſweeten ordure to perfume.
Wit, a true Pagan, deifies the brute,
And lifts our ſwine-enjoyments from the mire.
The fact notorious, nor obſcure the cauſe.
We wear the chains of *pleaſure*, and of *pride*;
Theſe ſhare the man; and theſe diſtract him too;
Draw diff'rent ways, and claſh in their commands.
Pride, like an eagle, builds among the ſtars;
But *pleaſure*, lark-like, nefts upon the ground.
Joys ſhar'd by brute-creation, *pride* reſents;
Pleaſure embraces: man would *both* enjoy,
And both *at once*: a point how hard to gain!
But, what can't wit, when ſtung by ſtrong deſire?
Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprize.
Since joys of *ſenſe* can't riſe to *reaſon*'s taſte;
In ſubtle *ſophiſtry*'s* laborious forge,
Wit hammers out a reaſon new, that ſtoops

† Soften. ‡ Perfumed odours. * Philoſophic wiſdom.

Line 13. *Wit, a true Pagan, deifies the brute.*] On a compariſon of virtue and vice, with rational impartiality, the moſt abandoned libertine allows the predominance of the former. When arguments of reaſon fail, we have recourſe to wit; ſhe lends us her aſſiſtance, to place, in a ludicrous view, thoſe truths which cannot be refiſted; and, on a ſcrutiny, to juſtify which ever cauſe we are inclined to.

Line 28. *Wit hammers out a reaſon new, that ſtoops.*] How loſt muſt mankind be to the ſenſe of virtue, when all the powers of reaſon cannot furniſh a plauſible excuſe for their miſconduct? And yet, how frequent are its inſtances! We err, we reflect, and, rather than admit repentance as our guide, we rack the precepts of morality to find ſome error, and retrieve our crime. When all the laboured pages have been ſearched in vain, we call in wit, and, under her protection, form a code of laws, as novel, as immoral, to juſtify our errors.

Wit

To ſordid ſcenes, and *meets* them with applauſe.
Wit calls the *graces* the chaſte zone to looſe;
Nor leſs than a *plump god* to fill the bowl:
A thouſand phantoms, and a thouſand ſpells,
A thouſand opiates* ſcatters, to delude,
To faſcinate†, inebriate‡, lay aſleep,
And the fool'd mind of man delightfully confound;
Thus that which ſhock'd the *judgment*, ſhocks no more;
That which gave *pride* offence, no more offends.
Pleaſure and *pride*, by nature mortal foes,
At war eternal, which in man ſhall reign,
By *wit*'s addreſs, patch up a fatal peace,
And hand in hand lead on the rank debauch,
From rank, refin'd to delicate and gay.
— *Art*, curſed art! wipes off th' indebted bluſh —
— From nature's cheek, and bronzes§ ev'ry ſhame. —
Man ſmiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
And infamy ſtands candidate for praiſe.

All

---

* Sleeping potions. † Bewitch. ‡ Render drunken.
§ Renders our vices unacquainted with a bluſh.

Line 30. *Wit calls the graces the chaſte zone to looſe.*] To prove the moral impoſſibities that wit overcomes, the author cites an inſtance, which, as its difficulties are removed, evidently points out the ſad recourſe to which a vicious mind muſt be attached, to palliate its follies.

Line 40. *By wit's addreſs, patch up a fatal peace.*] If a reconciliation between the contrariety of brutal pleaſures and human dignity can be accompliſhed, what hopes of virtue are there left? Wit, baleful engine of the Devil, levels to the ground the moſt towering edifices of morality; and, were it neceſſary to juſtify miſconduct, might call Satan's rebellion, laudable ambition; his puniſhment, a cruel judgment.

Line 46. *And infamy ſtands candidate for praiſe.*] The little reſpect paid to the votaries of virtue, evinces this aſſertion. Loſt to the

All writ by man in favour of the ſoul,
Theſe *ſenſual Ethics** far, in bulk, tranſcend.
The flow'rs of eloquence, profuſely pour'd
O'er ſpotted vice, fill half the letter'd world.
Can pow'rs of genius exorciſe† their page,
And conſecrate enormities with ſong?
But let not theſe inexpiable ſtrains
Condemn the muſe that knows her dignity;
Nor meanly ſtops at *time*, but holds the world,
As 'tis, in nature's ample field, a point,
A point in her eſteem; from whence to ſtart,
And run the round of univerſal ſpace,
To viſit Being univerſal there,
And Being's Source, that utmoſt flight of mind!
Yet, ſpite of this ſo vaſt circumference,
Well knows, but what is *moral*, nought is *great*.
Sing *ſirens*‖ only? Do not angels ſing?
There is in *poeſy* a decent pride,
Which well becomes her when ſhe ſpeaks to *proſe*,
Her younger ſiſter; haply, not more wiſe.
---Think'ſt thou, LORENZO! to find paſtimes here?
No guilty paſſion blown into a flame,

---

* Leſſons of morality. † Adjure.

‖ The alluring ſtrains of vice.

the dignity of human beings, mankind has long forgotten diſtinctions of morality; neither is it virtue which enſures the public favour, ſince wit and intereſt uſurped its empire.

Line 64. *There is in poeſy a decent pride.*] Whatever leſſons of natural religion were eſteemed among the ancients, were tranſmitted to their poſterity in poetry. It was then deemed ſacred, and as ſuch, they adjudged it a profanation to uſe it on any immoral ſubject. In this modern æra, how greatly the ſcene is changed! Vice, under the ſanction of wit, is now triumphant; the harmony of poeſy diſgraced!

No

No foible flatter'd, dignity disgrac'd,
No fairy field of fiction, all on flower,
No rainbow colours, *here*, or silken tale;
But solemn *counsels*, images of awe,
Truths, which eternity lets fall on man
With double weight, thro' these revolving spheres,
This death-deep silence, and incumbent* shade:
Thoughts, such as shall revisit your last hour;
Visit uncall'd, and live when life expires;
And thy dark pencil, *Midnight!* darker-still
In melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole†.
Yet this, e'en *this*, my laughter-loving friends!
LORENZO! and thy brothers of the smile!
If, what imports you most, can most engage,
Shall steal your ear, and chain you to my song.
Or if you fail me, know, the wise shall taste
The truths I sing; the truths I sing shall feel;
And, feeling, give assent; and their assent
Is ample recompence; is more than praise.
But chiefly thine, O LITCHFIELD! nor mistake;
Think not un-introduc'd I force my way;

* Hanging darkness. † Gives a darker hue.

Line 78. *And thy dark pencil, Midnight! darker still.*] This picturesque view of the gloomy horrors attendant on unwilling truths, is admirably expressive.

Line 86. *And, feeling, give assent; and their assent.*] In how despicable a light the author held the approbation of the vulgar, may be deduced from these lines. Dr. Young seems of Horace's opinion in many respects, tho' his life was so directly opposite.

Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo,

Was that poet's favourite motto, and in every publication should be the standard of its author.

NARCISSA, not unknown, not unally'd,
By virtue, or by blood, illuſtrious youth!
To thee, from blooming *amaranthine* bowers,
Where all the language *harmony*, deſcends
Uncall'd, and asks admittance for the muſe:
A muſe that will not pain thee with thy praiſe;
Thy praiſe ſhe drops, by *nobler* ſtill inſpir'd.
O thou! bleſt Spirit! *whether* the Supreme,
Great antemundane‖ Father! in whoſe breaſt
Embryo-creation, unborn Being, dwelt,
And all its various revolutions roll'd
Preſent, tho' future; prior to themſelves;
Whoſe breath can blow it into nought again;
Or, from his throne ſome delegated* pow'r,
Who, ſtudious of our peace, doſt turn the thought
From vain and vile, to ſolid and ſublime!
Unſeen thou lead'ſt me to delicious draughts†
Of inſpiration, from a purer ſtream,
And fuller of the God, than that which burſt
From fam'd *Caſtalia*‡: Nor is yet allay'd
My ſacred thirſt; tho' long my ſoul has rang'd
Through pleaſing paths of *moral* and *divine*§,
By Thee ſuſtain'd, and lighted by the *ſtars*.

‖ Born before worlds. * Sent on an embaſſy.
† To a comprehenſion of immortal truths.
‡ An ancient fountain, celebrated by the heathen poets.
§ The ſubjects of the former books.

Line 90. *Narciſſa, not unknown, not unally'd.*] From the author's marriage with Lady Betty Lee, aroſe the allian ce between Narciſſa and the Earl of Litchfield. This addreſs has ſomething in it remarkably pleaſing; as, from the virtues of his lamented daughter, we are prepoſſeſſed in favour of the nobleman allied to her.

Line 93. *Where all the the language harmony, deſcends.*] Were we to place a comma after the word language, the ſenſe would be more ſtrikingly expreſſed, as, without it, the line is ſomewhat ambiguous.

By

By *them* beſt lighted are the paths of *thought*;
Nights are their *days*, their moſt illumin'd hours.
By *day*, the ſoul, o'erborne by life's career,
Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,
Reels far from reaſon, joſtled by the throng.
By *day* the ſoul is paſſive, all her thoughts
Impos'd, precarious, broken, ere mature.
By *night*, from objects free, from paſſion cool,
Thoughts uncontroul'd, and unimpreſs'd, the births
Of pure|| election, arbitrary range,
Not to the limits of *one* world confin'd;
But from *ethereal* travels light on *earth*,
As voyagers drop anchor, for repoſe.

Let *Indians*, and the gay, like *Indians*, fond
Of feather'd fopperies, the ſun adore:
Darkneſs has more divinity for me;
It ſtrikes thought inward; it drives back the ſoul
To ſettle on herſelf, our point ſupreme!
There lies our theatre; there ſits our judge.

|| Ariſing from unforced contemplation.

Line 115. *By day, the ſoul, o'erborne by life's career.*] This ſeparate compariſon of the peculiar effects of day and night, is natural and poetic. The limits of deſcription are not tranſgreſſed, nor the beauties too much confuſed.

Line 126. *Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond.*] Which ſtrikes the mind with a more melancholy view, the Indian, untutor'd in revealed religion, paying his adoration to the ſun, who, as Pope ſays,

——Thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.

Or he, who dignified with the name of chriſtian, forgets the author of that ſacred appellation, and pays his adoration to objects ſublunary, fortuitous, and much leſs ſplendid than the ſun? If ſuch a conduct is not on heathen principles, what is chriſtianity?

Darkneſs,

Darkneſs the curtain drops o'er life's dull ſcene;
'Tis the kind hand of Providence ſtretcht out
'Twixt man and vanity; 'tis *reaſon*'s reign,
And *virtue*'s too; theſe tutelary* ſhades
Are man's *aſſylum*† from the tainted throng.
Night is the good man's *friend*, and *guardian* too.
It no leſs *reſcues* virtue, than *inſpires*.
Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature ſuffers in the croud,
Nor touches on the world, without a ſtain:
The world's infectious; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate‡, the manners of the morn.
Something we *thought*, is blotted; we *reſolv'd*,
Is ſhaken; we *renounc'd*, returns again.
Each *ſalutation* may ſlide in a ſin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it ſtrange: *light*, *motion*, *concourſe*, *noiſe*.
All, ſcatter us abroad; thought outward-bound,
Neglectful of our home-affairs, flies off
In fume and diſſipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breaſt unguarded to the foe.

Preſent

---

* A guardian. † A protection. ‡ Unſpotted.

Line 132. *Darkneſs the curtain drops o'er life's dull ſcene.*] Mr. Melmoth makes an obſervation on this line, which, for the amuſement, not the inſtruction, of our readers, we beg leave to inſert,

"True, but ſhould he (the Doctor) take a peep *behind* that "curtain, he would poſſibly no longer imagine it was either the "reign of virtue or of reaſon."

Line 138. *It no leſs reſcues virtue, than inſpires.*] The thought of our being freed from temptation, thro' the intermediate influence of the night, is very pleaſing. The allurements of life demand a reaſonable time for contemplation. Freed from their ſmiles, we paſs thoſe hours, freed from ſeduction, ſtrengthening our virtue.

Line 152. *And leaves the breaſt unguarded to the foe.*] Throughout the whole of this alluſion to the inſtability of virtuous reſolutions, we

Preſent example gets within our guard,
And acts with *double* force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition; *love of gain*
Strikes, like a peſtilence, from breaſt to breaſt;
Riot, *pride*, *perfidy*, blue vapours breathe;
And *inhumanity* is caught from man,
From ſmiling man. A ſlight, a ſingle glance,
And ſhot at random, often has brought home
A ſudden fever, to the throbbing heart,
Of *envy*, *rancour*, or *impure deſire*.
We ſee, we hear, with peril; *ſafety* dwells
Remote from *multitude*; the world's a ſchool
Of *wrong*, and what proficients ſwarm around!
We muſt, or imitate, or diſapprove;
Muſt liſt as their accomplices, or foes;
That ſtains our innocence; *this* wounds our peace.
From nature's birth, hence, *wiſdom* has been ſmit
With ſweet receſs, and languiſht for the ſhade,

---

we read the work of nature, nor can her language ſpring from the pen of falſehood. Example tells us how true are our errors, how frail our fortitude. We need no better notice—no monitor ſuperior to Young.

Line 159. *From ſmiling man.*] The force of example muſt be allowed a moſt predominant guide to erring man. A virtuous and a vicious inclination receive the different impreſſions of piety or immorality, as cuſtom dictates; but to catch inhumanity from *ſmiling* man, is, I think, ſomewhat beyond its influence. Mankind are not ſo deeply plunged in guilt, to teach or learn a leſſon, whoſe nature is ſo impious.

Line 163. *Safety dwells*
Remote from multitude.———] The truth of this ſentiment is obvious, but that the merit of ſuch a ſafety is meritorious, may be denied. Where there is no contagion, no temptation, we conquer not their difficulties. The paths to vice ſhould be preſented to our view, ere we purſue the paths of virtue.

This ſacred ſhade, and ſolitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt preſence of the Deity.
Few are the faults we flatter when alone.
Vice ſinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night an atheiſt half-believes a God.
Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend;
The conſcious moon, through ev'ry diſtant age,
Has held a lamp to *wiſdom*, and let fall
On *contemplation*'s eye, her purging ray.
The fam'd *Athenian*, he who woo'd from heav'n
*Philoſophy** the fair, to dwell with men,
And form their manners, not inflame their pride,
While o'er his head, as fearful to moleſt
His lab'ring mind, the ſtars in ſilence ſlide,
And ſeem all gazing on their future gueſt,
See him ſoliciting his ardent ſuit,
In *private* audience: All the live-long night,
Rigid in thought‡, and motionleſs, he ſtands;
Nor quits his theme, or poſture, till the ſun

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* Inſpired his countrymen with a favourable idea of philoſophic truths.

‡ Severely philoſophical.

Line 176. *By night an atheiſt half-believes a God.*] This thought is beyond deſcription beautiful, and admirably paints the terrors of a contemplating guilty conſcience. That ſoul muſt be immerſed in a profundity of vice, that ſtarts not in the retired ſolitude of ſerious reflection.

Line 181. *The fam'd Athenian, he who woo'd from heav'n.*] The precepts of Socrates were founded, not on the manners of the times, but on the dignity of virtue. He painted her charms in thoſe colours which his conſcience form'd. The fate which impended over him, evinces, that when the counſels of morality are built on her alone, nor guided by ſelf-intereſt, 'tis then they are tremendous to bigotted enthuſiaſts.

(Rude

(Rude drunkard riſing roſy from the main!)
Diſturbs his nobler intellectual beam†,
And gives him to the tumult of the world.
Hail, precious moment! ſtol'n from the black waſte
Of murder'd time! auſpicious *Midnight!* hail!
The world excluded, ev'ry paſſion huſh'd,
And open'd a calm intercourſe with heav'n,
Here the ſoul ſits in council; ponders *paſt*,
Predeſtines *future* action; ſees, not feels,
Tumultuous life; and reaſons with the ſtorm;
All her lyes anſwers, and *thinks*‡ down her charms.
What awful joy! what mental liberty!
I am not pent in darkneſs; rather ſay
(If not too bold) in darkneſs I'm embower'd.
Delightful gloom! the cluſt'ring thoughts around
Spontaneous§ riſe, and bloſſom in the ſhade;
But droop by day, and ſicken in the *ſun*.
Thought borrows light elſewhere: from that *Firſt* fire,
Fountain of animation! whence deſcends

† Beam of underſtanding.

‡ Baffles her allurements by reflection,

§ Springing of themſelves.

Line 191. *Rude drunkard riſing roſy from the main!*] Tho' the notions of antiquity oppoſe this picturesque deſcription of the Sun, it is nevertheleſs very expreſſive. The ancient poets ſuppoſe him to recline in the arms of his miſtreſs, during the progreſs of the night, and Young,—to ſpend his evening in Bacchanal feſtivity. Which of the two is moſt reaſonable, the reader muſt judge.

Line 201. *All her lyes anſwers, and* thinks *down her charms.*] The author's cool reaſoning on ſo momentous a ſubject, is particularly beautiful. The auſpices of midnight are ſo peculiar in their influence, that they ſtrike us forcibly by their animated truths.

URANIA, my celeſtial gueſt! who deigns
Nightly to viſit me, ſo mean; and *now*
Conſcious how needful diſcipline to man,
From pleaſing dalliance with the charms of *night*
My wand'ring thought recalls, to what excites
Far other beat of heart; NARCISSA's tomb!
Or is it feeble nature calls me back,
And breaks my ſpirit into grief again?
Is it a *Stygian** vapour in my blood?
A cold, ſlow puddle, creeping thro' my veins?
Or is it *thus* with all men?—Thus, with all.
What are we? How unequal! Now we ſoar,
And now we ſink; to be the *ſame*, tranſcends†
Our preſent proweſs. Dearly pays the *ſoul*
For lodging ill; too dearly rents her clay.
Reaſon, a baffled counſellor! but adds
The bluſh of weakneſs, to the bane of woe.
The nobleſt ſpirit fighting her hard fate,
In this damp, duſky region, charg'd with ſtorms,

But

* The river Styx led to the fabulous regions of the dead.

† Exceeds our terreſtrial abilities.

Line 210. *Urania, my celeſtial gueſt, who deigns.*] Milton, in his 7th Book, Line 1. invokes this muſe,

Deſcend from heav'n, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whoſe voice divine
Following, &c.———
———for thou
Nor of the muſes nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'ſt; but heav'nly born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with eternal Wiſdom didſt converſe,
Wiſdom thy ſiſter, and with her didſt play
In preſence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celeſtial ſong.———

Line 227. *The nobleſt ſpirit fighting her hard fate.*] In the calamities of life, a mind ſuſceptible of any feeling impreſſions muſt bemoan thoſe evils which it can't prevent. To weep is human.

Tis

But feeble flutters, yet untaught to fly;
Or, flying, ſhort her flight, and ſúre her fall.
Our utmoſt ſtrength, when down, to riſe again;
And not to *yield*, tho' *beaten*, all our praiſe.
— 'Tis vain to ſeek in men for more than man. -
Tho' proud in promiſe, big in previous‡ thought,
Experience damps our triumph. I, who late,
Emerging from the ſhadows of the grave,
Where *grief* detain'd me pris'ner, mounting high,
Threw wide the gates of everlaſting day,
And call'd mankind to glory, ſhook off *pain*,
Mortality ſhook off, in æther pure,
And ſtruck the ſtars; *now* feel my ſpirits fail;
They drop me from the zenith; down I ruſh,
Like him whom fable fledg'd with waxen wings,
In ſorrow drown'd—but not, in ſorrow, loſt.

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‡ Contemplation on futurity.

'Tis a charity which nature demands, and which our human fortitude cannot withſtand. A tear of pity blots not the book of moral virtues; it rather adds a luſtre to their excellence. Angels have wept; and beings which refuſe the pitying ſigh of compaſſion, muſt be of a nature different from humanity.

Line 241, ——————*Now feel my ſpirits fail.*] There is an attachment, ſhall I call it a tenderneſs, in mankind, towards its fellow creatures, which, in an ungarded moment, caſts an oblivion over heavenly contemplation, and calls the mind to view more humble ſcenes. *The Relapſe*, as it pleads nature for its grand proteſtreſs, muſt have a greater weight with thoſe whom nature guides. Narciſſa's life was lovely, pure, and innocent. Her death was ſad, untimely, immature: And could a father's feelings then ſubſide?

Line 243. *Like him whom fable fledg'd with waxen wings.*] Dædalus, inventor of the art of flying, communicated, as Ovid ſays, this knowledge to Icarus, his ſon: He, giddy youth, regardleſs of parental admonition, by too near an approach to the ſun, loſt his wings, together with his life.

How wretched is the man, who never mourn'd!
I dive for precious pearl, in *ſorrow*'s ſtream!
Not ſo the thoughtleſs man that *only* grieves;
Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain
(Ineſtimable gain!); and gives Heav'n leave
To make him but more wretched, not more wiſe.
If wiſdom is our leſſon (and what elſe
Ennobles man? what elſe have angels learnt?)
Grief! more proficients in thy ſchool are made,
Than *genius*, or proud *learning*, e'er could boaſt.
Voracious *learning*, often over-fed,
Digeſts not into ſenſe her motley meal*.
This *book-caſe*, with dark booty almoſt burſt,
This *forager*† on others wiſdom, leaves
Her native farm, her *reaſon*, quite untill'd.
With mixt manure ſhe ſurfeits the rank ſoil,
Dung'd, but not dreſt; and rich to beggary.
A pomp untameable of weeds prevails.
Her *ſervant*'s wealth, incumber'd *wiſdom* mourns.
And what ſays *genius*? "*Let the dull be wiſe.*"
Genius, too hard for right, can prove it wrong;

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* Confuſed aſſemblage of various ſciences.

† Plunderer.

Line 245. *How wretched is the man, who never mourn'd!*] The efficacy of a weeping mind, joined to a ſerious contemplation, is deducible from Young's example. The ſmiles of fortune and ſucceſs render the ſoul unconſcious of a change. The *ſtings* of miſery, tho' poiſonous to our worldly comforts, are a moſt ſalutary antidote againſt the *ſting* of immorality.

Line 256. *Digeſts not into ſenſe her motley meal.*] 'Twas an accuſation of Felix againſt St. Paul, "Too much learning hath made thee mad." Worldly wiſdom is an increaſing load ſo injurious to the mind, that it precludes all contemplation of more heavenly ideas; and tho' St. Paul was taught in the wiſdom of eternity, mankind in general confine their learning to ſublunary views.

And

And loves to boaſt, where bluſh men leſs inſpir'd.
It pleads exemption from the laws of *ſenſe*;
Conſiders *reaſon* as a leveller§;
And ſcorns to ſhare a bleſſing with the crowd.
That wiſe it *could* be, thinks an ample claim
To *glory*, and to *pleaſure* gives the reſt.
CRASSUS* but ſleeps, ARDELIO† is undone.
Wiſdom leſs ſhudders at a fool, than wit.
But *wiſdom* ſmiles, when humbled mortals weep.
When *ſorrow* wounds the breaſt, as ploughs the glebe,
And hearts obdurate‡ feel her ſoft'ning ſhower,
Her ſeed celeſtial, then, glad *wiſdom* ſows;
Her golden harveſt triumphs in the ſoil.
If ſo, NARCISSA! welcome my *relapſe*;
I'll raiſe a tax on my calamity,
And reap rich compenſation from my pain.
I'll range the plenteous intellectual field;
And gather ev'ry thought of ſov'reign power
To chaſe the moral maladies‖ of man;

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§ As an overthrow of all its plans.
* The man of inferior ability. † The wit.
‡ Unconſcious of feeling. ‖ Infirmity of the mind.

Line 273. *Wiſdom leſs ſhudders at a fool, than wit.*] The oppoſition of wiſdom and wit is here evidently demonſtrated. The ſuperior and mighty Arcana of wit are placed in ſo tranſcendent a light, that the poor *Fool* gazes at them with aſtoniſhment. Wiſdom, in a more humble ſphere, courts him with leſſons leſs extraordinary, and a complacency much more engaging. Craſſus, in the foregoing line, having as yet received neither the impreſſions of the one or other, is morally ſuſceptible of wiſdom's counſels. Ardelio, launched in the wide and boiſterous ſea of wit, is on the rock of deſpair. His oppoſition is ſo great to wiſdom, that 'tis in vain to hope to reconcile them.

Thoughts, which may bear tranſplanting to the ſkies,
Tho' natives of this coarſe penurious ſoil;
Nor wholly wither there, where *ſeraphs* ſing,
Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd, in heaven.
Reaſon, the ſun that gives them birth, the ſame
In either clime, tho' more illuſtrious *there*.
Theſe choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,
Shall form a garland for NARCISSA's tomb;
And, peradventure, of no fading flowers.
Say, on what themes ſhall puzzled choice deſcend?
" Th' importance of contemplating the tomb;
" *Why* men decline it; *ſuicide*'s‖ foul birth;
" The various *kinds of grief*; the *faults of age*;
" And *Death's dread character*—invite my ſong."
And, firſt, the importance of our end ſurvey'd.
Friends counſel quick diſmiſſion of our grief.
Miſtaken kindneſs! our hearts heal *too ſoon*.
Are *they* more kind than *He*, who ſtruck the blow?
Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,
And baniſh peace, till *nobler gueſts* arrive,
And bring it back a true and endleſs peace?
Calamities are *friends*: As glaring *day*

‖ Self-murder.

292. *Shall form a garland for Narciſſa's tomb.*] There is an elegant beauty in this thought that claims our admiration. It is pathetically natural and ſtriking. Narciſſa, revived in our memory, cannot fail to pleaſe; and all the excellencies *call'd* for the ſubject, muſt charm the reader.

Line 294. *Say, on what themes ſhall puzzled choice deſcend?*] An invocation on entering on any ſubject has been the never-varied rule of ancient and modern authors. Virgil's " Muſa, mihi cauſas, memora," is an example of it. The latter indeed, like our author, has laid down the ſubject of his work, " Arma verum que cano," tho' more conciſely.

Of

Of theſe unnumber'd luſtres robs our ſight;
Proſperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts
Of import high, and light divine, to man.
The man how bleſt, who, ſick of gaudy ſcenes,
(Scenes apt to thruſt between us and ourſelves!)
Is led by choice to take his fav'rite walk,
Beneath *death*'s gloomy, ſilent, cypreſs ſhades,
Unpierc'd by vanity's fantaſtic ray;
To read his monnments, to weigh his duſt,
Viſit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!
LORENZO! read with me NARCISSA's ſtone;
(NARCISSA was thy fav'rite) let us read
Her *moral** ſtone; few doctors preach ſo well;
Few orators ſo tenderly can touch
The feeling heart. What *pathos*† in the *date!*
Apt words can ſtrike; and yet in them we ſee
Faint images of what we, *here*, enjoy.
What cauſe have *we* to build on length of life?
Temptations ſeize, when *fear* is laid aſleep;
And ill foreboded is our ſtrongeſt guard.
See from her tomb, as from an humble ſhrine,

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* The leſſons of morality offered in her death.

† Pathetic language.

Line 310. *The man how bleſt, who, ſick of gaudy ſcenes.*] The whole of this reflection is remarkably beautiful, and peculiarly expreſſive of the author's turn of mind. From the counſels of death, we gather, doubtleſs, more ſalutary admonitions, than from a gay and fleeting converſe with life.

Line 318. (*Narciſſa was thy fav'rite*) *let us read.*] There is a more pathetically forcible addreſs to the mind in theſe lines than we meet with in many parts of our author's work.—Lorenzo and Narciſſa equally intereſt us: the one by his vices, the other by her virtues.

Truth,

Truth, radiant goddeſs! ſallies* on my ſoul,
And puts *deluſion*'s† duſky train to flight;
Diſpels the miſt our ſultry *paſſions* raiſe,
From objects low, terreſtrial, and obſcene;
And *ſhews* the *real* eſtimate of things;
Which no man, unafflicted, ever ſaw;
Pulls off the veil from *virtue*'s riſing charms;
Detects *temptation* in a thouſand lyes.
Truth bids me look on men, as *autumn* leaves,
And all they bleed for, as the ſummer's duſt,
Driv'n by the whirlwind: lighted by her beams,
I widen my horizon‡, gain new powers,
See things inviſible, feel things remote,
Am preſent with futurities; think nought
To man ſo foreign, as the joys *poſſeſt*;
Nought ſo much his, as thoſe beyond the grave.
No *folly* keeps its colour in *her* ſight;
Pale *worldly wiſdom* loſes all her charms;
In pompous promiſe from her ſchemes profound,
If future fate ſhe plans, 'tis all in leaves,
Like *Sibyl*, unſubſtantial, fleeting bliſs!
At the firſt blaſt it vaniſhes in air.
Not ſo, *celeſtial*: Wouldſt thou know, LORENZO!
How differ *worldly* wiſdom, and *divine*?

* Inſpires my reaſon. † Airy, vain,
‡ The limits of view or reflection.

Line 348. *Like ſibyl, unſubſtantial, fleeting bliſs!*] When the Romans conſulted the ſibylline oracles, the anſwers were delivered written on leaves, which, being of ſo light a nature, were toſſed and ſeparated by the wind, ſo that, in general, it required more than human art to unravel their myſteries.

Juſt

Juſt as the waning§, and the waxing‖ moon.
More empty *worldly* wiſdom ev'ry day;
And ev'ry day more fair her *rival* ſhines.
When *later*, there's leſs time to play the fool.
Soon our whole term for wiſdom is expir'd
(Thou know'ſt ſhe calls no council in the grave):
And everlaſting fool is writ in fire,
Or *real* wiſdom wafts us to the ſkies.
As worldly ſchemes reſemble *Sibyl*'s leaves,
The good man's days to *Sibyl*'s books compare,
(In antient ſtory read, thou know'ſt the tale)
In price ſtill riſing, as in number leſs,
Ineſtimable quite his final hour.
For that who thrones can offer, offer thrones;
Inſolvent worlds the purchaſe cannot pay.
"Oh let me die his death!" all nature cries.
"Then live his life"—All nature falters there.

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§ Decreaſing. ‖ Increaſing.

Line 352. *Juſt as the waning, and the waxing moon.*] The ſimile is very apt and pleaſing. Experience teaches us how diminutive the wiſdom of the world appears at the cloſe of life, how far beneath the dignity of heavenly contemplation, her wiſeſt counſels.

Line 362. *In antient ſtory read, thou know'ſt the tale.*] An ancient ſibyl preſented an emperor of Rome with twelve books, containing prophecies, the fate of empires, in ſhort, every thing relating to more than human knowledge. On his refuſing the purchaſe, ſhe deſtroyed ſix, and then brought the remainder, fixing a double value; the emperor again refuſed: Three more were burnt, and ſhe again demanded double for the reſt. Adviſed by his counſellors, the emperor conſented, and received the three remaining, as of ineſtimable value.

Line 368. "*Then live his life.*"—*All nature falters there.*] A ſevere reproof to thoſe whoſe luke-warm inclinations allow the dignity of virtue, yet have not fortitude to leave the flowery paths of her antagoniſt, and tread *her* rugged ſteps.

Our

Our great phyſician daily to conſult,
To commune with the *grave*, our only cure.
What grave preſcribes the beſt?—A friend's; and yet,
From a friend's grave, how ſoon we diſengage!
Ev'n to the deareſt, as his marble, cold.
Why are friends raviſht from us? 'Tis to bind,
By ſoft *affection*'s tyes, on human hearts,
The thoughts of death, which *reaſon*, too ſupine*,
Or miſemploy'd, ſo rarely faſtens *there*.
Nor reaſon, nor affection, no, nor both
Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
Behold the inexorable† hour at hand!
Behold the inexorable hour forgot!
And to forget it, the chief *aim* of life,
Tho' well to ponder it, is life's chief *end*.
Is death, that ever threat'ning, ne'er remote,
That all-important, and that only ſure,
(Come when he will) an unexpected gueſt?
Nay, tho' invited by the loudeſt calls
Of blind *imprudence*, unexpected ſtill?
Tho' num'rous meſſengers are ſent before,
To warn his great arrival. What the cauſe,
The wond'rous cauſe, of this myſterious ill?
All heav'n looks down aſtoniſh'd at the ſight.
Is it that life has ſown her *joys* ſo thick,
We can't thruſt in a ſingle care between?
Is it, that life has ſuch a ſwarm of *cares*,
The thought of death can't enter for the throng?
Is it, that *time* ſteals on with downy feet‡,

* Inattentive to ſerious thoughts.
† Deaf to prayer. ‡ Imperceptible motion.

Nor

Nor wakes *indulgence* from her golden dream?
To-day is ſo like *yeſterday*, it cheats;
We take the lying ſiſter for the ſame.
Life glides away, LORENZO! like a brook;
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
In the ſame brook none ever bath'd him twice:
To the ſame life none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the ſame; the ſame we think
Our life, tho' ſtill more rapid in its flow;
Nor mark the *much* irrevocably laps'd,
And mingled with the ſea. / Or ſhall we ſay
(Retaining ſtill the brook to bear us on)
That life is like a veſſel on the ſtream?
In life embark'd, we ſmoothly down the tide
Of *time* deſcend, but not on *time* intent;
Amus'd, unconſcious of the gliding wave;
Till on a ſudden we perceive a ſhock;
We ſtart, awake, look out; what ſee we there?

Line 401. *Life glides away, Lorenzo! like a brook.*] There is a beauty in this figurative deſcription, which, from its natural ideas, preſents the reader with ſomewhat of poetic animation. King, biſhop of Chicheſter, in his poems, has ſome very pleaſing images on the ſame ſubject:

Like to the falling of a ſtar,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the freſh ſpring's gaudy hue,
Or ſilver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles, which on water ſtood;
Ev'n ſuch is man, whoſe borrow'd light
Is ſtraight call'd in, and paid to-night.

Line 407. *Nor mark the much irrevocably laps'd.*] Mr. Melmoth criticiſes the inſertion of *much*, as unworthy the harmony of poetry. Doubtleſs it is a word improperly uſed in a figurative deſcription; nor will the gentle ſmooth *lapſe* of the brook admit of ſo rough a companion.

Our brittle bark is burſt on *Charon*'s* ſhore.
Is this the cauſe *death* flies all human thought?
Or is it *judgment*, by the *will* ſtruck blind,
That domineering miſtreſs of the ſoul!
Like *him*† ſo ſtrong by *Dalilah* the fair?
Or is it *fear* turns ſtartled *reaſon* back,
From looking down a precipice ſo ſteep?
'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wiſely plac'd,
By nature conſcious of the make of man.
A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
A flaming ſword to guard the tree of life.
By that unaw'd, in life's moſt ſmiling hour,
The *good man* would repine; would *ſuffer* joys,
And burn impatient for his promis'd ſkies.
The *bad*, on each punctilious‡ pique of pride,

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* The ferryman of the gods. † Sampſon. ‡ Scrupulous.

Line 416. *Our brittle bark is burſt on Charon's ſhore.*] Charon, the tutelary deity of the river Styx, is ſuppoſed, in the ancient mythology, to ferry over the ſouls of the deceaſed.

Portitor has horrendus aquas, & flumina ſervat
Terribili ſqualore Charon: cui plurima mento
Canities inculta jacet, ſtant lumina flamma,
Sordidus ex humeris nodo dependet amictus.

Virg. Æneid 6, Line 298.

Line 426. *A flaming ſword to guard the tree of life.*] The terrors and allurements of death are ſeparately painted with all the dignity of colours which poetry can furniſh, or Dr. Young's genius ſupport. The epithets have a grandeur of thought peculiar to this writer; and their ſound doctrines of morality, a piety ſuperior to the inſpiration of his favourite muſe.

Line 430. *The bad, on each punctilious pique of pride.*] How greatly ſoever the fear of death may be implanted in particular minds, the conduct of the preſent age ſeems to contradict the ſentiments. Falſe notions of honour, in thoſe peculiarly unacquainted with honourable ideas, diſpel the terrors of a diſſolution, and "mar the ſcenes of providence."

Or

Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein,
Bound o'er the barrier, ruſh into the dark,
And mar the ſcenes of Providence below.
What groan was that, LORENZO?—Furies, riſe;
And drown, in your leſs execrable yell,
Britannia's ſhame. There took her gloomy flight,
On wing impetuous, a black ſullen ſoul,
Blaſted§ from hell, with horrid luſt of death.
Thy friend, the brave, the gallant *Altamont*,
So call'd, ſo thought—And *then* he fled the field.
Leſs baſe the fear of death, than fear of life.
O *Britain*, infamous for Suicide!
An *iſland* in thy manners! far disjoin'd
From the whole world of *rationals* beſide!
In ambient* waves plunge thy polluted head,
Waſh the dire ſtain, nor ſhock the continent.
But thou be ſhock'd, while I detect the cauſe
Of *ſelf-aſſault*, expoſe the monſter's birth,

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§ Inflamed. * Surrounding.

Line 441. *Leſs baſe the fear of death, than fear of life.*] A noble ſentiment! and expreſſive of a real fortitude, in bravely ſupporting the viciſſitudes of life, as a diſtemper which reſolution only can withſtand.

Line 442. *O Britain, infamous for ſuicide!*] The juſtice of this pathetic reproof may be exemplified in daily inſtances. Our native country in particular is an example of the melancholy truth, and requires a forcible teacher, like Young, to root out the impious and baleful influence of ſuicide. Virgil, in his view of the lower regions, deſcribes the ſtate of thoſe,

Qui ſibi lethum
Inſontes peperêre manu, lucemque peroſi
Projecêre animas: Quam vellent æthere in alto
Nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores!
Fata obſtant, triſti que palus inamabilis unda,
Alligat, et novies Styx interfuſa coërcet.

Æneid, Book VI. Line 434.

And bid *abhorrence* hiſs it round the world.
Blame not thy clime, nor chide the diſtant ſun;
The ſun is innocent, thy clime abſolv'd:
Immoral climes kind nature never made.
The cauſe I ſing, in *Eden* might prevail,
And proves, It is thy folly, not thy fate.
The ſoul of man (Let man in homage bow,
Who names his *ſoul*), a native of the ſkies!
High-born, and free, her freedom ſhould maintain,
Unſold, unmorgag'd for *earth*'s little bribes.
Th' illuſtrious ſtranger, in this foreign land,
Like ſtrangers, jealous of her dignity,
Studious of home, and ardent to return,
Of *earth* ſuſpicious, *earth*'s inchanted cup
With cool reſerve light-touching, ſhould indulge,
On *immortality*, her godlike taſte; [*there*.
There take large draughts; make her chief banquet
But ſome reject this ſuſtenance divine;
To beggarly vile appetites deſcend;
Aſk alms of *earth*, for gueſts that came from *heaven!*
Sink into ſlaves, and ſell, for *preſent* hire,
Their rich reverſion†, and (what ſhares its fate)
Their native *freedom*, to the prince who ſways

This

† Future inheritance.

Line 452. *Immoral climes kind nature never made.*] Imputations of vice to a country peculiarly celebrated for the impiety of its inhabitants, are as frequent as unjuſt. "Can any good come out of Nazareth," was a foundation for diſbelieving the verities of our Saviour. May the like *opprobrium* never be caſt on our Britiſh iſland!

Line 471. *Their native freedom, to the prince who ſways.*] The dictates of conſcience, and the dictates of intereſt, are in general ſo oppoſite to each other, that they continually claſh. And yet, how

This nether* world. And when his payments fail,
When his foul baſket gorges them no more;
Or their pall'd palates loath the baſket full;
Are inſtantly, with wild demoniac† rage,
For breaking all the chains of Providence,
And burſting their confinement; tho' faſt barr'd
By laws divine and human; guarded ſtrong
With *horrors* doubled to defend the paſs,
The blackeſt *nature*, or *dire guilt*, can raiſe;
And moated round, with fathomleſs *deſtruction*,
Sure to receive, and whelm them in their fall.
Such, *Britons!* is the *cauſe*, to you unknown,
Or, worſe, o'erlook'd; o'erlook'd by magiſtrates,
Thus criminals themſelves. I grant the deed
Is madneſs; but the madneſs of the *heart*.
And what is that? Our utmoſt bound of guilt.
A ſenſual, unreflecting life, is big
With monſtrous births, and *Suicide*, to crown
The black infernal brood. The bold to break
Heav'n's law ſupreme, and deſperately ruſh

---

* Lower. † Inſane.

How rarely do we find the freedom of the ſoul ſo pleaſing to the view as worldly gain? Addiſon, in his tragedy of Cato, reproaches the baſeneſs of mankind, in ſuffering a ſlaviſh bondage of the ſoul.

What is life? 'Tis not to ſtalk and draw freſh air
From time to time; or gaze upon the ſun:
'Tis to be free: when liberty is gone,
Life grows inſipid, and has loſt its reliſh.

Line 488. *A ſenſual, unreflecting life, is big.*] A deluſive attachment to the gratification of our paſſions appears to be the baſis on which is founded the grand utility of human life. The exile of reflection prepares us to the moſt irreligious courſes; the allurements of vanity ſtrengthen the error; we loſe our reaſon, and are involved in oblivion.

Thro'

Thro' ſacred *nature*'s murder, on their own,
Becauſe they never *think of death*, they die.
'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,
At once to ſhun, and meditate, his end.
When by the bed of languiſhment we ſit,
(The ſeat of *wiſdom!* if our choice, not fate)
Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguiſh hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or ſtay the ſinking head,
Number their moments, and, in ev'ry clock,
Start at the voice of an eternity;
See the dim lamp of life juſt feebly lift
An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
Then ſink again, and quiver into death,
That moſt pathetic herald of our own;
How read we ſuch ſad ſcenes? As ſent to man
In perfect vengeance? No; in pity ſent,
To melt him down, like wax, and then impreſs,
Indelible*, *death*'s image on his heart;
Bleeding for others, trembling for himſelf.
We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we ſmile.
The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry.
Our quick-returning *folly* cancels† all;

As

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* Never to be waſhen out.

† Renders our hopes of reformation vain.

Line 495. *At once to ſhun, and meditate, his end.*] This counſel on the ſubject of death has a pleaſing piety, which, with its ineſtimable doctrine, muſt warmly admoniſh an unthinking mind. Tho' the approach of death be in the hands of providence, its expectation ſhould be our care; and, tho' our care, by no means our reſearch.

Line 512. *The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry.*] This poetical alluſion to the ſhort impreſſions of a friend's diſſolution, is beautifully penned; The ſcenes of life, ſo numerous and variegated as they

As the tide ruſhing raſes what is writ
In yielding ſands, and ſmooths the letter'd ſhore.
LORENZO! haſt thou ever weigh'd a *ſigh?*
Or ſtudy'd the philoſophy of *tears?*
(A ſcience, yet, unlectur'd in our ſchools!)
Haſt thou deſcended deep into the breaſt,
And ſeen their ſource? If not, deſcend with me,
And trace theſe briny riv'lets to their ſprings.
Our fun'ral tears from diff'rent cauſes riſe.
As if from ſeparate ciſterns in the ſoul,
Of *various kinds*, they flow. From tender hearts,
By ſoft contagion‡ call'd, *ſome* burſt at once,
And ſtream obſequious to the leading eye.
Some aſk more time, by curious *art* diſtill'd.
Some hearts in ſecret hard, unapt to melt,
Struck by the magic of the public eye,
Like MOSES' ſmitten rock, guſh out amain.
Some weep to ſhare the fame of the deceas'd,
So high in merit, and to them ſo dear, [ſhare;
~~They dwell on praiſes, which they think they~~
And thus, without a bluſh, commend Themſelves.
Some mourn, in proof that ſomething they could love;
They weep not to *relieve* their grief, but *ſhew*.
Some weep in perfect juſtice to the dead,

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‡ Mutual feeling.

they are, uſurp man's grand attention. The mind loſt in the multitude, yields but for ſhort duration to the wiſe counſels of calamity.

Line 536. *They weep not to relieve their grief, but ſhew.*] Young traces the origin of tears from the very ſource of nature. A knowledge of men and things will render us converſant with its truth.

As

As conſcious all their love is in arrear.
Some miſchievouſly weep, not unappris'd,
Tears, ſometimes, aid the conqueſt of an eye.
With what addreſs the ſoft *Epheſians* draw
Their ſable net-work o'er entangled hearts!
As ſeen thro' cryſtal, how their roſes glow,
While *liquid pearl* runs trickling down their cheek!
Of hers not prouder *Egypt*'s wanton queen*,
Carouſing gems†, herſelf diſſolv'd in love.
Some weep at *death*, abſtracted from the *dead*,
And celebrate, like CHARLES, their own diſeaſe.
By kind‡ conſtruction ſome are *deem'd* to weep,
Becauſe a decent veil conceals their joy.

Some weep in earneſt; and yet weep in vain;
As deep in indiſcretion, as in woe.
Paſſion, blind paſſion! impotently pours
Tears, that deſerve more tears; while *reaſon* ſleeps;
Or gazes, like an idiot, unconcerned;
Nor comprehends the meaning of the ſtorm;

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* Cleopatra. † Diſſolving in her liquor.
‡ Favourable interpretation.

Line 540. *Tears, ſometimes, aid the conqueſt of an eye.*] What will the ladies anſwer to this accuſation? I fear love examples are rendered more numerous thro' the melting tear of "ſoft-ey'd pity," but if we are entrapt, the bondage is delightful.

Line 549. *By kind conſtruction ſome are deem'd to weep.*] The hypocriſy of tears is not more evidently apparent than when under *the decent veil* of mourning. External appearances favour the deceit, and the natural view of circumſtances inclines us to judge charitably of an inward ſincerity; but frequent repetitions of deception, generally undeceive us in the end.

Line 554. *Tears, that deſerve more tears.*] Impotency and ignorance of future events, lead mankind aſtray, as to the injuries or bleſſings of what is called misfortune. To the dictates of paſſion our tears naturally flow; but the ill-judged ſentiments which inſpire them, merit frequently a ſecond grief.

Knows

Knows not it ſpeaks to *Her*, and her *alone*.
Irrationals all ſorrow are beneath,
That noble gift! that privilege of man!
From *ſorrow*'s pang, the birth of endleſs joy.
But *theſe* are barren of that birth divine:
They weep impetuous, as the ſummer ſtorm,
And full as ſhort! The cruel *grief* ſoon tam'd,
They make a paſtime of the ſtingleſs tale;
Far as the deep-reſounding knell, they ſpread
The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
No grain of *wiſdom* pays them for their *woe*.
Half-round the globe, the tears pumpt up by *death*
Are ſpent in wat'ring vanities of life;
In making *folly* flouriſh ſtill more fair.
When the ſick ſoul, her wonted ſtay withdrawn,
Reclines on earth, and ſorrows in the duſt;
Inſtead of learning, *there*, her *true ſupport*,
Tho' there thrown down her true ſupport to learn,
Without Heav'n's aid, impatient to be bleſt,
She ~~crawls to the next ſhrub, or bramble vile,~~
Tho' from the ſtately cedar's arms ſhe fell;
With ſtale, forſworn embraces, clings anew,
The ſtranger weds, and bloſſoms, as before,
In all the fruitleſs fopperies of life:
Preſents her *weed**, well-fancy'd, at the ball,
And raffles for the *death's-head* on the ring.
So wept AURELIA, till the deſtin'd youth
Stept in, with his receipt for making ſmiles,

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* Habiliments of mourning.

Line 571. *When the ſick ſoul her wonted ſtay withdrawn.*] The period is here extended to ſo conſiderable a length, that it requires a ſecond peruſal to taſte the true ſpirit of the author.

And

And blanching† ſables into bridal bloom.
So wept LORENZO fair CLARISSA's fate;
Who gave that angel boy, on whom he doats;
And dy'd to give him, orphan'd in his birth!
Not ſuch, NARCISSA, my diſtreſs for thee.
I'll make an altar of thy ſacred tomb
To ſacrifice to wiſdom—What waſt thou?
"*Young*, *gay*, and *fortunate!*" Each yields a theme.
I'll dwell on each, to ſhun thought more ſevere;
(Heav'n knows I labour with ſeverer ſtill!)
I'll dwell on each, and quite exhauſt thy death.
A ſoul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.
And, firſt, thy *youth*. What ſays it to grey hairs?
NARCISSA, I'm become *thy* pupil *now*—
Early, bright, tranſient, chaſte, as morning dew.
She ſparkled, was exhal'd§, and went to heav'n.
Time on this head has ſnow'd; yet ſtill 'tis borne
Aloft; nor thinks but on *another*'s grave.

† Whitening. § Vaniſh into vapour.

Line 585. *And blanching ſables into bridal bloom.*] Let the conduct of our modern widows evince, whether Young paints fancy or real nature. If, after the enquiry, he ſhall be found to have exceeded the bounds of truth, we will recall our former commendations, and paſs over his beauties in envious ſilence. If not, allow him the genuine ſpirit of ſatire and poetry.

Line 596. *A ſoul without reflection, like a pile.*] The beauty of this ſentiment ſhines with inimitable luſtre. The ſimilitude is natural and poetic. Such doctrines as theſe ſhould be engraved with indelible impreſſions on a mind involved in the idle gaities of the world.

Line 600. *Early, bright, tranſient, chaſte, as morning dew.*] On the ſubject of Narciſſa's perfections, the author ſeems inſpired; his images and metaphors are ſo enlivened with poetical beauties, that he muſt appear to the reader, rather the lover, than the father of this lady.

Cover'd

Cover'd with ſhame I ſpeak it, *age* ſevere
Old worn-out vice ſets down for virtue fair.
With graceleſs gravity, chaſtiſing youth,
That youth chaſtis'd ſurpaſſing in a fault,
Father of all, forgetfulneſs of death:
As if, like objects preſſing on the ſight,
Death had advanc'd too near us to be ſeen:
Or, that life's† lone *time* ripen'd into right;
And men might plead preſcription‡ from the grave;
Deathleſs, from repetition of reprieve.
Deethleſs? far from it! *ſuch* are dead already;
Their hearts are bury'd, and the world their grave.
Tell me, ſome god! my guardian angel! tell
What thus infatuates* ? what inchantment plants
The phantom‖ of an age 'twixt us, and death
Already at the door? He knocks; we hear him,
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
Our untouch'd hearts! What miracle turns off
The pointed thought, which from a thouſand quivers
Is daily darted, and is daily ſhunn'd?
We ſtand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling; wounded oft ourſelves;
Tho' bleeding with our wounds, immortal ſtill!
We ſee time's furrows§ on another's brow,

---

† The borrowed poſſeſſion of life. ‡ Freedom from death.
* Renders my wiſdom folly. ‖ The falſe idea.
§ The wrinkles of age.

Line 615. *Their hearts are bury'd, and the world their grave.*] The imbecility and vanities of age are here drawn from natural example. A confidence in their own ſuperior ſtrength of mind, contempt of the proceedings of youth, and an apparent inattention to death, are the prevailing defects of grey hairs.

Line 616. *Tell me, ſome god! my guardian angel! tell.*] The invocation is in the genuine vein of poetry. Horace's "Deſcende cœlo, & die, age tibia," is evidently on the ſame plan.

And

And death intrench'd, preparing his aſſault;
How few themſelves, in that juſt mirror, ſee!
Or, ſeeing, draw their inference as ſtrong!
There death is certain; doubtful *here*: he *muſt*,
And *ſoon*; we *may*, within *an age*, expire.
Tho' grey our heads, our thoughts and aims are green;
Like damag'd clocks, whoſe hand and bell diſſent;
Folly ſings ſix, while *nature* points at twelve.
Abſurd *longevity*§! More, more, it cries:
More life, more wealth, more traſh of ev'ry kind.
And wherefore mad for more, when reliſh fails?
Object, and *appetite*, muſt club‖ for joy;
Shall *folly* labour hard to mend the bow,
Bawbles, I mean, that ſtrike us from *without*,
While *nature* is relaxing* ev'ry ſtring?

Aſk

§ Old age. ‖ Conjointly furniſh means.
* Slackening.

Line 635. *Folly ſings ſix, while nature points at twelve.*] There is an originality in this thought, which expreſſively points out the feſtivity of the poet's genius, as well as the beauty of his ideas, on the ſubject of want of reflection on the quick progreſs of death.

Line 637. *More life, more wealth, more traſh of ev'ry kind.*] This ſentiment has been extended throughout all ages. The "Quo plus habent, eo plus cupiunt" of the ancients anſwers exactly to it; and is a proof, that whether we are ſuperior or beneath our anceſtors in virtue, we are nearly on a par with them in our errors.

Line 640. *Shall folly labour hard to mend the bow.*] The compariſon of the amuſements of folly to the bow, and life to its ſtrings, is truly poetical. Old age is excellently depictured by Shakeſpeare, in his comedy of As You Like it,

——The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;

Aſk *thought* for joy ; grow rich and hoard *within*.
Think you the ſoul, when this life's rattles ceaſe,
Has nothing of more manly to ſucceed ?
Contract the taſte immortal ; learn ev'n now
To reliſh what *alone* ſubſiſts hereafter.
Divine, or *none*, henceforth your joys for ever.
Of *age* the glory is, to *wiſh* to die.
That wiſh is *praiſe* and *promiſe* ; it applauds
Paſt life, and promiſes our future bliſs.
What weakneſs ſee not children in their fires ?
Grand-climacterical† abſurdities !
Grey-hair'd authority, to faults of youth,
How ſhocking ? It makes folly thrice a fool ;
And our firſt childhood might our laſt deſpiſe.
Peace and *eſteem* is all that age can hope.
Nothing but *wiſdom* gives the *firſt* ; the *laſt*,
Nothing, but the *repute of being wiſe*.
Folly bars both ; our age is quite undone.
What folly can be ranker ? Like our ſhadows,
Our wiſhes lengthen, as our ſun declines.

His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes,
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

Line 657. *Peace and eſteem is all that age can hope.*] And ſurely the moſt ſanguine hope of every reaſonable mortal ! After the ſtorms of Life, calmly to retire with no rude troubles of the mind, ſurrounded by tranquility, love, and eſteem, is the moſt ardent wiſh, the moſt ineſtimable treaſure, youth can lay up againſt old age.

Line 662. *Our wiſhes lengthen, as our Sun declines.*] The metaphor is admirable, and whoever is converſant with the defects of age, Will prove its truth.

† A climacteric is every ſeventh or ninth year.

No wiſh ſhould loiter, *then*, this ſide the grave.
Our hearts ſhould leave the world, before the knell
Calls for our carcaſes to mend the ſoil.
Enough to live in tempeſt: die in port.
Age ſhould fly concourſe‡, cover in retreat
Defects of *judgment*; and the *will*'s ſubdue;
Walk thoughtful on the ſilent ſolemn ſhore
Of that vaſt ocean it muſt ſail ſo ſoon;
And put *good-works* on board; and wait the wind
That ſhortly blows us into worlds unknown;
If *unconſider'd* too, a dreadful ſcene!
All ſhould be prophets to themſelves; foreſee
Their future fate; their future fate foretaſte;
This art would waſte the bitterneſs of death.
The *thought* of death alone, the *fear* deſtroys.
A diſaffection to that precious thought
Is more than *midnight* darkneſs on the ſoul,
Which ſleeps beneath it, on a *precipice*,
Puff'd off by the firſt blaſt, and loſt for ever.
Doſk ask, LORENZO, why ſo warmly preſt,
By repetition hammer'd on thine ear,
The thought of death? That thought is the machine,
The grand machine! that heaves us from the duſt,

‡ The ſociety of youth.

Line 671. *And put good works on board*——] By lengthening the thought, the poet again falls into puerility. Had he confined its bounds to the end of the foregoing line, the ſentiment would have been beautiful; but the introduction of "good works on board," is beneath the ideas, and unworthy poetic criticiſm.

Line 683. *Puff'd off by the firſt blaſt, and loſt for ever.*] There is not that dignity, uſual with our author, in this metaphorical image. The idea of the ſoul being "puff'd off from a precipice" is by no means to be commended.

And

And rears us into men. That thought, ply'd home,
Will ſoon reduce the ghaſtly *precipice*
O'er-hanging hell, will ſoften the deſcent,
And gently ſlope our paſſage to the grave;
How warmly to be wiſht! What heart of fleſh
Would trifle with tremendous? dare extremes?
Yawn o'er the fate of infinite? What hand,
Beyond the blackeſt brand of cenſure bold,
(To ſpeak a language *too well* known to thee)
Would at a moment give its *all* to chance,
And ſtamp the die for an eternity?
Aid me, NARCISSA! aid me to keep pace
With *deſtiny*; and ere her ſciſſars cut
My thread of life, to break this tougher thread
Of moral death, that ties me to the world.
Sting thou my ſlumb'ring *reaſon* to ſend forth
A thought of obſervation on the foe;
To ſally; and ſurvey the rapid march
Of his ten thouſand meſſengers to man;
Who, JEHU-like, behind him turns them all.
All *accident** apart, by *nature* ſign'd,

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* Interpoſition of Fortune for my recovery.

Line 688. *O'er hanging hell, will ſoften the deſcent.*] In a former Book, Dr. Young obſerves, that inattention to death ſoftens the deſcent, and renders it a plain to the careleſs eye. At preſent we find *thought* to have the ſame effect. The reader ſhall judge whether theſe two contraries can be conſiſtent in reaſon or poetry.

Line 692. *Yawn o'er the fate of infinite?*] The repetition of three adjectives, is by no means poetical, or agreeable to the ear.

Line 705. *Who, Jehu-like, behind him turns them all.*]

II. Kings, Chap. 9. Verſe 18.

"So there went one on horſeback to meet them, and ſaid, "Thus ſaith the king, "Is it peace?" And Jehu ſaid, "What "haſt thou to do with peace? turn thee behind me."

My warrant is gone out, tho' dormant† yet;
Perhaps behind one moment lurks my fate.
Muſt I then *forward* only look for death?
Backward I turn mine eye, and find him there.
Man is a ſelf-ſurvivor ev'ry year.
Man, like a ſtream, is in perpetual flow.
Death's a deſtroyer of quotidian‡ prey.
My *youth*, my *noon-tide*, his; my *yeſterday*;
The bold invader ſhares the *preſent* hour.
Each moment on the former ſhuts the grave.
While man is growing, life is in decreaſe;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun;
As tapers waſte, that inſtant they take fire
Shall we then fear, leſt that ſhould come to paſs,
Which comes to paſs each moment of our lives?
If fear we muſt, let *that* death turn us pale,
Which murders *ſtrength* and *ardor*; what remains
Should rather call on death, than dread his call.
Ye partners of my fault, and my decline! [knell
Thoughtleſs of death, but when your neighbour's
(Rude viſitant!) knocks hard at your dull ſenſe,
And with its thunder ſcarce obtains your ear!
Be death your theme, in ev'ry place and hour
Nor longer want, ye monumental fires!

† Not yet put in execution. ‡ Daily.

Line 718. *And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.*] The thought is peculiarly pleaſing, by the natural ſentiment it conveys. Let me aſk the impartial critic, if there is not too great a gloom in many of our author's ideas, particularly on this ſubject. I confeſs the lines are poetically juſt, but they are ſomewhat extended beyond a proper medium in reflection.

A brother tomb to tell you you ſhall die.
That death you *dread* (ſo great is nature's ſkill!)
Know, you ſhall *court*, before you ſhall enjoy.
But you are learn'd; in volumes, deep you ſit;
In wiſdom, ſhallow: pompous ignorance
Would you be ſtill more learned, than the learn'd?
Learn well to know how much need not be known,
And what that *knowledge*, which impairs your *ſenſe*.
Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedg'd*, lies open in life's common field;
And bids all welcome to the vital feaſt.
You ſcorn what lies before you in the page
Of *nature* and *experience*, moral truth;
Of indiſpenſible, eternal fruit;
Fruit, on which mortals feeding, turn to gods.
And dive in *ſcience* for diſtinguiſht names,
Diſhoneſt fomentation of your pride;
Sinking in virtue, as you riſe in fame.
Your learning, like the *lunar* beam, affords

* Free to the attainment of every man.

Line 734. *Know, you ſhall court, before you ſhall enjoy.*] "Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans every thing," verifies the poet's obſervation; and amidſt the infirmities of age, we find this melancholy ſentiment the real language of nature. Unleſs our career be terminated in the flower of juvenility, a double death is generally our fate; and what augments our ſorrow, is, that reaſon will not ſhelter us.

Line 738. *Learn well to know how much need not be known.*] An apt and uſeful leſſon! worthy to be communicated to thoſe *all-wiſe* mortals, whoſe views extend no farther than to ſublunary knowledge; which, as Young truly ſays, in compariſon of eternal contemplation, is no more than "a melancholy fool without her bells."

Line 750. *Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords.*] Expreſſion of ſentiment, and nature in comparative ſimiliſudes, are the commendable characteriſtics of our author. We never find a metaphor but drawn from poetical ideas, and peculiarly enforcing the beauty of the thought.

Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,
Frozen at heart, while ſpeculation† ſhines.
Awake, ye curious indagators‡! fond
Of knowing all, but what avails you known.
If you would learn *death's character*, attend.
All caſts of conduct, all degrees of health,
All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
Together ſhook in his impartial urn,
Come forth at random: Or if choice is made,
The choice is quite *ſarcaſtic**, and inſults
All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.
What countleſs multitudes, not only *leave*,
But deeply *diſſappoint* us, by their deaths!
Tho' great our ſorrow, greater our ſurprize.
Like other tyrants, *Death* delights to ſmite,
What, ſmitten, moſt proclaims the pride of power,
And arbitrary nod. His joy ſupreme,
To bid the wretch ſurvive the fortunate;
The feeble wrap th' athletic§ in his ſhroud;
And weeping father's build their childrens tomb:
Me, thine, NARCISSA!—What tho' ſhort thy date?
Virtue, not rolling ſuns, the mind matures‖
—That life is long, which anſwers life's great end.

The

† Fruitleſs enquiries. ‡ Enquirers.
* Founded on whim. § Strong in health. ‖ Ripens.

Line 773. *That life is long, which anſwers life's great end.*] The following lines of Rowe, are, I think, ſimilar in ſentiment to ſeveral of our author's:

The ports of death are ſins of life; good deeds,
Through which our merit leads us to our meeds.
How wilful blind is he then, that ſhould ſtray,
And hath it in his power to make his way?

This

The time that bears no fruit, deſerves no name;
The man of wiſdom is the man of years.
In hoary youth METHUSALEMS may die;
O how *miſdated* on their flatt'ring tombs!
NARCISSA's *youth* has lectur'd me thus far.
And can her *gaiety* give counſel too?
That, like the *Jews* fam'd oracle of gems,
Sparkles inſtruction; ſuch as throws new light,
And opens more the *character of death*;
Ill known to thee, LORENZO! *This* thy vaunt:
"Give death his due, the wretched, and the old;
"Ev'n let him ſweep his rubbiſh to the grave;
"Let him not violate kind nature's laws,
"But own man born to *live*, as well as *die*."
Wretched and *old* thou giv'ſt him; *young* and *gay*
He takes; and *plunder* is a tyrant's joy.
What if I prove, "The fartheſt from the *fear*,
"Are often neareſt to the *ſtroke* of fate?"
All, more than common, menaces an end.
A blaze betokens brevity of life:
As if bright embers ſhould emit a flame,
Glad ſpirits ſparkled from NARCISSA's eye,
And made youth younger, and taught life to live.
As nature's oppoſites wage endleſs war,

This world Death's region is, the other life's:
And here it ſhould be one of our firſt ſtrifes;
So to front Death, as men might judge us paſt it:
For good men but ſee death, the wicked taſte it.

Line 787. *But own man born to live, as well as die.*] The retaliation of Lorenzo is very natural; and, to a mind that weighs not the verities of our author's ſentiments, will appear uncontrovertible. But, "Audi alteram partem." Let us examine on what grounds the poet builds his reaſonings, and then judge impartially.

For

For *this* offence, as treaſon to the deep
Inviolable ſtupor* of his reign,
Where *luſt*, and turbulent *ambition*, ſleep,
Death took ſwift vengeance. As he life deteſts,
More life is ſtill more odious; and, reduc'd
By conqueſt, aggrandizes more his power.
But *wherefore* aggrandiz'd? By Heav'n's decree,
To plant the ſoul on her eternal guard,
In aweful expectation of our end.
Thus runs death's dread commiſſion: "Strike, but *ſo*,
As moſt alarms the living by the dead."
Hence *ſtratagem* delights him, and *ſurprize*,
And cruel ſport with man's ſecurities.
Not ſimple conqueſt, triumph is his aim;
And, where leaſt fear'd, their conqueſt triumphs moſt.
This proves my bold aſſertion not too bold.
What are *his* arts to lay our fears aſleep?
Tiberian arts his purpoſes wrap up

* Dullneſs.

Line 813. *This proves my bold aſſertion not too bold.*] Whoever has well conſidered the ſtrength of argument contained in the author's ſuppoſed reply to Lorenzo, muſt candidly allow him to be firſt the field of truth. Immature deaths are not ſo rare, but that they are inſtances of what is advanced in his defence; and the metaphorical images of death, are ſtrikingly expreſſive of its continual appropinquity. I ſhall beg leave to quote ſome lines on the deſcriptive emblems of death from Maſon's Caractacus, though not abſolutely explanatory of the ſubject,

Hark! heard ye not you footſtep dread,
That ſhook the earth with thund'ring tread,
'Twas Death!——in haſte
The warrior paſt;
High tower'd his helmed head:
I mark'd his mail, I mark'd his ſhield,
I ſpy'd the ſparkling of his ſpear.
I ſaw his giant arm his falchion wield.
Wide wav'd the bickering blade, and ſir'd the angry air.

In deep diſſimulation's darkeſt night.
Like princes unconfeſt in foreign courts,
Who travel under cover, *death* aſſumes
The name and look of *life*, and dwells among us.
He takes all ſhapes that ſerve his black deſigns:
Tho' maſter of a wider empire far,
Than that, o'er which the *Roman* eagle flew;
Like *Nero*, he's a fidler, charioteer,
Or drives his *phaeton*, in female guiſe*;
Quite unſuſpected, till, the wheel beneath,
His diſarray'd oblation he devours.
He moſt affects the forms leaſt like himſelf,
His ſlender ſelf. Hence burly corpulence
Is his familiar wear, and ſleek diſguiſe.
Behind the roſy bloom he loves to lurk,
Or ambuſh in a ſmile; or wanton dive
In dimples deep; Love's eddies, which draw in
Unwary hearts, and ſink them in deſpair.
Such, on NARCISSA's couch, he loiter'd long

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* Diſguiſe.

Line 817. *Like princes unconfeſt in foreign courts.*] There is not a ſufficient force of idea in this compariſon to render it equal to the uſual ſimilitudes of our author. The dignity of Death falls, and the nature of the ſimileis by no means apt.

Line 823. *Like Nero, he's a fidler, charioteer.*] Nero, in the hiſtory of the Roman emperors, is ſaid to have viewed the city of Rome in flames, whilſt himſelf was playing compoſedly on the fiddle.

Line 826. *His diſarray'd oblation he devours.*] This paſſage is peculiarly deſcriptive of the unlooked for ravages of Death, and equal to the dignity of poetry.

Line 828. ——————*Hence burly corpulence.*] The epithet *burly*, is, I think, particularly expreſſive. Its ſignification is, large of bulk, and from its contrariety of form to the ſlender horror of Death, poetically points out his omnipotence over mankind.

Unknown;

Unknown; and, when detected, ſtill was ſeen
To *ſmile*; ſuch peace has innocence in death!

Moſt happy they! whom leaſt his arts deceive.
One eye on *death*, and one full fix'd on *heaven*,
Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.
Long on his wiles a piqu'd and jealous ſpy,
I've ſeen, or dreamt I ſaw, the tyrant *dreſs*;
Lay by his horrors, and put on his ſmiles.
Say, muſe, for thou remember'ſt, call it back,
And ſhew LORENZO the ſurpriſing ſcene;
If 'twas a dream, his genius can explain.

'Twas in a circle of the *gay* I ſtood.
Death would have enter'd; *nature* puſht him back;
Supported by a Doctor of renown,
His point he gain'd. Then artfully *diſmiſt*
The ſage; for *death* deſign'd to be conceal'd.
He gave an old vivacious* *uſurer*
His meagre aſpect, and his naked bones;
In gratitude for plumping up his prey,
A pamper'd *ſpendthrift*; whoſe fantaſtic air,
Well-faſhion'd figure, and cockaded brow,
He took in change, and underneath the pride
Of coſtly linen, tuck'd his filthy ſhroud.

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* Eager for gain.

Line 836. *To ſmile; ſuch peace has innocence in death!*] How beautifully coloured is this painting of the dying Narciſſa! The farther we advance, the more lamentable, tho' enviable, her face appears: the more amiable, ſo tranquil an approach of death.

Line 843. *Say, muſe, for thou remember'ſt, call it back.*] Ovid's "Dii cœptis, (nam vos mutaſtis et illas,") and Milton's "Say firſt, for heav'n hides nothing from thy view, nor the deep traſt of hell"—are evidently a ſimilar invocation to that of our author.

Line 848. *Supported by a doctor of renown.*] How greatly our readers of the medical tribe will reliſh this ſarcaſm, is not for me to determine; neither will I enter into any frivolous diſpute in regard to their merits or deficiencies.

His

His crooked bow he ſtraiten'd to a cane;
And bid his deadly ſhafts in MYRA's eye.
The dreadful maſquerader, thus equipt,
Out-ſallies on adventures. Aſk you where?
Where is he not? For his peculiar haunts,
Let *this* ſuffice; ſure as night follows day,
Death treads in *pleaſure*'s footſteps round the world,
When *pleaſure* treads the paths, which *reaſon* ſhuns,
When, againſt *reaſon*, *riot* ſhuts the door,
And *gaiety* ſupplies the place of *ſenſe*,
Then, foremoſt at the banquet, and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or ſtamps the deadly die;
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.
Gaily carouſing to his gay compeers†,
Inly he laughs, to ſee them laugh at him,
As abſent far: And when the revel burns,
When *fear* is baniſht, and triumphant thought,
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
Againſt him turns the key; and bids him ſup
With their progenitors*. He drops his maſk;
Frowns

† Companions. * Forefathers.

Line 859. *And bid his deadly ſhafts in Myra's eye.*] This thought, together with the preceeding, ſtamps the author an adept in the true ſpirit of invention. Throughout the whole of the digreſſion, there is a natural flow of imagination highly worthy our commendation.

Line 865. *When pleaſure treads the paths, which reaſon ſhuns.*] A ſentiment, which, of itſelf, enables the author to ſay with Horace.

Exegi monumentum are perennius.

Line 876. ——*And bids him ſup*
With their progenitors——] This thought naturally expreſſes the inattention of the gay, to ſalutary reflections on death. Tho' it is requiſite, in the midſt of mirth and gaity, to baniſh, in ſome meaſure, any incommoding gloom; ſtill there is a medium to be obſerved, which regulates it as innocent or guilty.

Line 877. ——*He drops his maſk.*] What an aſtoniſhing grandeur

Frowns out at full; they ſtart, deſpair, expire.
Scarce with more ſudden terror and ſurprize,
From his black maſque of nitre, touch'd by fire,
He burſts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
And is not this triumphant treachery,
And *more than ſimple conqueſt*, in the fiend?
And now, LORENZO, doſt thou wrap thy ſoul
In ſoft ſecurity, becauſe unknown
Which moment is commiſſion'd to deſtroy?
In *death*'s uncertainty thy danger lies.
Is *death* uncertain? Therefore Thou be fixt;
Fixt as a centinel, all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe.
Rouſe, ſtand in arms, nor lean againſt thy ſpear;
Leſt ſlumber ſteal one moment o'er thy ſoul,
And *fate* ſurpriſe thee nodding. Watch, be ſtrong;
Thus give each day the merit, and renown,
Of dying well; tho' doom'd but once to die.
Nor let life's *period* hidden (as from moſt)
Hide too from Thee the precious *uſe* of life.
Early, not ſudden, was NARCISSA's fate.
Soon, not ſurpriſing, *death* his viſit paid.

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deur in this awful break! If the criterion of poetry is to be found in any peculiar paſſages of our author, this digreſſion is, I think, the moſt natural to be fixed on.

Line 881. *He burſts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.*] Is a bombaſtical jargon of incoherent nonſenſe. Mr. Melmoth has here ſcope to exhauſt his whole ſtock of criticiſm, and yet neglects remarking the paſſage.

Line 895. *Of dying well; tho' doom'd but once to die*] The ſentiment is excellent——Whether Lorenzo profited by the author's moral admonitions, we are not able to diſcover; but ſurely his mind muſt have been callous to his own welfare, to have neglected an inſtruction ſo peculiarly addreſſed to himſelf.

Her

Her thought went forth to meet him on his way,
Nor *gaiety* forgot it was to die:
Tho' *fortune* too (our third and final theme),
As an accomplice, play'd her gaudy plumes,
And ev'ry glitt'ring gewgaw, on her sight,
To dazzle, and debauch it from its mark.
Death's dreadful advent† is the mark of man;
And ev'ry thought that misses it, is blind.
Fortune, with *youth* and *gaiety*, conspir'd
To weave a *triple*‡ wreath of happiness,
(If happiness on earth) to crown her brow.
And could *death* charge§ thro' such a shining shield?
That shining shield *invites* the tyrant's spear;
As if to damp our elevated aims,
And strongly preach humility to man.
O how portentous is prosperity!
How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines!
Few years but yield us proof of *death*'s ambition,
To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
And sheath|| his shafts in all the pride of life.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With recent honours, bloom'd with ev'ry bliss,
Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,
The gaudy centre, of the public eye,
When *fortune* thus has toss'd her child in air,
Snatch't from the covert of an humble state,

† Approach. ‡ Threefold. § Pierce. || Strike deeply.

Line 912. *That shining shield invites the tyrant's spear.*] The poetic images are penned with a masterly judgment. Tho' Death has been so long the poet's theme, that it were natural to think his store of reasoning was exhausted, we still meet with a crowd of original ideas, each of which contends to claim superiority.

How often have I ſeen him dropt at once,
Our morning's envy! and our ev'ning's ſigh!
As if her bounties were the ſignal given,
The flow'ry wreath to mark the ſacrifice,
And call death's arrows on the deſtin'd prey.
High-fortune ſeems in cruel league with *fate*.
Aſk you for what? To give his war on man
The deeper dread, and more illuſtrious ſpoil;
Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.
And burns LORENZO ſtill for the ſublime
Of life? to hang his airy neſt on high,
On the ſlight timber of the topmoſt bough,
Rockt at each breeze, and menacing a fall?
Granting grim *death* at equal diſtance *there*;
Yet *peace* begins juſt where *ambition* ends.
What makes man wretched? Happineſs *deny'd!*
LORENZO! no: 'Tis happineſs *diſdain'd*.
She comes too meanly dreſt to win our ſmile;
And calls herſelf *Content*, a homely name!

Our

Line 926. *How often have I ſeen him dropt at once.*] This deſcription is peculiarly intereſting; and tho', in ſome reſpects, only a lengthened repetition of a ſentiment in the firſt book, is ſtill worthy our commendation.

Line 940. *Yet peace begins juſt where ambition ends.*] Who dares diſpute the truth of this obſervation, muſt be young in the viciſſitudes of fortune. The good man's ambition is founded on the rock of piety. 'Tis therefore no longer that denomination of fools, which, at its higheſt ſummit, ſhowers down the deepeſt miſery.

The very ſubſtance of th' ambitious,
Is merely the ſhadow of a dream.

Shakeſpeare's Hamlet.

Line 944. *And calls herſelf content, a homely name!*] From the variety of reſearches after happineſs, ſhe ſeems to be in the opinion of mankind, (if we may judge from actions) a ſomething, never

to

Our flame is *tranſport*, and *content* our ſcorn.
Ambition turns, and ſhuts the door againſt her,
And weds a *toil*, a *tempeſt*, in her ſtead;
A *tempeſt* to warm *tranſport* near of kin.
Unknowing what our mortal ſtate admits,
Life's modeſt joys we ruin, while we raiſe;
And all our ecſtaſies are wounds to peace;
Peace, the full portion of mankind below.
And ſince thy peace is dear, ambitious youth!
Of fortune fond! as thoughtleſs of thy fate!
As late I drew *death*'s picture, to ſtir up
Thy wholeſome fears; now, drawn in contraſt, ſee
Gay *fortune*'s, thy vain hopes to reprimand.
See, high in air, the ſportive goddeſs hangs,
Unlocks her caſket, ſpreads her glitt'ring ware,
And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad
Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.
All ruſh rapacious; friends o'er trodden friends;
Sons o'er their fathers, ſubjects o'er their kings,
Prieſts o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,

to be poſſeſſed, or rather *an airy nothing*. If they ſought content, aſſuredly their conduct would be different; ſo that, from a thorough examination of every different motive, we are at laſt obliged to be contented with the idea, that they know not what they ſeek.

Line 962. *All ruſh rapacious; friends o'er trodden friends.*] This picturesque view of the omnipotence of gold is inimitably deſcribed. Truth and ſatire, a ſatire founded on nature, render it undeniable; and, like an ancient piece of painting, we may pronounce it an undoubted original.

Line 964. ——————*Lovers o'er the fair.*] Fie for ſhame! How could the author be guilty of ſo horrid an untruth, to think a lover was capable of ſuch a conduct? Tell me, ye ſwains, will example plead for, or againſt you?

Tempting gold alone,
In this our age, more marriages compleats

Than

(Still *more* ador'd) to ſnatch the golden ſhow'r.
Gold glitters moſt, where *virtue* ſhines no more;
As ſtars from abſent ſuns have leave to ſhine.
O what a precious pack of votaries
Unkennell'd from the priſons, and the ſtews,
Pour in, all op'ning in their idol's praiſe!
All, ardent, eye each waſture* of her hand,
And, wide-expanding their voracious jaws,
Morſel on morſel ſwallow down unchew'd,
Untaſted, through mad appetite for more;
Gorg'd to the throat, yet lean and rav'nous ſtill.
Sagacious All, to trace the ſmalleſt game,
And bold to ſeize the greateſt. If (bleſt chance!)
Court-zephyrs ſweetly breathe, they launch, they fly,
O'er juſt, o'er ſacred, all forbidden ground,
Drunk with the burning ſcent of place or pow'r,
Staunch to the foot of lucre, till they die.
Or, if for men you take them, as I mark
Their manners, thou their various fates ſurvey.
With aim miſ-meaſur'd, and impetuous ſpeed,
Some darting, ſtrike their ardent wiſh far off,
Through fury to poſſeſs it: *ſome* ſucceed,
But ſtumble, and let fall the taken prize.

Than virtue, merit, or the force of love.
'Tis not the external ſweetneſs of the face,
Th' inward excellence, &c. &c.
Can pleaſe the wretch, whoſe riches are his god.

Line 983. *Their manners, thou their various fates ſurvey.*] The manners of a court are here depictured in the moſt natural colours. Gold, its guardian god, with all his various operations, is deſcribed in the grand omnipotence of his power; and the different fates of the purſuers, like Virgil's conteſt in arrow ſhooting, are inimitably drawn.

* Favourable motion.

From

From *ſome*, by ſudden blaſts, 'tis whirl'd away,
And lodg'd in boſoms that ne'er dream'd of gain.
To *ſome* it ſticks ſo cloſe, that, when torn off,
Torn is the man, and mortal is the wound.
Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.
Together *ſome* (unhappy rivals!) ſeize,
And rend abundance into poverty;
Loud croaks the raven of the law, and ſmiles:
Smiles too the goddeſs; but ſmiles moſt at thoſe,
(Juſt victims of exorbitant deſire!)
Who periſh at their own requeſt, and, whelm'd
Beneath her load of laviſh grants, expire.
Fortune is famous for her numbers ſlain,
The number ſmall, which happineſs can bear.
Tho' *various* for a while their fates; at laſt
One curſe involves them all: At death's approach,
All read their riches backward into loſs,
And mourn, in juſt proportion to their ſtore.
And *death*'s approach (if orthodox* my ſong)
Is haſten'd by the lure of *fortune*'s ſmiles.

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* Founded on veracity.

Line 995. *And rend abundance into poverty.*] Delays, uncertainties, purpoſed machinations, are not ſo rare in the diſtribution of juſtice, for the reader to contradict our author's remark. "The raven of the law," is a natural alluſion, and muſt be allowed expreſſive of the foreboding calamities, which a connection with ſo dangerous an enemy ſubjects us to.

Line 1005. *All read their riches backward into loſs.*] A death-bed contemplation, to what enormities of vice man's affluence introduces him, muſt be a deep wound to the guilty ſufferer, whoſe pangs foretel a diſſolution; whoſe tortured mind recounts a ſeries of paſt miſconduct. Poverty, that ſafeguard from temptation, may then be called with juſtice, the guardian guide to virtue.

And art thou ſtill a glutton of bright gold?
And art thou ſtill rapacious of thy ruin?
Death loves a ſhining mark, a ſignal blow;
A blow, which, while it executes, alarms:
And ſtartles thouſands with a ſingle fall.
As when ſome ſtately growth of oak, or pine,
Which nods aloft, and proudly ſpreads her ſhade,
The ſun's defiance, and the flock's defence;
By the ſtrong ſtrokes of lab'ring hinds† ſubdu'd,
Loud groans her laſt, and, ruſhing from her height,
In cumb'rous‖ ruin, thunders to the ground.
The conſcious* foreſt trembles at the ſhock,
And hill, and ſtream, and diſtant dale reſound.
  Theſe high aim'd darts of *death*, and theſe alone,
Should I collect, my quiver would be full.
A quiver, which, ſuſpended in mid air,
Or near heav'n's *archer*§, in the zodiac, hung,
(So could it be) *ſhould* draw the publick eye,
The gaze and contemplation of mankind!
A conſtellation awful, yet benign‡,
To guide the *gay* thro' life's tempeſtuous wave;
Nor ſuffer them to ſtrike the common rock,
"From greater danger to grow more ſecure,
"And, wrapt in happineſs, forget their fate."
  LYSANDER, happy paſt the common lot,

† Diligent labourers. ‖ Deeply loaden.
* Shaken. § A conſtellation. ‡ Propitious.

Line 1014. *As when ſome ſtately growth of oak, or pine.*] This image of the fall of *ſtately oak* has been tranſmitted from the remoteſt origin of poetry, to our modern æra. Each poet has tortured fancy to produce thoughts worthy of its beauty. As therefore it cannot be judged an original ſentiment of Dr. Young's, let us direct our admiration to the elegance with which he deſcribes the fall.

Was

Was warn'd of danger, but too *gay* to fear.
He woo'd the fair ASPACIA. She was kind: 1035
In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were bleſt:
All who knew, envy'd; yet in envy lov'd:
Can fancy form more finiſht happineſs?
Fixt was the nuptial hour. Her ſtately dome
Roſe on the ſounding beach*. The glitt'ring ſpires
Float in the wave, and break againſt the ſhore: 1041
So break thoſe glitt'ring ſhadows, human joys.
The faithleſs morning ſmil'd: He takes his leave,
To re-embrace in ecſtaſies, at eve.
The riſing ſtorm forbids. The news arrives: 1045
Untold, ſhe ſaw it in her ſervant's eye.
She felt it ſeen (her heart was apt to feel);
And, drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid,
In ſuffocating ſorrows, ſhares his tomb.
Now, round the ſumptuous, bridal monument, 1050
The guilty billows innocently roar;

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* The banks of the ſea.

Line 1041. *Float in the wave, and break againſt the ſhore.*] How beautifully is this pictureſque view deſcribed! Whoever has contemplated the reflections of an image in the water, will perceive the poetic juſtice of the illuſion. The compariſon of their ſhadows, to the joys of life, are inimitable. In a moral ſubject, the author ſtrikes us with his pious and elegant reaſoning; in an hiſtorical, by the peculiar pathos, and intereſting ſoftneſs of his lines.

Line 1046. *Untold, ſhe ſaw it in her ſervant's eye.*] There is a beauty in this ſhort digreſſion from his doctrines of morality, which is apparent in every line. The natural flow of his ſentiments, and the juſt claim they have to our compaſſion, conſtitute the author's compoſition a chef-d'œuvre. Aſpaſia's feelings are admirably wrought; nor is there any labour of thought to diſguſt the moſt envious critic. Her grief is (as nature requires) repreſented in the conciſe language of melting ſorrow.

And the rough ſailor paſſing, drops a tear. —
A tear?—Can tears ſuffice?—But not for *me*.
How vain our efforts! and our arts, how vain!
The *diſtant* train of thought I took, to ſhun,
Has thrown me on my fate—*Theſe* dy'd together;
Happy in ruin! *undivorc'd* by death!
Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace—
NARCISSA! pity bleeds at thought of thee.
Yet thou waſt only *near* me; not *myſelf*.
Survive *myſelf*? *That* cures all other woe.
NARCISSA lives; PHILANDER is forgot.
O the ſoft commerce! O the tender tyes,

Line 1052. *And the rough ſailor paſſing, drops a tear.*] Nature, as in every ſentiment ſhe is the poet's guide, muſt, in the opinion of the reader, render his works immortal. So long as poetry can be confined within the limits ſhe approves of, poetic compoſition muſt be admirable; but if (as is generally the caſe) thoſe bounds are paſſed, the baleful dæmon of criticiſm riſes in triumph. This thought of the "rough ſailor" is ſuperior to every commendation, and greatly embelliſhes the piteous deſcription of Aſpaſia's fate.

Line 1058. *Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace.*] The truly ſenſible in love, or friendſhip, will confeſs the juſtice of this remark. Sincere attachment, as, while poſſeſſed, it is the balm of life, ſo, when ſnatch'd from us, it baffles all our flattering hopes; and naturally creates a wiſh, that we had never known its value.

Line 1061. *Survive myſelf? That cures all other woe*] The interrogation in the above line, is, I think, an error in punctuation. The author obſerves, that Narciſſa was not ſo far connected with him as to be *himſelf*. That he ſhould then aſk the queſtion of "Survive myſelf?" which is evident nonſenſe, is exceedingly improbable. Were we to place a period after the above words, and ſuppoſe it an ejaculation, that the contemplation of her valued accompliſhments might ſurvive himſelf, it would at leaſt be common ſenſe, and render the following ſentences intelligible, and conſiſtent.——*That*, viz. The thought of her re-exiſtence, "cures all other woe." "Narciſſa lives." How could ſhe, excluſively of the ſuppoſition I have formed?

Cloſe-twiſted

Urania my celestial guest
Conscious how needfull discipline to man.
My wandring thought recalls to what excites
Far other beat of heart Narcissa's tomb.

Cloſe-twiſted with the fibres of the heart!
Which broken, break them; and drain off the ſoul
Of human joy; and make it pain to live—
And is it then to live? When *ſuch* friends part,
'Tis the ſurvivor dies—My heart, no more.

Line 1068. *'Tis the ſurvivor dies—My heart, no more.*] This pathetic and natural concluſion is, beyond deſcription, beautiful. Mr. Melmoth remarks it as the effuſion of nature, and certainly 'is her pure language; for the ſentiments are entirely contrary to any aids of art.

The ARGUMENT.

BOOK VI.

THE author reflects on the death of his wife in the opening of this book; and at the same time points out the real comforts arising from the arrows of Death.—Contemplations on immortality; and the dignity of a being capable of reflection, contrasted with a view of our sublunary state.—Reproach on an attachment to the groveling interests of the world.—The poet examines the imaginary advantages, and the real demerits of glory, genius, and art.—A view of the absolute merit of mankind, exclusive of local situation.—Comparison of our desires at our birth and death, with those in the intermediate space.—Reflections on ambition, and the poverty of man's apparent wealth.—The inutility of riches in insuring peace.—A sublime exhortation to thoughts on our immortal natures.—The author deduces the weight of his arguments from nature, and addresses them to Lorenzo.—Urges him to take a comparative view of heaven and earth; and then allow the superiority to that which his judgment favours.

THE COMPLAINT.

NIGHT the SIXTH.

THE INFIDEL Reclaimed.

In TWO PARTS.

CONTAINING

The NATURE, PROOF, *and* IMPORTANCE, *of* IMMORTALITY.

PART THE FIRST.

Where, among other things, GLORY and RICHES are particularly conſidered.

Humbly Inſcribed to the Right Honourable

HENRY PELHAM,

Firſt LORD COMMISSIONER of the TREASURY, and CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.

PREFACE.

FEW ages have been deeper in diſpute about Religion, than this. The diſpute about Religion, and the practice of it, ſeldom go together. The ſhorter, therefore, the diſpute, the better. I think it may be reduced to this ſingle queſtion, Is man immortal, or is he not? *If he is not, all our diſputes are mere amuſements, or trials of ſkill. In this caſe,* Truth, Reaſon, Religion, *which give our diſcourſes ſuch pomp and ſolemnity,*

are

are (as will be ſhewn) mere empty ſounds, without any meaning in them. But if man is immortal, it will behove him to be very ſerious about eternal conſequences; or, in other words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental truth, uneſtabliſhed, or unawakened in the minds of men, is, I conceive, the real *ſource and ſupport of all our infidelity; how remote ſoever the particular objections advanced may ſeem to be from it.*

Senſible appearances *affect moſt men much more than* abſtract reaſonings; *and we daily ſee* bodies *drop around us, but the* ſoul *is inviſible. The power which* inclination *has over the* judgment, *is greater than can be well conceived by thoſe that have not had an experience of it; and of what numbers is it the ſad intereſt, that ſouls ſhould not ſurvive! The heathen world confeſſed, that they rather* hoped, *than firmly* believed *immortality; and how many heathens have we ſtill amongſt us! The ſacred page aſſures us, that life and immortality is brought to light by the Goſpel: But by how many is the Goſpel rejected, or overlooked! From theſe conſiderations, and from my being, accidentally, privy to the ſentiments of ſome particular perſons, I have been long perſuaded, that moſt, if not all, our Infidels (whatever name they take, and whatever ſcheme, for argument's ſake, and to keep themſelves in countenance, they patronize) are ſupported in their deplorable error, by ſome doubt of their* Immortality, *at the bottom. And I am ſatisfied, that men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, are not far from being Chriſtians. For it is hard to conceive, that a man fully conſcious eternal pain or happineſs will certainly be his lot, ſhould not earneſtly, and impartially, inquire after the ſureſt means of eſcaping one, and ſecuring the other. And of ſuch an earneſt and impartial enquiry, I well know the conſequence.*

Here,

Here, therefore, in proof of this moſt fundamental truth, ſome plain arguments are offered; arguments derived from principles which Infidels admit in common with Believers; arguments, which appear to me altogether irreſiſtable; and ſuch as, I am ſatisfied, will have great weight with all who give themſelves the ſmall trouble of looking ſeriouſly into their own boſoms; and of obſerving, with any tolerable degree of attention, what daily paſſes round about them in the world. If ſome arguments ſhall, here, *occur, which others have declined, they are ſubmitted, with all deference, to better judgments in this, of all points, the* moſt *important. For, as to the being of a God, that is no longer diſputed; but it is undiſputed for this reaſon only,* viz. *Becauſe where the leaſt pretence to reaſon is admitted, it muſt for ever be indiſputable. And of conſequence, no man can be betrayed into a diſpute of that nature by* vanity; *which has a principal ſhare in animating our modern combatants againſt other articles of our belief.*

SHE * (for I know not yet her name in heaven)
Not early, like NARCISSA, left the ſcene;
Nor ſudden, like PHILANDER. What avail?
This ſeeming mitigation but inflames;
This fancy'd medicine heightens the diſeaſe.
The longer known, the cloſer ſtill ſhe grew;
And gradual parting is a gradual death.
'Tis the grim tyrant's engine, which extorts
By tardy† preſſure's ſtill-increaſing weight,
From hardeſt hearts, confeſſion of diſtreſs.
O the long, dark approach thro' years of pain,
Death's gall'ry! (might I dare to call it ſo)
With diſmal *doubt*, and ſable *terror*, hung;
Sick‡ *hope*'s pale lamp, its only glimm'ring ray:
There fate my melancholy walk ordain'd,
Forbid *ſelf-love* itſelf to flatter, there.
How oft I gaz'd, prophetically ſad!

* Referring to Night the Fifth.

† Series of misfortunes. ‡ Impotent in its influence.

Line 1. *She (for I know not yet her name in heaven)* The author here undoubtedly alludes to his deceaſed wife, as a third monument of his affliction. The note at the bottom of this page, in the ſmall edition of the poet's works, "* Referring to Night the Fifth," is certainly an error: The lady, that annotator alludes to, muſt be Aſpaſia, whoſe death was of no weighty concern to the author.

Line 7. *And gradual parting is a gradual death.*] This ſentiment is beautiful, and nobly expreſſed. The experience of mankind, tho' not drawn from ſuch a multiplicity of ſorrows as Dr. Young's, will ſtill furniſh inſtances of the truth of it.

Line 13. *With diſmal doubt, and ſable terror, hung.*] The picturesque is here inimitable, and the language co-incident to the nature of its ſubject. The gallery of Death is a thought as original as beautiful, and its painting peculiarly ſtriking.

How

How oft I ſaw her dead, while yet in ſmiles!
In ſmiles ſhe ſunk *her* grief, to leſſon *mine.*
She ſpoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain,
Like pow'rful armies trenching at a town,
By ſlow, and ſilent, but reſiſtleſs ſap,
In his pale progreſs gently gaining ground,
Death urg'd his deadly ſiege; in ſpite of art,
Of all the balmy bleſſings nature lends
To ſuccour frail humanity. Ye ſtars!
(Not now *firſt* made familiar to my ſight)
And thou, O moon! bear witneſs; many a night
He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
Ty'd down my ſore attention to the ſhock,
By ceaſeleſs depredations* on a life
Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful poſt
Of obſervation! darker ev'ry hour!
Leſs dread the day that drove me to the brink,
And pointed at eternity below;
When my ſoul ſhudder'd at futurity;
When, on a moment's point, th' important dye
Of life and death ſpun doubtful, ere it fell,
And turn'd up life; my title to more woe.

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* Plunder.

Line 19. *In ſmiles ſhe ſunk her grief, to leſſen mine.*] Pathetic ſentiments deſcribe a heart acquainted perfectly with the tender feelings of humanity. If we are at liberty to judge from his works, the author muſt have been converſant, not only with the diſtreſſes of misfortune, but with thoſe pointed ſorrows which are thence occaſioned to a compaſſionate mind.

Line 28. *And thou, O moon! bear witneſs.*———]

——— Vos coryli teſtes, & flumina nymphæ.

Virg. Ecl. 5. Line 21.

Line 36. *When my ſoul ſhudder'd at futurity.*] Horace's reflections on the miraculous eſcape he experienced, are ſomewhat ſimilar to thoſe of our author, tho' they contain fewer leſſons of morality.

But why more woe? More comfort let it be.
Nothing is dead, but *that* which wiſh'd to die;
Nothing is dead, but wretchedneſs and pain;
Nothing is dead, but what encumber'd, gall'd,
Block'd up the paſs, and barr'd from *real life*.
Where dwells *that* wiſh moſt ardent of the wiſe?
Too dark the Sun to ſee it; higheſt ſtars
Too low to reach it; *death*, great *death* alone,
O'er ſtars and ſun, triumphant, lands us there.
Nor dreadful our *tranſition*†; tho' the mind,
An artiſt at creating ſelf-alarms,
Rich in expedients for inquietude,
Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
Death's portrait true? The tyrant never *ſat*.
Our ſketch, all random ſtrokes, conjecture all:
Cloſe ſhuts the grave; nor tells one ſingle tale.
Death, and his Image riſing in the brain,
Bear faint reſemblance; never are alike;
*Fear** ſhakes the pencil, *fancy* loves exceſs,
Dark *ignorance* is laviſh of her ſhades;
And *theſe* the formidable picture draw.

† Paſſage. * The paſſions repreſented as perſonages.

Line 40. *But why more woe? More comfort let it be.*] Prior has a ſimilar thought in his Solomon. Indeed, on a calm reflection on the ſubjects of death and immortality, a likeneſs of ſentiment muſt inevitably occur; ſince the ground-work of our hope is equally the baſis of every writer.

Cure of the miſer's wiſh, and coward's fear,
Death only ſhews us what we knew was near.
With courage therefore view th' appointed hour;
Dread not Death's anger, but expect his power;
Nor nature's law with fruitleſs ſorrow mourn,
But die, O mortal man! for thou waſt born.

Line 55. *Cloſe ſhuts the grave; nor tells one ſingle tale.*] The concluding imagery is ſtrikingly poetical, and the picturesque view of Death, highly expreſſive of the author's critical judgment.

But

But grant the worſt; 'tis paſt, new proſpects riſe;
And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.
Far other views our contemplation claim,
Views that o'erpay the rigours of our life;
Views that ſuſpend our agonies in death.
Wrapt in the thought of *immortality*,
Wrapt in the ſingle, the triumphant thought!
Long life might lapſe†, age unperceiv'd come on;
And find the ſoul unfated with her theme.
Its *nature*, *proof*, *importance*, fire my ſong.
O that my ſong could emulate my ſoul!
Like her, immortal. No!—the ſoul diſdains
A mark ſo mean; far nobler hope inflames;
If endleſs ages can outweigh an hour,
Let not the *laurel*, but the *palm*, inſpire.
Thy *nature*, immortality! who knows?
And yet who knows it not? It is but life
In ſtronger thread of brighter colour ſpun,
And ſpun for ever; dipt by cruel fate
In *Stygian* dye, how *black*, how *brittle* here!
How‡ ſhort our correſpondence with the ſun!
And, while it laſts, inglorious! Our beſt deeds
How wanting in their weight! Our higheſt joys
Small cordials to ſupport us in our pain,
And give us ſtrength to ſuffer. But how *great*

† Proceed on its courſe.

‡ How ſhort the duration of temporal facility; or, in a ſtricter ſenſe, how ſhort the period of human life.

Line 75. *Let not the laurel, but the palm, inſpire.*] The ſuperiority of future bliſs to the preſent momentary enjoyments, is here beautifully painted in allusion to the palm. It is difficult to determine whether grandeur of thought, or dignity of morality, are more apparently excellent in the author's ſentiments.

To mingle int'reſts, converſe, amities,
With all the ſons of *reaſon*, ſcatter'd wide
Through habitable ſpace, where-ever born,
Howe'er endow'd! To live free citizens
Of univerſal nature! To lay hold
By more than feeble *faith* on the *Supreme!*
To call heav'n's rich unfathomable mines
(Mines which ſupport archangels in their ſtate)
Our own! To riſe in ſcience, as in bliſs,
Initiate* in the ſecrets of the ſkies!
To† read creation; read its mighty plan
In the bare boſom of the Deity!
The plan, and execution, to collate‡!
To ſee, before each glance of piercing thought,
All cloud, all ſhadow, blown remote; and leave
No myſtery —— but that of Love divine,
Which§ lifts us on the ſeraph's flaming wing,
From earth's *Aceldama*‖, this field of blood,
Of inward anguiſh, and of outward ill,
From darkneſs, and from duſt, to *ſuch* a ſcene!
Love's element! true joy's illuſtrious home!
From earth's ſad contraſt (now deplor'd) more fair!

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* Introduced to the knowledge of.

† To draw inferences of immortality from *things*, attain a knowledge of its plan by a primary contemplation of God's attributes.

‡ Form a comparative view.

§ Which, through the influence of a reſurrection, exalts us above this ſublunary ſphere.

‖ The Hebrew term for a field of blood.

Line 99, *To ſee, before each glance of piercing thought.*] This view of the dignity of man's nature, is truly ſublime, and impreſſes, not only its poetic beauties, but its religious tendency, with more than uſual fervour on the mind.

What

What exquiſite viciſſitude of fate!
Bleſt abſolution of our blackeſt hours!
LORENZO, theſe are thoughts that make man Man,
The wiſe illuminate, aggrandize* the great.
How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
And ev'ry moment fear to ſink beneath
The clod *we* tread; ſoon trodden by our ſons)
How great§, in the wild whirl of *time*'s purſuits,
To ſtop, and pauſe, involv'd† in high preſage,
Through the long viſto‡ of a thouſand years,
To ſtand contemplating our diſtant ſelves,
As in a magnifying mirror ſeen,
Enlarg'd, enobled, elevate, divine!
To propheſy our own futurities!
To gaze in thought on what all thought tranſcends!
To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys
As far beyond conception, as deſert,
Ourſelves th' aſtoniſh'd talkers, and the tale!

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* Exalt.

§ How great, in the inceſſant revolutions of hours, ſucceſſively following each other.

† Reflecting in our præſcient anticipation of futurity.

‡ A range of porticos

Line 114. *The clod we tread; ſoon trodden by our ſons.*] Viciſſitude of life has been a forcible argument of the author's throughout his ſyſtem of reaſoning, and no where more naturally expreſſed than in the above lines.

Line 117. *Through the long viſto of a thouſand years.*] The painting contained in this alluſion muſt meet with the admiration it juſtly merits. Its images are truly co-incident with nature and poetry; and from the union, muſt form a ſentiment highly worthy the reader's attention.

Line 125. *Ourſelves th' aſtoniſh'd talkers, and the tale!*] In how animated a view does the poet exhibit truths, which, from their dignity, claim the moſt elevated beauties of language! To the infidel, this view of immortality muſt appear a reaſoning, which all

LORENZO, ſwells thy boſom at the thought?
The ſwell becomes thee: 'tis an honeſt pride.
Revere thyſelf;—and yet thyſelf deſpiſe.
His *nature* no man can o'er-rate; and none
Can under-rate his *merit*. Take good heed;
Nor there be modeſt, where thou ſhouldſt be proud;
That almoſt univerſal error ſhun.
How *juſt* our pride, when we behold *thoſe* heights!
Not thoſe *ambition* paints in air, but thoſe
Reaſon points out, and ardent *virtue* gains;
And angels emulate; our pride how juſt!
When mount we? when theſe ſhackles caſt? when quit
This cell of the creation? this ſmall neſt,
Stuck in a corner of the univerſe,
Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-ſpun air?
Fine-ſpun to ſenſe; but groſs and feculent†
To ſouls celeſtial; ſouls ordain'd to breathe
Ambroſial‡ gales, and drink a purer ſky;

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all the aſſiſtances of irreligion cannot controvert; to the ſtedfaſt in belief, it muſt add a warmth of hope, which all the machinations of atheiſm cannot deſtroy.

Line 128. *Revere thyſelf;—and yet thyſelf deſpiſe.*] This ſentiment demands our warmeſt approbation. For the truth on which it is founded, let us appeal to reaſon and religion: The firſt, from an impartial conſcience, will furniſh us with teſtimonies; the ſecond, from its uncontrovertible veracities, will evidently prove the juſtice of our belief.

Line 132. *That almoſt univerſal error ſhun.*] How univerſal, let example teach us. Our reaſon dictates the excellencies of our frame, as well as our ſuperiority to the reſt of God's creatures. But whence ariſes that ſuperiority? Would we let reaſon ſpeak, we muſt confeſs our nature renders us more perfect, but there we're modeſt. Conceit biaſſes our judgment in favour of *merit*, and there we ſuffer the errors of pride to uſurp unlawful ſway.

† Replete with dregs.

‡ The dew of heaven, and bathe in regions more refined.

Greatly

Greatly triumphant on *time*'s farther ſhore,
Where *virtue* reigns, enrich'd with full arrears :
While *pomp imperial* begs an alms of peace.
  In empire high, or in proud ſcience deep,
Ye born of earth ! on what can you confer‡,
With half the dignity, with half the gain,
The guſt, the glow of rational delight,
As on *this* theme, which angels praiſe, and ſhare ?
Man's fates and favours are a theme in heaven.
  What wretched repetition cloys us *here !*
What periodic§ potions for the ſick !
Diſtemper'd bodies ! and diſtemper'd minds !
In an *eternity*, what ſcenes ſhall ſtrike !
Adventures thicken ! novelty ſurpriſe !
What webs of wonder ſhall unravel *there !*
What full day pour on all the paths of heaven,
And light th' Almighty's footſteps in the deep !
How ſhall the bleſſed day of our diſcharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
And ſtraiten* its inextricable maze !
  If inextinguiſhable thirſt in man
To know ; how rich, how full, our banquet *there !*
There, not the *moral* world alone unfolds ;
The world *material*, lately ſeen in ſhades,
And, in thoſe ſhades, by fragments only ſeen,

And

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‡ Converſe with your reaſon. § Daily.

* And renders the apparent difficulty of its truths equal to the conception of the moſt ignorant.

Line 147. *In empire high, or in proud ſcience deep.*] The grandeur of this addreſs is peculiarly noble ; and the concluding line of "Man's fates and favours, &c. &c." has a magnificence of thought beyond the aid of a comment.

Line 168. *And, in thoſe ſhades, by fragments only ſeen.*] The author has lengthened his period ſomewhat too far, by means of which the

And ſeen thoſe fragments by the *lab'ring* eye,
Unbroken, then, illuſtrious, and intire,
Its ample ſphere, its univerſal frame,
In full dimenſions, ſwells to the ſurvey;
And enters, at one glance, the raviſht ſight.
From ſome ſuperior point (where, who can tell?
Suffice it, 'tis a point where gods reſide)
How ſhall the ſtranger man's illumin'd eye,
In the vaſt ocean of unbounded ſpace,
Behold* an infinite of floating worlds
Divide the chryſtal waves of Ether pure,
In endleſs voyage, without port! The *leaſt*
Of theſe diſſeminated† orbs, how great!
Great as they are, what numbers Theſe ſurpaſs,
Huge‡, as *Leviathan*, to that ſmall race,
Thoſe twinkling multitudes of little life,
He ſwallows unperceiv'd! *Stupendous* Theſe!
Yet what are theſe ſtupendous to the *Whole?*
As particles, as atoms, ill perceiv'd;
As circulating globules§ in our veins;
So vaſt the plan: Fecundity‖ divine!
Exub'rant(*a*) ſource! perhaps, I wrong thee ſtill,

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the beauties of his poetry are diminiſhed. To look for perfection is an effort, as bold as it is vain; and even errors may be reckoned otherwiſe, where the unbiaſſed reader is not tied down to any peculiar ſtandard.

* Behold the progreſs of innumerable worlds, whoſe wonders, by their remote ſituation, deceive the eye, and baffle explanation.

† Minutely ſeparated.

‡ Huge, as Leviathan, to the diminutive race of watry inhabitants, whoſe ſhort-lived multitudes he imperceptibly ſwallows.

§ Particles of blood in a circular form.

‖ Source of plenty.

(*a*) Swelling with riches.

If admiration is a ſource of joy,
What tranſport hence! Yet this the leaſt in heaven,
What *this* to that illuſtrious robe *He* wears,
Who toſt this maſs of wonders from his hand,
A ſpecimen, an earneſt, of his power?
'Tis, to *that Glory*, whence all glory flows,
As the mead's meaneſt flow'ret to the ſun,
Which gave it birth. But what, this ſun of heaven?
This bliſs ſupreme of the ſupremely bleſt?
Death, only death, the queſtion can reſolve.
By death, cheap-bought th' ideas of our joy;
The *bare* ideas! Solid happineſs
So* diſtant from its ſhadow chas'd below.

* Felicity, in reality, is ſo directly oppoſite to that faint reſemblance of it, to which on earth we are ſo vainly attached.

Line 193. *What this to that illuſtrious robe He wears.*] On a critical view of the author's magnificence of thought, we allow the climax to be peculiarly poetic; and, in ſpite of the unintereſting digreſſions attending it, it prepoſſeſſes us in favour of the poet's excellence.

Line 194. *Who toſt this maſs of wonders from his hand.*] A naturally ſublime thought is here abſolutely transformed into an expreſſion of ſentiment degrading the dignity of poetry, by its appropinquity to burleſque.

Line 198. ——— *But what, this ſun of heaven?*] Dr. Young, undoubtedly, was of opinion, that from a profuſion of imagery, aroſe a peculiar beauty in poetic language; otherwiſe we ſhould hardly have met with ſuch a crowd of metaphors to confuſe our intellects within ſo moderate a limit.

Line 203. *So diſtant from its ſhadow chas'd below.*] Happineſs, as the origin from whence each hope is dared, becomes, by nature's principle, the main reſearch of our united efforts. The errors we experience, and the miſguided courſes which we ſteer, are nearly equal. Young, in a religious ſenſe, which impartiality will confeſs the only one built on a reaſonable baſis, points out a path; and Pope, in his Eſſay on Man, is equally conciſe and beautiful:

Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave;
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extremes they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well.

And

And† chaſe we ſtill the phantom thro' the fire,
O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death?
And toil we ſtill for ſublunary pay?
Defy the dangers of the field and flood,
Or, ſpider-like, ſpin out our precious All,
Our *more* than vitals ſpin (if no regard
To great futurity) in curious webs
Of ſubtle thought, and exquiſite deſign;
(Fine net-work of the brain!) to catch a fly!
The momentary buz of vain renown!
A *name*, a mortal immortality!
Or (meaner ſtill!) inſtead of graſping air,
For‡ ſordid *lucre* plunge we in the mire?
Drudge, ſweat, thro' ev'ry ſhame, for ev'ry gain,

---

† And do we ſtill purſue the expectations of an after content thro' regions of burning ſands.

‡ Submit we to the meanneſs of vice, flattery, unlawful labours, for the ſake of intereſt?

Line 212. ——— *To catch a fly!*] The ludicrous view, in which the author holds to our contemplation, a modern ramble after happineſs, renders his argument more forcibly natural, and adapted to the conception of weak, as well as bigotted capacities.

Line 214. *A name, a mortal immortality!*] The poet touches on the ambitions of mankind, as from thence they draw perſuaſive motives towards a miſtaken judgment in a reſearch for the mind's content. Shakeſpeare, whom I beg leave to quote, has, in ſentiments, perhaps as forcible as any writer on morality, expoſed the dangers as well as folly of this allurement:

> But yeſterday the word of Cæſar might
> Have ſtood againſt the world; now lies he there,
> And none ſo poor to do him reverence.
>
> Julius Cæſar.

Line 216. *For ſordid lucre plunge we in the mire?*] We meet with ſentiments, not only on a ſimilar plan, but even expreſſed nearly in the ſame terms in the foregoing pages. Young thought, it may be preſumed, that his readers could never be tired of a good thing.

For

For vile contaminating§ traſh; throw up
Our hope in heav'n, our dignity with man?
And deify the dirt, matur'd to gold?
Ambition, *Av'rice*, the two *demons* theſe,
Which goad‖ thro' ev'ry ſlough our human herd,
Hard-travell'd from the cradle to the grave.
How low the wretches ſtoop! How ſteep they climb!
Theſe *demons* burn mankind; but moſt poſſeſs
LORENZO's boſom, and turn out the ſkies.
Is it in *time* to hide *eternity?*
And why not in an atom on the ſhore,
To cover ocean? or a mote, the ſun?
Glory and *wealth!* have they this blinding power?
What if to *them* I prove LORENZO blind?
Would it ſurpriſe thee? Be thou then ſurpris'd;
Thou *neither* know'ſt: their nature learn from me.
Mark well, as foreign as *theſe ſubjects* ſeem,
What cloſe connection ties them to my theme
Firſt, what is *true* ambition? The purſuit

§ Defiling.

‖ Which ſpur our paſſions thro' the commiſſions of vice for the attainment of riches.

Line 221. *Ambition, av'rice, the two demons theſe.*] Poetic embelliſhments, when original, lay a juſtly founded claim to commendation. It cannot ſurely be refuſed, when we peruſe the energic beauties of the above, which, I think, might furniſh an inimitable plan for a moral painting.

Line 233. *Thou neither know'ſt:*——————] To draw an adverſe argument from the pleas cheriſhed in favour of the oppoſite cauſe, is a peculiar excellence, either in oratory, or ſtudied compoſition; nor can it be a ſurer ſtep towards reformation, than to be convinced of the ignorant ſyſtem on which our errors are founded.

And† chase we still the phantom thro' the fire,
O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death?
And toil we still for sublunary pay?
Defy the dangers of the field and flood,
Or, spider-like, spin out our precious All,
Our *more* than vitals spin (if no regard
To great futurity) in curious webs
Of subtle thought, and exquisite design;
(Fine net-work of the brain!) to catch a fly!
The momentary buz of vain renown!
A *name*, a mortal immortality!
Or (meaner still!) instead of grasping air,
For‡ sordid *lucre* plunge we in the mire?
Drudge, sweat, thro' ev'ry shame, for ev'ry gain,

---

† And do we still pursue the expectations of an after content thro' regions of burning sands.

‡ Submit we to the meanness of vice, flattery, unlawful labours, for the sake of interest?

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But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

Julius Cæsar.

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Of glory, nothing *leſs* than man can ſhare.
Were they as vain, as gaudy-minded man,
As flatulent* with fumes of ſelf-applauſe,
Their arts and conqueſts *animals* might boaſt,
And claim their *laurel* crowns, as well as we;
But not *celeſtial*. *Here* we ſtand *alone*;
As in our form, diſtinct, pre-eminent;
If *prone* in thought, our ſtature is our ſhame;
And man ſhould bluſh, his forehead meets the ſkies.
The† *viſible* and *preſent* are for brutes,
A ſlender portion! and a narrow bound!
Theſe *reaſon*, with an energy divine,
O'erleaps; and claims the *future* and *unſeen*;
The vaſt unſeen! the future fathomleſs!
When the great ſoul buoys‡ up to this high point,
Leaving groſs *nature*'s ſediments§ below,
Then, and then only, *Adam*'s offspring quits
The‖ ſage and hero of the fields and woods,
Aſſerts his rank, and riſes into man.
This is ambition: this is *human* fire.

Can

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* Puffed up.

† The enjoyments that extend no farther than to the momentary felicity of our preſent appetites, are for brutes.

‡ Is exalted. § Inferiority of ſituation.

‖ Is exalted on a contemplation of his ſuperiority above the wiſdom and courage of the brute creation.

Line 240. *Their arts and conqueſts animals might boaſt.*] And aſſuredly on the moſt juſtly authoriſed grounds. The innate ſagacity of the elephant, the peculiar excellence in national diſtributions which we view in the ant, the uncultivated powers of other animals, are all arguments in defence of their natural qualifications for worldly intereſt. Man only is ſuperior by his inheritance to heaven.

Line 257. *This is ambition: this is human fire.*] But how to reconcile it with an earthly mind?——"Hic labor, hoc opus eſt."

Its

Can *parts* or *place* (two bold pretenders!) make
LORENZO great, and pluck him from the throng?
Genius and *art*, ambition's boasted wings,
Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid!
Dedalian engin'ry! If these alone
Assist our flight, *fame*'s* flight is *glory*'s fall.
Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
A celebrated wretch when I behold,
When I behold a genius bright, and base,
Of tow'ring talents, and terrestrial aims;
Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
With rubbish mixt, and glitt'ring in the dust.
Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight,
At once *compassion* soft, and *envy*, rise——

Its truth is universally confessed; but still we ask an argument more humbly calculated for our reflection. The assured certainty of this pursuit, and the almost inevitable uncertainties of every other, are, I think, the most forcible that remain to be deduced:

Ambition is at distance
A goodly prospect, &c.——
But we ne'er think how sandy's the foundation;
What storms will batter, and what tempests shake it.
Otway's Venice Preserv'd.

Line 261. *Dedalian engin'ry!*——] The impotency of the wings of Dedalus, when attacked by the sun's superior beams, is a story which the most juvenile reader of Ovid can explain. Our author's allusion is agreeably natural, and, in many respects, experimentally verified.

* The exalted honours of ambition become the first step towards the diminution of real glory.

But wherefore envy? Talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are ſhining inſtruments
In falſe ambition's hand, to finiſh faults
Illuſtrious, and give infamy renown.
Great *ill* is an atchievement of great *powers*.
Plain ſenſe but rarely leads us far aſtray.
Reaſon† the means, *affections* chuſe our end;
Means have no merit, if our end amiſs.
If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain;
What is a PELHAM's head, to PELHAM's heart?
Hearts‡ are proprietors of all applauſe.
Right ends, *and* means, make wiſdom: worldly-wiſe
Is but *half*-witted, at its higheſt praiſe.
Let *genius* then deſpair to make thee great;
Nor flatter *ſtation*: what is ſtation high?
'Tis a proud mendicant*; it boaſts, and begs;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,

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† The natural bent of our paſſions chuſes out the boundary where to fix our wiſhes; and the guidance of reaſon only directs the means of furniſhing them.

‡ However politically oppoſite to our reaſonings may be the bent of a man's national plan, ſtill, if he inherits an innate benevolence of heart, applauſe muſt inevitably be a conſequent tribute.

* Beggar.

Line 273. ——————*Talents angel-bright*]
Horace's ——— Paulum ſepulta
Diſtat in ſtia, celata virtus,
Is a ſentiment ſomething ſimilar, tho' placed by Young in a more extenſive view.—The "giving infamy renown," is a truth the lamentable degeneracy of man will teſtify; ſince the moſt ſhining talents are ſo frequently devoted to the leaſt virtuous purpoſes.

Line 278. *Plain ſenſe but rarely leads us far aſtray.*] Is an encouraging commendation ſhe greatly ſtands in need of, ſince, unhappily, ſhe at preſent is almoſt baniſhed her favourite country.

And

And oft the throng denies its charity. |
Monarchs, and miniſters, are awful names;
Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir†.
Religion, public order, both exact
External homage, and a ſupple knee,
To beings pompouſly ſet up, to ſerve
The meaneſt ſlave; *all more* is merit's due,
Her ſacred and inviolable right;
Nor ever paid the *monarch*, but the *man*.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to ſuperior *worth*;
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there. —
Fools, indeed, drop the *man* in their account,
And‡ vote the *mantle* into majeſty.
Let the *ſmall ſavage* boaſt his ſilver fur;
His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
His *own*, deſcending fairly from his ſires.
Shall man be proud to wear *his* livery,
And§ ſouls in *ermin* ſcorn a ſoul without?
Can *place* or leſſen us, or aggrandize? —

† Reſpectful homage.

‡ And from the outward *Inſignia* of an office, reſpect their wearer.

§ And mortal man in office, ſcorns him undignified with local honours.

Line 299. *Our hearts ne'er bow but to ſuperior worth.*] The veracity of this ſentiment is ſtrikingly apparent in the general, tho' ſecret, murmurs of mankind, when tyranny uſurps unlawful ſway, and binds external devoirs to its obedience. If, in any reſpect, there be a truth in "vox populi, vox dei," it is in that ſilent diſapprobation which is innate in man's nature againſt oppreſſion.

Line 303. *Let the ſmall ſavage boaſt his ſilver fur.*] In proportion to Young's enthuſiaſtic exaltation of real piety and merit, are his poetical degradations of falſe glories; and, in the alluſions which he has recourſe to, we view a natural ſimplicity, and ſtrength of argument, peculiarly ſtriking.

Pygmies are pygmies ſtill, tho' percht on *Alps*;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own ſtature, builds himſelf;
Virtue alone out-builds the *pyramids*;
Her monuments ſhall laſt, when *Egypt*'s fall.
Of theſe ſure truths doſt thou demand the cauſe?
The cauſe is lodg'd in *immortality*.
Hear, and aſſent. Thy boſom burns for power;
What ſtation charms thee? I'll inſtall thee there;
'Tis thine. And art thou greater than *before*?
Then thou before waſt ſomething *leſs* than man.
Has thy new poſt betray'd thee into pride?
That treach'rous pride betrays thy dignity;
That pride defames humanity, and calls
The being mean, which *ſtaffs* or *ſtrings* can raiſe.
That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkneſs ſoars,
From blindneſs bold, and tow'ring to the ſkies.
'Tis born of *ignorance*, which knows not man:
An angel's ſecond; nor his ſecond, long.
A NERO quitting his imperial throne,
And courting glory from the tinkling ſtring,
But faintly ſhadows an immortal ſoul,
With empire's ſelf, to pride, or rapture, fir'd.
If nobler motives miniſter no cure,

Line 309. *Pygmies are pygmies ſtill, tho' percht on Alps.*] How prettily does the author preſent to our conſideration, the beauties of his poetry; whilſt, at the ſame time, he commands attention, by enforcing the moſt moral and ſublime inſtruction.

Line 319. *Then thou before waſt ſomething leſs than man.*] The doctor evidently poſſeſſed, in private converſation, the true *ſalt* of ſatire and reproof, ſince his arguments are ſo ſtrongly tinctured with ſeverity of pleading.

Ev'n

Ev'n vanity forbids thee to be vain.
High worth is elevated place: 'tis more;
It makes the poſt ſtand candidate for Thee;
Makes more than monarchs, makes an honeſt man;
Tho' no *exchequer* it commands, 'tis wealth:
And tho' it wears no *ribband*, 'tis renown;
Renown, that would not quit thee, tho' diſgrac'd,
Nor leave thee pendent on a maſter's ſmile.
Other ambition *nature* interdicts‖;
Nature proclaims it moſt abſurd in man,
By pointing at his origin, and end;
Milk, and a ſwathe *at firſt*, his whole demand;
His whole domain*, *at laſt*, a turf or ſtone;
To whom, *between*, a world may ſeem too ſmall.
Souls *truly* great dart forward on the wing
Of *juſt* ambition, to the grand reſult,
The† curtain's fall; *there*, ſee the buckſkin'd chief
Unſhod behind this momentary ſcene;
Reduc'd to his own ſtature, low or high,

‖ Forbids. * Empire.

† The cloſe of life, there ſee the royal monarch, bereft of all his honours, and in the dark retirement of death, diſmantled of his pomp.

Line 333. *Ev'n vanity forbids thee to be vain.*] Since to err with conſcience is equally a wound to our vanity, as well as morality, it can by no means receive the ſmalleſt degree of approbation. The author therefore appeals to the moſt predominant paſſions, as an incentive towards the paths of modeſty.

Line 346. *To whom, between, a world may ſeem too ſmall.*] Tho' the final progreſs of our ambition has been beautifully painted in ſeveral foregoing lines, we no where meet with ſo conciſe a ſummary of man's entrance and exit; and ſince ſo peculiar an humility is the object of each, how mad muſt be the intermediate reſearches when loſt to reaſon?

As vice, or virtue, ſinks him, or ſublimes;
And laugh at this fantaſtic mummery,
This antic prelude of groteſque events,
Where dwarfs are often ſtilted, and betray
A littleneſs of ſoul by worlds o'er-run,
And nations laid in blood. Dread ſacrifice
To *chriſtian* pride! which had with horror ſhockt
The darkeſt *pagans*, offer'd to their gods.
O Thou *moſt chriſtian* enemy to peace!
Again in arms? again provoking fate?
That prince, and That alone, is truly great,
Who draws the ſword reluctant, gladly ſheaths;
On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
And makes his throne a ſcaffold to the ſkies
Why *this* ſo rare? becauſe forgot of all
The day of death; that venerable day,
Which ſits as judge; that day, which ſhall pronounce
On all our days, abſolve them, or condemn.
LORENZO, never ſhut thy thought againſt it;
Be *levees* ne'er ſo full, afford it room,
And give it audience in the *cabinet*.
That friend conſulted, flatteries apart,
Will tell thee fair, if thou art great, or mean.

Line 352. *As vice, or virtue, ſinks him, or ſublimes.*] I do not recollect to have met with the latter verb, even in poetic flights; but as that ſcience demands peculiar licence, and the idea it contains is clear, we have no cauſe to diſpute the coinage.

Line 362. *That prince, and That alone, is truly great.*] The elegance of this ſentiment, and the natural fervour of its expreſſion, unite to ſtamp the poet's rectitude of judgment forcibly on our minds. Maſon, in his Caractacus, has ſome lines on the ſubject of with-holding vengeance, inexpreſſibly beautiful; but Young's conciſe view of a prince's merits, is, I think, allowing for a difference of ſtile, equally pleaſing.

To

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,
Is That *ambition?* Then let flames *deſcend*,
Point to the centre their inverted* ſpires,
And learn humiliation from a ſoul,
Which boaſt her lineage from celeſtial fire.
Yet *theſe* are they, the world pronounces wiſe.
The world, which cancels nature's right and wrong,
And caſts *new* wiſdom: Ev'n the grave man lends
His ſolemn face, to countenance the coin.
Wiſdom for parts is madneſs for the whole.
This ſtamps the paradox, and gives us leave
To call the wiſeſt weak, the richeſt poor,
The moſt ambitious, unambitious, mean;
In triumph, mean; and abject, on a throne.
Nothing can make it leſs than mad in man,
To put forth all his ardor, all his art,
And give his ſoul her full unbounded flight,
But reaching *Him*, who gave her wings to fly.
When blind ambition quite miſtakes her road,
And downward pores, for that which ſhines above,
Subſtantial happineſs, and true renown;
Then, like an idiot gazing on the brook,

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* Deſcending flames.

Line 376. ——————*Then let flames deſcend.*] The thought is truly ſublime, and, on a circumſpect examination, will be found to anſwer every attack of criticiſm.

Line 392. *But reaching Him, who gave her wings to fly.*] Repetitions of the ſame ſentiment, tho' an infringement of the laws of poetry, and often of common ſenſe, yet, on the ſubject of man's ambition, rather keep the mind awake to a taſte of its ſalutary leſſons, than otherwiſe. "Non ego paucis offendar maculis," ſhould be an indulgence readily granted by a candid reader to an excellent poet.

We leap at ſtars, and faſten in the mud;
At glory graſp, and ſink in infamy.
Ambition! pow'rful ſource of good and ill!
Thy ſtrength in man, like length of wing in birds,
When diſengag'd from earth, with greater eaſe,
And ſwifter flight, tranſports us to the ſkies:
By toys entangled, or in guilt bemir'd,
It turns a curſe; it is our chain, and ſcourge,
In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie,
Cloſe-grated* by the ſordid bars of *ſenſe*;
All proſpect of eternity ſhut out;
And, but for *execution*†, ne'er ſet free.
With error in *ambition* juſtly charg'd,
Find we LORENZO wiſer in his *wealth?*
What if thy rental I reform? and draw

---

* In abject confinement to the baſe indulgence of our paſſions.

† Deliverance by Death from the priſons of life.

Line 397. *We leap at ſtars, and faſten in the mud.*] What malevolent, or, which is perhaps an apter epithet, what ignorant critic will diſallow the beauty of this alluſion. Where ſublimity demands it, the author's genius ſoars above repreſenſion; but in a tranquil examination of plain truths, the images are humble, natural, and pleaſing.

Line 400. *Thy ſtrength in man, like length of wing in birds.*] The compariſon of ambition to a bird is nearly thread-bare, by the ſo frequent introduction of it in the works of moral, as well as poetical writers. The peculiar method in which Young enlarges on the alluſion, renders its idea novel to the reader, and conſequently may claim an equal commendation with originality.

Line 408. *And, but for execution, ne'er ſet free.*] There is an incongruity of ſimilitude when we view this ſentiment in a moral ſenſe, which greatly diminiſhes the merit, which, as poetical, the thought might claim. The metaphorical images may be ſaid, with juſtice, to be equal with the ſubject; but the origin from whence they take their courſe, is incorrect, and the ſtream, in conſequence, polluted with error.

An inventory *new* to ſet thee right?
Where, thy *true* treaſure? Gold ſays, "Not in me:"*
And, "Not in me," the di'mond. Gold is poor;
India's inſolvent‡: ſeek it in thyſelf,
Seek in thy naked ſelf, and find it there;
In *being* ſo deſcended, form'd, endow'd;
Sky-born§, ſky-guided, ſky-returning race!
Erect, immortal, rational, divine!
In *ſenſes*, which inherit earth, and heavens;
Enjoy the various riches *nature* yields;
Far nobler! *give* the riches they enjoy;
Give taſte to fruits; and harmony to groves;
Their radient beams to gold, and gold's bright Sire;
Take in, at once, the landſcape of the world,
At a ſmall inlet, which a grain might cloſe,
And half create the wond'rous world they ſee.
Our *ſenſes*, as our *reaſon*, are divine.
But for the magic organ's pow'rful charm,
Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos, ſtill.
*Objects** are but th' occaſion; ours th' *exploit*;
Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
Which nature's admirable picture draws;
And beautifies creation's ample dome.
Like *Milton*'s *Eve*, when gazing on the lake,
Man

‡ Plung'd in debt.

§ Of heavenly origin, directed by a heavenly ſpirit, and allotted to a ſeat in the celeſtial regions.

* The face of nature is but as a canvas, where we figure the images of ſpontaneous fancy.

Line 418. *Sky-born, ſky-guided, ſky-returning race.*] Is a puerile diſgrace to the delicacy, as well as the ſublimity of the poetry.

Line 435. *Like Milton's Eve, when gazing on the lake.*]

——And laid me down

On

Man makes the matchleſs image, man admires.
Say then, ſhall man, his thoughts all ſent abroad,
Superior wonders in himſelf forgot,
His admiration waſte on objects round,
When heav'n makes him the ſoul of all he ſees? 440
Abſurd! not rare! ſo great, ſo mean, is man.
What wealth in *ſenſes* ſuch as theſe! what wealth
In *fancy*, fir'd to form a fairer ſcene
Than *ſenſe* ſurveys! in *mem'ry*'s firm record,
Which, ſhould it periſh, could this world recall
From the dark ſhadows of o'erwhelming years! 446
In colours freſh, originally bright,
Preſerve its portrait, and report its fate!
What wealth in *intellect*†, that ſov'reign power!
Which *ſenſe*, and *fancy*, ſummons to the bar; 450
Interrogates, approves, or reprehends*;

On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me ſeem'd another ſky.
As I bent down to look, juſt oppoſite
A ſhape within the watry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me.———

Book IV. Line 453.

Line 441. *Abſurd! not rare! ſo great, ſo mean, is man.*] In the foregoing lines there appears a ſyſtem of reaſoning, ſomething beyond either poetry or natural comprehenſion, in regard to its ſentiments, and which, in ſhort, highly deſerves the appellation of bombaſt. "Humanum eſt errare," is a proverb verified in Young's example.

Line 443. *In fancy, fir'd to form a fairer ſcene.*] The ſtudied labour, evident in this line, to form, I preſume, an eccho to the ſenſe, which, begging the author's pardon, was an uſeleſs effort, diſguſts us with the diſagreeable ſameneſs of the ſound. Dr. Young, ſays the ingenious Mr. Keard, doubtleſs, took the hint from the majeſtic ſpeech of Gog, in an ancient work, intituled, Jack, the Giant-Killer, Fi, fa, fum, &c. &c. &c.

† Reaſon, Underſtanding. * Condemns.

And

And† from the maſs thoſe *underlings* import,
From their materials ſifted, and refin'd,
And in *truth*'s balance accurately weigh'd,
Forms *art*, and *ſcience*, *government*, and *law*;
The ſolid baſis, and the beauteous frame,
The vitals, and the grace of *civil* life!
And *manners* (ſad exception!) ſet aſide,
Strikes out, with maſter-hand, a copy fair
Of *his* idea, whoſe indulgent thought
Long, long, ere chaos teem'd, plann'd, *human* bliſs.
What *wealth* in ſouls that ſoar, dive, range around,
Diſdaining limit, or from place, or time;
And hear at once, in thought extenſive, hear
Th' almighty *fiat**, and the *trumpet*'s *ſound!*
Bold, on creation's outſide walk, and view
What was, and is, and *more* than e'er ſhall be;
Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
Creations new in fancy's field to riſe!
Souls, that can graſp whate'er th' Almighty made.
And wander wild, through things impoſſible!
What *wealth*, in *faculties* of endleſs growth,

† And from the confuſed heap imported by theſe inferior beings.

* The omnipotent command, in obedience to which aroſe the origin of creation.

Line 462. *What wealth in ſouls that ſoar, dive, range around.*] It muſt be owned, this idea does not ſtrike us with that grandeur uſual in the author's reflections on the ſoul. The action given to that immortal flame of reaſon, is not only trivial, but an apparent miſtake of bombaſt for real ſublimity.

Line 471. *And wander wild, thro' things impoſſible!*] The attributes which Young at preſent crowds on the ſoul, I cannot ſay dignifies, are as fanciful as the fancy he repreſents. A reader, unbiaſſed in his ſentiments, will allow him, in theſe pages, loſt in enthuſiaſm; tho' we now and then perceive a more than glimmering ſpark of his wonted ſplendor.

In quenchleſs *paſſions* violent to crave,
In *liberty* to chuſe, in *pow'r* to reach,
And in *duration* (how thy riches riſe!)
Duration to *perpetuate* —— boundleſs bliſs!
Aſk you, what *pow'r* reſides in feeble man
That bliſs to gain? Is *virtue's*, then, unknown?
Virtue, our preſent peace, our future prize.
Man's unprecarious†, natural eſtate,
Improveable at will, in virtue lies;
Its tenure‡ ſure; its income is divine.
High-built abundance, heap on heap! for what?
To breed new wants, and beggar us the more;
Then, make a richer ſcramble for the throng?
Soon as this feeble pulſe, which leaps ſo long
Almoſt by miricle, is tir'd with play,
Like rubbiſh from diſploding* engines thrown,
Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly;
Fly diverſe; fly to foreigners, to foes;
New maſters court, and call the former fool
(How juſtly!) for dependence on their ſtay.
Wide ſcatter, firſt, our play-things, then, our duſt.
Doſt court abundance for the ſake of peace?
Learn, and lament thy ſelf-defeated ſcheme:

† Without ſubjection to viciſſitudes.

‡ The inheritance of virtue is a bleſſing offered to the meaneſt: Its conſequent productions are a fund of riches inexhauſtible.

* Emitting their contents.

Line 473. *In quenchleſs paſſions violent to crave.*] His paſſions are, I think, too indelicately pictured, to take their riſe from a ſoul devoted to a contemplation of its dignity. Prior, in his Solomon, addreſſes the ſoul in a much milder ſtrain,

Be thy affections undiſturb'd and clear,
Guided to what may great or good appear,
And try if life be worth the liver's care.

Riches

Riches enable to be richer ſtill;
And, *richer-ſtill*, what mortal can reſiſt?
Thus wealth† (a cruel taſk-maſter!) injoins
New toils, ſucceeding toils, an endleſs train!
And murders peace, which taught it firſt to ſhine.
The poor are *half* as wretched as the rich;
Whoſe proud and painful privilege it is,
At once, to bear a double load of woe;
To feel the ſtings of *envy*, and of *want*,
Outrageous want! both *Indies* cannot cure.
A competence‡ is vital to content.
Much wealth is corpulence, if not diſeaſe;
Sick, or incumber'd, is our happineſs.
A *competence* is all we can *enjoy*.
O be content, where heav'n can give no more!
More, like a flaſh of water from a lock,
Quickens our ſpirit's movement for an hour;

† An inanimate being perſonified. ‡ Sufficiency.

Line 497. *And, richer ſtill, what mortal can reſiſt?*] Ancient and modern writers are perfectly agreed in a ſentiment, which hardly admits of one exception throughout the variety of diſpoſitions in mankind. Juvenal's

Creſcit amor nummi, quantum ipſa pecunia creſcit,

Points out the omnipotence of gold, which, in this æra, alſo is equally undiſputed; and Virgil breaks out into a reflection of its baleful influence,

——In quæ mortalia pectora cogis
Auri ſacra fames!

Line 509. *A competence is all we can enjoy.*] Is an excellent, and, from natural experience, a true ſentiment.

Line 511. *More, like a flaſh of water from a lock.*] Tho' there appears an aptneſs in the ſimilitude, we cannot judge it a poetical beauty. The thought wants delicacy, and where ſo main an aſſiſtant is denied, there muſt be candidly allowed a deficiency in the examination of the whole.

But ſoon its force is ſpent, nor riſe our joys
Above our native temper's common ſtream.
Hence diſappointment lurks in ev'ry prize,
As bees in flow'rs; and ſtings us with ſucceſs.
The rich man, who denies it, proudly feigns;
Nor knows the wiſe are privy to the lye.
Much learning ſhews how little mortals *know*;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can *enjoy*:
At beſt, it babies us with endleſs toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to duſt.
As monkies at a mirror ſtand amaz'd,
They fail to find, what they ſo plainly ſee;
Thus men, in ſhining riches, ſee the face
Of happineſs, nor know it is a ſhade;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wiſh, and wonder it is abſent ſtill.
How few can reſcue opulence from want!
Who* lives to *nature*, rarely can be poor;
Who lives to *fancy*, never can be rich.
Poor is the man in debt; the man of gold,

---

* Who in his purſuits retains his ambition within the competent bounds of nature, rarely can be poor.

Line 516. *As bees in flow'rs; and ſtings us with ſucceſs.*] The thought is pleaſing, and ſtrikingly expreſſive of the ſentiment it contains.

Line 528. *And wiſh, and wonder it is abſent ſtill.*] Man's incontrovertible ſubjection to the frequent deceptions ariſing from every individual reſearch in human life, is a truth ſo well experienced, that an inſtance of it impreſſes rather the idea of ſorrow than ſurpriſe. The picturesque view in which Young exhibits its effect, when cauſed by folly, is excellently painted, and naturally coloured.—The awkward ſituation of man in his ſurpriſe, allows for the compariſon to a monkey, which might otherwiſe ſerve as food for a critic.

In debt to *fortune*, trembles at her power.
The man of *reaſon* ſmiles at her and death.
O what a patrimony† this! A *being*
Of ſuch inherent‡ ſtrength and majeſty,
Not worlds poſſeſt can raiſe it; worlds deſtroy'd
Can't injure; which holds on its glorious courſe,
When thine, O *nature!* ends; too bleſt to mourn
Creation's obſequies§. What treaſure, *this!*
The *monarch* is a beggar to the man.
Immortal! ages paſt, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
Unſhorten'd by progreſſion* infinite!
Futurity for ever future! Life
Beginning ſtill, where computation ends!

---

† Inheritance. ‡ Innate. § Return to Chaos.
* Advancement.

Line 535. ——————*A being.*] Horace, on the ſubject of man's dignity, when the peculiar votary of moral, benevolent, and honeſt ſentiments, has thoughts ſomewhat ſimilar, and expreſſive of the veneration he paid to a ſtrict adherence in virtue, however oppoſite the tenor of his life, in ſome reſpects, might prove:

Juſtum & tenacem propoſiti virum
&c, &c.——————

Nec fulminantis magna jovis manus.
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

Book III. Ode 3. Line 1.

Line 543. *Morn without eve! a race without a goal!*] The variety of enraptured breaks, which the author crowds together on this enthuſiaſtic recollection of immortality, are ſomewhat inconſiſtent with moderation; and, even allowing for the ſuper-abundant flow of Young's imagination, have not an agreeable effect. Their moral truths, however, ſpite of criticiſm, are admirable.

'Tis

'Tis the deſcription of a *Deity*‖!
'Tis the deſcription of the *meaneſt ſlave*:
The meaneſt ſlave dares then LORENZO ſcorn?
The meaneſt ſlave thy *ſov'reign* glory ſhares.
Proud youth, faſtidious‡ of the *lower* world!
Man's *lawful* pride includes humility;
Stoops to the loweſt; is too great to find
Inferiors; all immortal! brothers all!
Proprietors *eternal* of thy love§.
Immortal! what can ſtrike the *ſenſe* ſo ſtrong,
As this the *ſoul?* It thunders to the thought;
Reaſon amazes; *gratitude* o'erwhelms;
No more we ſlumber on the brink of fate;
Rous'd at the ſound, th' exulting ſoul aſcends,
And breathes her native air, an air* that feeds
Ambitions high, and fans ethereal fires;
Quick kindles all that is divine within us;
Nor leaves one loit'ring thought beneath the ſtars.
Has not LORENZO's boſom caught the flame?
Immortal! Were but *one* immortal, how
Would others envy! how would thrones adore!
Becauſe 'tis common, is the bleſſing loſt?

How

‖ A path, like this, leads to immortality. A path, like this, may be purſued by the pooreſt individual.

‡ Vainly attached.

§ In their immortal exiſtence, bleſt with the ineſtimable enjoyment of mutual affections.

* A climate, whoſe beauties are known only to the morally ambitious, which breathes increaſing enthuſiaſm on the flame of piety.

Line 568. *Becauſe 'tis common, is the bleſſing loſt?*] We are too apt to undervalue the enjoyment of a celeſtial prerogative, in our reflections on the real eſtimate of immortality; but from that mind which

How *this* ties up the bounteous hand of heaven!
O vain, vain, vain, all elſe! *Eternity!*
A glorious, and a *needful* refuge, *that*,
From vile impriſonment, in abject views.
'Tis *immortality*, 'tis that alone,
Amid life's *pains*, *abaſements*, *emptineſs*,
The ſoul can *comfort*, *elevate*, and *fill*.
That only, and that amply, this performs;
Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above;
Their terror *thoſe*; and *theſe* their luſtre loſe;
Eternity depending covers* all;
Eternity depending all atchieves;
Sets earth at diſtance; caſts her into ſhades;
Blends her diſtinctions, abrogates† her pow'rs;
The low, the lofty, joyous, and ſevere,
Fortune's dread frowns, and faſcinating‡ ſmiles,
Make one promiſcuous and neglected heap,
The man beneath; if I may call him man,
Whom *Immortality*'s full force inſpires.

---

which is not totally loſt to modeſty, let us for a moment aſk from whence ariſes that momentous error. Is it from incredulity? The ſect of diſbelievers are, at this æra, ſo diminiſhed, that we are anſwered in the negative. Is it from too great facility of acquiſition? Experience, while it affirms the truth, affims our guil in ſtrongeſt terms.

Line 572. *From vile impriſonment, in abject views.*] Had the author concluded his remark, without introducing the thought of *abject views*, his ſentiment would have been more poetically, and more intelligibly conciſe. He, doubtleſs, alluded to the meanneſs of our reſearches, on a comparative view with thoſe of eternity; but the meaning is ſo lamely expreſſed, that it had been with much more propriety, omitted.

* Baniſhes our fears. † Annuls, deſtroys.

‡ Bewitching, enſnaring.

Nothing

Nothing terreſtrial touches his high thought;
Suns§ ſhine unſeen, and thunders roll unheard,
By minds quite conſcious of their high deſcent,
Their preſent province, and their future prize;
Divinely darting upward ev'ry wiſh,
W'arm on the wing, in glorious *abſence* loſt.
Doubt you this truth? Why labours your belief?
If earth's whole orb, by ſome due-diſtant eye
Were ſeen at once, her tow'ring *Alps** would ſink,
And levell'd *Atlas*† leave an even ſphere.
Thus *earth*, and all that earthly minds admire,
Is ſwallow'd in *eternity*'s vaſt round.
To that ſtupendous view, when ſouls awake,
So large of late, ſo mountainous to man,
Time's toys ſubſide; and *equal* all below.
Enthuſiaſtic, this? Then all are weak,
But rank enthuſiaſts. To this godlike height
Some ſouls have ſoar'd; or martyrs ne'er had bled.
And all *may* do, what has by *man* been done.
Who, beaten by theſe ſublunary ſtorms,
Boundleſs, interminable‡ joys can weigh‖,
Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd?

---

§ The profperity of fortune aud her frowns are equally diſregarded.

* Mountains on the borders of Italy, dividing that country from France.

† A mountain in Sicily. ‡ Unlimited.

‖ Can view them comparatively with the eternal bleſſings of immortality?

Line 589. *Suns ſhine unſeen, and thunders roll unheard.*] Is little more than a reperition of the 537th line.

Line 602. *Time's toys ſubſide; and equal all below.*] A very lame thought, more lamely expreſſed. The author, without doubt, intended *equal*, as expreſſing the nature of ſublunary views, which were ſo hugely *large* before.

What

What ſlave *unbleſt*, who from to-morrow's dawn
Expects an empire? He forgets his chain,
And, thron'd in thought, his *abſent* ſceptre waves.
And what a ſceptre waits us! what a throne!
Her own immenſe appointments to compute,
Or comprehend her high prerogatives,
In‡ this her dark minority, how toils,
How vainly pants, the human ſoul divine!
Too great the bounty ſeems for earthly joy;
What heart but *trembles* at ſo ſtrange a bliſs!
In ſpite of all the truths the muſe has ſung,
Ne'er to be priz'd enough! enough revolv'd!
Are there, who wrap the world ſo cloſe about them,
They ſee no farther than the clouds; and dance
On heedleſs vanity's phantaſtic§ toe,
Till‖, ſtumbling at a ſtraw, in their career,
Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and ſong?
Are there, LORENZO? is it poſſible?
Are there on earth (let me not call them men)

---

‡ During our reſidence in this lower ſphere.

§ Whimſical. ‖ Caught by the unexpected hand of Death.

Line 610. *What ſlave unbleſt, who from to-morrow's dawn.*] The ſimilitude is peculiarly pleaſing, and conveys as natural an idea as poſſible of the ineſtimable value which a liberal and religious mind conceives of immortality. Enthuſiaſtic ideas of that momentous bleſſing, when confined within the limits of a Young, are emblems of an unfeigned piety, however inconſiſtent may be their expreſſions when tranſmitted to a public peruſal.

Line 620. *In ſpite of all the truths the muſe has ſung.*] And really on a capitulation, quite ſufficient. The uſual error of the poet is once again apparent; and, had not his diſintereſted views been very well known, one might have ſuſpected he was paid by the page.

Who

Who lodge a ſoul immortal in their breaſts;
Unconſcious as the mountain of its ore;
Or rock, of its ineſtimable gem?
When rocks ſhall melt, and mountains vaniſh, *theſe*
Shall know their treaſure; treaſure, *then*, no more.
Are there (ſtill more amazing!) who reſiſt
The riſing thought? who ſmother, in its birth,
The glorious truth? who ſtruggle to be brutes?
Who* thro' this boſom-barrier burſt their way?
And, with reverſt ambition, ſtrive to ſink?
Who labour downwards thro' th' oppoſing pow'rs
Of inſtinct†, reaſon, and the world againſt them,
To diſmal hopes, and ſhelter in the ſhock
Of endleſs night? night darker than the grave's?
Who fight the proofs of immortality?
With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,
Work all their engines, level their black fires,
To blot from man *this* attribute divine,
(Than vital blood far dearer to the wiſe)
Blaſphemers, and rank atheiſts to *themſelves*?
To contradict them, ſee all nature riſe!

---

* Who act in a direct and rebellious oppoſition to the natural dictates of a human conſcience.

† Natural conceptions.

Line 645. *Work all their engines, level their black fires.*] The fatal encouragement given to diſputation and uſeleſs controverſies on the ſubject of religion, is ſo public in its influence, that the malicious incendiaries of purity in ſentiment are put to a rigid teſt, when they would attempt to deny the aſſertion. Private intereſt, the folly of ſuperſtition, and diſregard to morality, are the three ſources from whence ariſe the baleful ſtreams of impious ſentiment, whoſe firſt grand object is to eradicate all thoughts of an eternity.

What object, what event, the moon beneath,
But argues, or endears, an after-ſcene?
To *reaſon* proves, or weds it to *deſire?*
All things proclaim it *needful*; ſome advance
One precious ſtep beyond, and prove it *ſure.*
A thouſand arguments ſwarm round my pen,
From *heav'n*, and *earth*, and *man.* Indulge a few,
By nature, as her *common habit*, worn;
So *preſſing* Providence a truth to teach,
Which truth untaught, all other truths were vain.
Thou! whoſe all-providential eye ſurveys,
Whoſe hand directs, whoſe ſpirit fills and warms
Creation, and holds empire far beyond!
Eternity's inhabitant auguſt!

Line 656. *From heav'n, and earth, and man.*] Solidity in reaſoning, added to the flowers of poetry, conſtitute a leſſon of fancy and morality, worthy the heart-felt approbation of a critic and a chriſtian. The borrowed machinery of an epic poem, may, like a beauty arrayed in all the colours of the rainbow, but deſtitute of modeſty, charm at a diſtant view; but when comparatively ſeen with placid counſels, delicacy of ſentiment, and amiable truths, its luſtre fades, and we devote the laurel to the latter.

Line 660. *Thou! whoſe all-providential eye ſurveys.*] If energy of expreſſion, joined to inimitable magnificence of thought, can render an addreſs to the Deity, any ways conſiſtent with the dignity of language, we cannot fail being pleaſed. The effuſions of ſublimity which profane writers directed, either in proſe or poetry, to the unknown Being, of whoſe providence they were conſcious, have not that grandeur which ſhines in the works of modern compoſers. Our countrymen are, I think, peculiarly animated on this ſubject; neither is the French language, tho' ill qualified for ſublimity, greatly deficient. One addreſs particularly, whoſe author I forget, but which our readers have undoubtedly met with, is beautiful:

Grand Dieu, tes jugemens ſont remplis d'equité
Toujours tu prens, &c. &c. &c.

Of two eternities amazing Lord!
One paſt, ere man's, or angel's, had begun;
Aid! while I reſcue from the foe's aſſault,
Thy glorious immortality in *man:*
A theme for ever, and for all, of weight,
Of moment infinite! but reliſht moſt
By thoſe, who love Thee moſt, who moſt adore.
Nature, thy daughter, ever-changing* birth
Of Thee the Great *Immutable*†, to man
Speaks wiſdom; is his oracle ſupreme;
And he who moſt conſults her, is moſt wiſe.
LORENZO, to this heav'nly *Delphos* haſte;
And come back all-immortal; all divine:
Look nature through, 'tis *revolution* all;
All change, no death. Day follows night; and night
The dying day; ſtars riſe, and ſet, and riſe;

---

* Who, in all her various forms, is expreſſive of God's benignity and omnipotence.

† Unchangeable.

Line 674. *And he who moſt conſults her, is moſt wiſe.*] In proving the guardian protection of providence, nature ſpeaks loudly; neither does ſhe need a very minute inſpection. Her truths, drawn from a ſource, whoſe purity the moſt licentious can't deny, ſpeak forcibly; nor can they be diſregarded by the man whoſe conſcience may receive a calm and placid reflection from her leſſons.

Line 675. *Lorenzo, to this heav'nly Delphos haſte.*] 'Twas from thence that the oracles of Apollo were delivered. The alluſion is poetical, tho', from the ambiguity of *their* inſtruction, they cannot ſtrictly be compared to thoſe of nature.

Line 678. ——————*Day follows night; and night.*]

Truditur dies die,
Novæque pergunt interire lunæ.

Hor. Lib. II. Ode 18.

Earth

Earth takes th' example. See, the *Summer* gay,
With her green chaplet‡, and ambroſial§ flowers,
Droops into pallid* *Autumn*: *Winter* grey,
Horrid with froſt, and turbulent† with ſtorm,
Blows *Autumn*, and his golden fruits, away:
Then melts into the *Spring*: ſoft *Spring*, with breath‖
Favonian, from warm chambers of the South,
Recalls the *firſt*. All, to reflouriſh, fades.
As in a wheel, all ſinks, to reaſcend.
Emblems of man, who paſſes, not expires.
With this minute diſtinction, emblems juſt,
Nature (a) revolves, but man *advances*; both
Eternal, *that* a circle, *this* a line.
That gravitates *(b)*, *this* ſoars. Th' aſpiring ſoul,
Ardent, and *tremulous*§, like flame, aſcends,
Zeal and *humility* her wings, to heaven.

---

‡ Garland. § Perfumed, odorous.

* Of a paler hue. † Outrageouſly ſwelling. ‖ Weſtern gales.

(*a*) After the exhibition of nature's various ſcenes, ſhe diſplays an iteration only; but man, from his birth, to his eternity after death, evinces a gradual and variegated riſe.

(*b*) Actuates towards profundity.

Line 680. *Earth takes th' example.*]

Immortalia ne ſpeies, monet annus, & almum
Qua rapit hora diem.
Frigora miteſcunt Zephyris: ver proterit æſtas
Interitura, ſimul
Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit: & mox
Bruma recurrit iners.

Hor. Lib. IV. Ode 7.

Line 688. *As in a wheel, all ſinks, to reaſcend.*] The metaphorical view of nature, with its various changes, is pleaſingly directed to the fancy; and the compariſon I have quoted, is juſt, according to my judgment in every reſpect, as a poetical beauty.

Line 695. *Zeal and humility her wings to heaven.*] However noble this thought may be pronounced on a mixt view of the

The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life born from death
Rolls the vaſt maſs, and ſhall for ever roll.
§ No ſingle atom, once in being, loſt,
With change of counſel charges the moſt High.
What hence infers LORENZO? Can it be?
Matter immortal? and ſhall *ſpirit* die?
Above the nobler, ſhall leſs noble riſe?
Shall Man alone, for whom all elſe revives,
No reſurrection know? Shall Man alone,
Imperial Man! be ſown in barren ground.
Leſs privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
Is Man, in whom alone is pow'r to prize
The bliſs of being, or with previous pain
Deplore its period, by the ſpleen of fate,
Severely doom'd *death*'s ſingle unredeem'd?
§ If nature's *revolution** ſpeaks aloud,
In her *gradation*†, hear her louder ſtill.
Look nature thro', 'tis neat *gradation* all.
By what minute degrees her ſcale aſcends!
Each middle nature join'd at each extreme,
To that above it join'd, to that beneath.

---

whole, I think, there is an incongruity in rendering humility, a winged perſonage. The morality is excellent, the poetry deficient.

§ Waving, religiouſly trembling in a moral ſenſe.

* Circular motion. † Direct progreſs.

Line 701. *What hence infers Lorenzo? Can it be?*] I think a point of admiration would be more correctly ſuitable to the exclamation of *can it be?* as it was evidently intended as the language of ſurpriſe.

Line 717. *To that above it join'd, to that beneath.*] The author is abſolutely loſt in an inconſiſtent jumble of mathematical problems, which, though they may give pleaſure to an adept in that ſcience, are, when underſtood, very trifling to the generality of readers.

Parts,

Parts, into parts reciprocally ſhot,
Abhor divorce: what love of union reigns!
Here, dormant‡ matter waits a call to life;
Half-life, half-death, join there; here, life and ſenſe;
There, ſenſe from reaſon ſteals a glimm'ring ray;
Reaſon ſhines out in man. But how preſerv'd
The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
Of incorporeal§ life; thoſe realms of bliſs,
Where death hath no dominion? Grant a make
Half-mortal, half-immortal; earthy, part;
And part, ethereal; grant the ſoul of man
Eternal; or in man the ſeries ends.
Wide yawns the gap; connexion is no more;
Checkt *reaſon* halts; her next ſtep wants ſupport;
Striving to climb, ſhe tumbles from her ſcheme;
A ſcheme, *analogy*‖ pronounc'd ſo true;
Analogy, man's ſureſt guide below.
Thus far, *all nature* calls on thy belief.
And will LORENZO, careleſs of the call,
Falſe atteſtation on all nature charge,
Rather than violate his league with death?
Renounce his reaſon, rather than renounce
The duſt belov'd, and run the *riſque* of heaven?
O what indignity to deathleſs ſouls!
What treaſon to the majeſty of man!
Of man *immortal!* Hear the lofty ſtyle:
"If ſo decreed, th' Almighty Will be done.
"Let earth diſſolve, yon pond'rous orbs deſcend,
"And grind us into duſt: the *ſoul* is ſafe;

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‡ Inanimate. § Celeſtial.
‖ A comparative view of ſimilar terms.

" The *man* emerges* ; mounts above the wreck,
" As tow'ring flame from *nature*'s fun'ral pyre ;
" O'er devaſtation, as a gainer, ſmiles ;
" His charter, his inviolable right,
" Well-pleas'd to learn from thunder's impotence,†
" Death's pointleſs darts, and hell's defeated ſtorms."
But theſe chimæras‡ touch not thee, LORENZO,
The glories of the world thy§ ſev'nfold *ſhield*.
Other ambition than of crowns in air,
And ſuperlunary‖ felicities,
Thy boſom warm. I'll cool it, if I can ;
And turn thoſe glories that inchant, againſt thee.
What ties thee to *this* life, proclaims the *next*.
If wiſe, the cauſe that wounds thee is thy cure.
Come, my *ambitious!* let us mount together
(To mount LORENZO never can refuſe) ;
And from the clouds, where pride delights to dwell,

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* Phœnix-like, riſes from its aſhes † Weakneſs.
‡ Fancied views.

§ An alluſion from the ſhield of Achilles ; in a moral ſenſe, the ſhades of ignorance, painted by worldly intereſts, in contraſt to the ſplendor of heaven.

‖ Beyond the moon, heavenly.

Line 761. *Come, my ambitious! let us mount together.*] This invocation to Lorenzo is ſimilar to Pope's introductory addreſs in his Eſſay on Man,

Awake my St. John, leave all meaner things.

Line 763. *And from the clouds, where pride delights to dwell.*] May not this poetical aſſertion of the author be liable, in a moral ſenſe, to a contradiction? In what reſpect he meant pride to delight in the clouds, I own I cannot underſtand. Our earthly ſenſations have not, as yet, tried the experiment, whether ſuch a climate would ſuit their humour. Though, perhaps it may be ſaid, the nature of the lines will not admit of ſuch a change ; yet I would feign believe, that the author alluded to the *earth*, when he mentioned the habitation of pride. His review of the following " terreſtrial wonders," will plead in favour of my aſſertion.

Look

Look down on earth.—What ſeeſt thou? wond'rous things!
Terreſtrial* wonders, that eclipſe the ſkies.
What lengths of labour'd lands! what loaded ſeas!
Loaded by man, for pleaſure, wealth, or war!
Seas, winds, and planets, into ſervice brought,
His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.
Nor can th' eternal rocks his will withſtand;
What levell'd mountains! and what lifted vales!
O'er vales and mountains ſumptuous† cities ſwell,
And gild‡ our landſcape with their glitt'ring ſpires.
Some 'mid the won'dring waves majeſtic riſe;
And *Neptune* holds a mirror to their charms.
Far greater ſtill! (what cannot mortal might?)
See, wide§ dominions raviſht from the deep!
The narrow'd deep with indignation foams.
Or ſouthward|| turn; to *delicate* and *grand*,
The finer arts there ripen in the ſun.
How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,
Aſcend the ſkies! the proud triumphal arch

---

* Earthly. † Abundant in wealth. ‡ Embelliſh.
§ Countries towards the north. || Italy.

Line 769. *His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.*] If we place the full-point at the concluſion of this line, we muſt ſuppoſe the poet guilty of a ſtriking inconſiſtency. The epithet given to rock, expreſſes eternity: Immediately after mentioning the omnipotence of man over thoſe "eternal rocks," he changes them into mountains, and levels them to the ground. Suppoſing the point at the end of the following, we may imagine the idea concluded, as it alludes to the ſea, and the "levelled mountains" may refer to the land.

Line 775. *And Neptune holds a mirror to their charms.*] There is a peculiar beauty in this thought, which is painted in the moſt lively colours of poetry.

Shews us half Heav'n beneath its ample bend.
High thro' mid air, *here*, ſtreams are taught to flow;
Whole rivers, *there*, laid by in baſons, ſleep.
Here, plains turn oceans; *there*, vaſt oceans join
Thro' kingdoms chanell'd deep from ſhore to ſhore;
And chang'd creation takes its face from man.
Beats thy brave breaſt for formidable ſcenes,
Where fame‖ and empire wait upon the ſword?
See fields in blood; hear naval* thunders riſe;
BRITANNIA's voice! that awes the world to peace.
How† yon enormous‡ mole projecting breaks
The mid-ſea, furious waves! their roar amidſt,
Out-ſpeaks the Deity, and ſays, "O main!
"Thus far, nor farther: *new* reſtraints obey,"
Earth's diſembowel'd*(a)*! meaſur'd*(b)* are the ſkies!
Stars are detected in their deep receſs*(c)*!
Creation widens*(d)*! vanquiſh'd *nature* yields!
Her ſecrets are extorted! *art* prevails!
What monument of genius, ſpirit, power!
And now, LORENZO! raptur'd at this ſcene,
Whoſe glories render heav'n ſuperfluous! ſay,
Whoſe footſteps theſe?—*Immortals* have been here.

‖ Perſonified. * The cannon of our navy.
† How yon vaſt ſhore, pendent towards the ſea, repels its waves.
‡ A raiſed ſhore. (*a*) Deprived of her ſepulchral riches.
(*b*) Reduced to the comprehenſion of man. (*c*) Retired ſituation.
(*d*) Extends itſelf to a more intelligent view.

Line 789. *Beats thy brave breaſt for formidable ſcenes.*] The grandeur, with which this view is deſcribed muſt infallibly ſtrike the reader with a partiality for its author. The enervate language wherein he deſcribes the fury of the ſea, is admirable.

Line 801. *What monument of genius, ſpirit, power!*] The moſt extravagant admirer of Young, muſt allow he has concluded this painting with a few ſcraps of bombaſt.

Could

Could leſs than ſouls immortal this have done? 805
Earth's cover'd o'er with proofs of ſouls immortal;
And proofs of immortality *forgot*.
To flatter thy grand foible, I confeſs,
Theſe are *ambition*'s works: and theſe are great:
But *this*, the leaſt immortal ſouls can do; 810
Tranſcend them all—But what can theſe tranſcend?‖
Doſt aſk me what?—One ſigh for the *diſtreſt*.
What then for *infidels*? A *deeper* ſigh.
'Tis *moral grandeur*‡ makes the mighty man:
How *little* they, who think aught *great* below? 815
All our ambitions death defeats, but one;
And that it crowns.—Here ceaſe we: but, ere long,
More pow'rful *proof** ſhall take the field againſt thee,
Stronger than death, and ſmiling at the tomb. 819

‖ Surpaſs.

‡ Ambition in the attainment of religion.

* Arguments drawn from man in the ſeventh book.

Line 814. *'Tis moral grandeur makes the mighty man.*] This ſentiment is inimitably expreſſed, and in the true ſenſe of morality, an excellent truth. On a comparative conſideration of earthly grandeur, we are inſenſibly led, however partial to its follies, to exclaim with Shakeſpeare:

> The cloud-capt tow'rs, the gorgeous palaces,
> The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
> Yea, all which it inherits, ſhall diſſolve,
> And, like the baſeleſs fabrick of a viſion,
> Leave not a wreck behind.
>
> Tempeſt, Act V.

Since then, its ſtability can be depended on ſo little, virtue ſhould claim our favours; and from experience, and conſcientious approbation, we cannot mourn the change.

The ARGUMENT.

BOOK VII.

THE author, after a ſhort digreſſion on his near approach to death, appeals to nature and man, as arguments more weighty than words, to prove the divine truths of immortality.—Compariſon of the ſimilarity of paſſion betwixt the loweſt and moſt exalted claſſes of mankind.—Reflections on the impiety of our attachments to terreſtrial joys, in preference to immortal.—Peculiar bleſſings to be derived from hope.—The author ſeverely reproves a careleſſneſs in expoſing our lives, deducing it as a momentous argument to have a more than partial regard to ſelf-preſervation.—A comparative view of ſudden death, after a life of piety, and after that of immorality. The direct oppoſition of virtue and vice.—The impotence of diſallowing an immortal exiſtence as great as its impiety.—The poet draws proofs of eternity from the arguments which ſeem naturally to oppoſe it, and firſt from ambition.—Secondly, from avarice.—Thirdly, from love of pleaſure.—Proofs of immortality drawn from the denials of the ancients.—The ſalutary warnings of conſcience.—The horrors attendant on a belief of annihilation, as well as the folly of ſuch a ſyſtem.—The pleaſures of death unequalled by any worldly advantages, ſuppoſing the doctrine of annihilation to be a truth.—A beautiful epitaph on the departed world.—The impious impropriety of ſuppoſing an annihilating deity.—The beautiful ſplendor of a judgment-day, in contraſt with the gloom of annihilating darkneſs.—Man's immortality a proof of the deity.—Conteſt of ſpiritual and infernal angels in behalf of man.—Our faith and morality founded on hopes and fears.—Compariſon of St. Evremont's and St. Paul's writings.—The author holds rational and animal life to Lorenzo's examination.—Hypocriſy even in infidelity.—The author concludes with the moſt ſalutary counſels, and weighty arguments to reclaim the infidel he addreſſes.

THE COMPLAINT.

NIGHT the SEVENTH.

BEING THE

SECOND PART

OF THE

INFIDEL Reclaimed.

CONTAINING

The NATURE, PROOF, *and* IMPORTANCE, *of* IMMORTALITY.

PREFACE.

AS we are at war with the power, it were well if we were at war with the manners, of France. *A land of* levity, *is a land of* guilt. *A* serious mind *is the native ſoil of every virtue; and the ſingle character that does true honour to mankind. The* ſoul's immortality *has been the favourite theme with the* ſerious *of all ages. Nor is it ſtrange; it is a ſubject by far the moſt intereſting, and important, that can enter the mind of man. Of higheſt moment this ſubject always* was, *and always* will be. *Yet this its higheſt moment ſeems to admit of* increaſe, *at this day; a ſort of* occaſional *importance is ſuperadded to the*

the natural *weight of it*; *if that opinion which is advanced in the preface to the preceding* night, *be juſt. It is there ſuppoſed, that all our* infidels, *whatever ſcheme, for argument's ſake, and to keep themſelves in countenance, they patronize, are betray'd into their deplorable error, by ſome doubt of their* immortality, *at the bottom. And the more I conſider this point, the more am I perſuaded of the truth of that opinion. Tho' the diſtruſt of a* futurity *is a ſtrange error; yet it is an error into which* bad *men may* naturally *be diſtreſſed. For it is impoſſible to bid defiance to final ruin, without ſome refuge in imagination, ſome preſumption of eſcape. And what preſumption is there? There are but two in nature; but two, within the compaſs of human thought. And theſe are—That either* God will *not, or* can *not puniſh. Conſidering the Divine Attributes, the* firſt *is too groſs to be digeſted by our ſtrongeſt wiſhes. And ſince* Omnipotence *is as much a Divine Attribute as* Holineſs, *that* God cannot *puniſh, is as abſurd a ſuppoſition, as the former.* God *certainly can puniſh, as long as wicked men exiſt. In non-exiſtence, therefore, is their only refuge; and, conſequently, non-exiſtence is their ſtrongeſt wiſh. And ſtrong wiſhes have a ſtrange influence on our opinions; they bias the judgment in a manner, almoſt, incredible. And ſince on* this *member of their* alternative, *there are ſome very ſmall* appearances *in their favour, and none at all on the* other, *they catch at this reed, they lay hold on this chimæra, to ſave themſelves from the ſhock and horror of an* immediate *and* abſolute *deſpair.*

On reviewing my ſubject, by the light which this *argument, and others of like tendency, threw upon it, I was more inclin'd than ever to purſue it, as it appear'd to me to ſtrike directly at the main root of* all *our infidelity. In the*

the following pages, it is, accordingly, purſued at large; and ſome arguments for immortality, new at leaſt to me, are ventur'd on in them. There alſo the writer has made an attempt to ſet the groſs abſurdities and horrors of annihilation in a fuller and more affecting view, than is (I think) to be met with elſewhere.

The gentlemen, for whoſe ſake this attempt was chiefly made, profeſs great admiration for the wiſdom of heathen antiquity: what pity 'tis they are not ſincere! If they were ſincere, how would it mortify them to conſider, with what contempt, and abhorrence, their notions would have been received, by thoſe whom they ſo much admire? what degree of contempt, and abhorrence, would fall to their ſhare, may be conjectured by the following matter of fact (in my opinion) extremely memorable. Of all their heathen worthies, Socrates (*'tis well known*) was the moſt guarded, diſpaſſionate, and compoſed: yet this great maſter of temper was angry; and angry at his laſt hour; and angry with his friend; and angry for what deſerv'd acknowledgment; angry, for a right and tender inſtance of true friendſhip towards him.

Is not this ſurpriſing? What could be the cauſe? The cauſe was for his honour; it was a truly noble, tho', perhaps, a too punctilious, regard for immortality: for his friend aſking him, with ſuch an affectionate concern as became a friend, "Where he ſhould depoſit his remains?" it was reſented by Socrates, as implying a diſhonourable ſuppoſition, that he could be ſo mean, as to have regard for any thing, even in himſelf, that was not IMMORTAL.

This fact, well conſidered, would make our infidels withdraw their admiration from Socrates; or make them endeavour, by their imitation of this illuſtrious example, to ſhare his glory: and, conſequently, it would incline them to

peruſe

peruſe the following pages with candor and impartiality: which is all I deſire; and that, for their *ſakes: for I am perſuaded, that an unprejudiced infidel muſt, neceſſarily, receive ſome advantageous impreſſions from them.*

July 7, 1744.

HEAV'N

Let earth dissolve, yon tondrous orbs descend
And grind us into dust; the soul is safe.
The man emerges mounts above the wreck
As towering flame from nature's funeral pyre.

HEAV'N gives the needful, but neglected, call.
What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,
To wake the ſoul to ſenſe of future ſcenes?
Deaths ſtand, like *Mercurys*, in ev'ry way;
And kindly point us to our journey's end.
POPE, who couldſt make immortals*! art thou dead?
I give thee joy: nor will I take my leave;
So ſoon to follow. Man but dives in death;
Dives from the ſun, in fairer day to riſe;
The grave, his ſubterranean road to bliſs.
Yes, infinite indulgence plann'd it ſo;
Thro' various parts our glorious ſtory runs;
Time gives the preface, *endleſs age* unrolls

* Alluding to his writings.

Line 1. *Heaven gives the needful, but neglected call.*] This appears to be evidently an alluſion to the arguments advanced in favour of immortality, throughout the foregoing book.

Line 4. *Deaths ſtand, like Mercurys, in ev'ry way.*] In a ſevere examination of each peculiar thought or ſimilitude, to be met with thro' the numerous pages of the Night Thoughts, this compariſon might be liable to criticiſm. An alluſion of Death to Mercury, has ſomewhat, confeſſedly, incongruous in its texture, as ſtrictly poetical; but as morally explanatory, is pleaſing.

Line 6. *Pope, who could'ſt make immortals! art thou dead?*] The pleaſing ſentiments we meet with in this addreſs, render it highly worthy our admiration. It is delicately pictured, free from bombaſt, and naturally expreſſed.

Line 10. *The grave, his ſubterranean road to bliſs.*] Tho' this thought has been ſo often repeated, and under ſo many different forms, it ſtrikes us ſtill with an agreeable ſatisfaction on a peruſal.

The volume (ne'er unroll'd!) of human fate.
This, *earth* and *ſkies* ‡ *already* have proclaim'd.
The world's a prophecy of worlds to come;
And who, what GOD foretels (who ſpeaks in *things*,
Still louder than in *words*) ſhall dare deny?
If *nature*'s arguments appear too weak,
Turn a new leaf, and ſtronger read in *man*.
If man ſleeps on, untaught by what he *ſees*,
Can he prove infidel to what he *feels*?
He, whoſe blind thought futurity denies,
Unconſcious bears, BELLEROPHON†! like thee,
His own indictment; he condemns himſelf;
Who reads his boſom, reads immortal life;
Or, *nature*, there, impoſing on her ſons,
Has written fables; man was made a *lye*.
Why *diſcontent* for ever harbour'd there?
Incorable§ conſumption of our peace!
Reſolve me, why, the *cottager*, and *king*,
He whom ſea-ſever'd‖ realms obey, and he

---

‡ Night the Sixth.

† He bore letters from Prætus to Jobas, king of Lycia, in which he deſired that Bellerophon might be expoſed to a devouring monſter.

§ Preying on the heart. ‖ Divided by the ocean.

Line 14. *The volume (ne'er unroll'd!) of human fate.*] After attributing the unrolling human volumes, to *endleſs age*, there appears an inconſiſtency at firſt ſight, in the expreſſion "ne'er unroll'd." But when we take it in the ſenſe of a continual gradation of time, and reflect, that though it unrolls by degrees, yet it is never completely laid open to the view, the difficulty is, I think, removed.

Line 20. *Turn a new leaf, and ſtronger read in man.*]

The proper ſtudy of mankind is man.
Placed on this iſthmus of a middle ſtate
A being darkly wiſe, and rudely great.

Pope's Eſſay on Man.

Who

Who ſteals his whole dominion from the waſte*,
Repelling winter blaſts with mud and ſtraw,
Diſquieted alike, draw ſigh for ſigh,
In fate ſo diſtant, in complaint ſo near?
  Is it, that things *terreſtrial* can't content?
Deep in rich paſture will thy flocks complain?
Not ſo; but to their maſter is deny'd
To ſhare their ſweet *ſerene*. Man, ill at eaſe,
In this, not *his own* place, this foreign field,
Where nature fodders him with other food,
Than was ordain'd his cravings to ſuffice,
Poor in abundance, famiſh'd at a feaſt,
Sighs on for ſomething *more*, when *moſt* enjoy'd.
Is Heav'n then kinder to thy flocks than thee?
Not ſo; thy paſture richer, but remote;
In part, remote; for that remoter part
Man bleats from *inſtinct*, tho', perhaps, debauch'd
By *ſenſe*, his *reaſon* ſleeps, nor dreams the cauſe.
The cauſe how obvious, when his reaſon wakes!
His grief is but his grandeur in diſguiſe;
And diſcontent is *immortality*.

X 2 Shall

---

* Unoccupied land.

Line 36. *In fate ſo diſtant, in complaint ſo near?*] However oppoſite may be the external and local ſituation of mankind, when taken comparatively at a diſtant view, the paſſions concealed under that empty, tho' ſplendid cloathing, are, in their nature and effect, invariably the ſame. On a ſatisfactory perſuaſion of this truth, the man, who in habiliment and paſſions is equally humble, muſt appear, in every reſpect, more happy than he, whoſe external ſplendor reminds him of the diſſimilar condition of his heart.

Line 53. *And diſcontent is immortality.*] A moral attachment to an eternal exiſtence muſt be attended, in many circumſtances, with that revolution of hope and fear, which, in their flux and reflux, ſubject the mind to the diſcontent the author alludes to.

The

Shall ſons of æther, ſhall the blood of heaven,
Set up their hopes on earth, and ſtable *here*,
With brutal acquieſcence† in the mire?
LORENZO! no; they ſhall be nobly pain'd‡;
The glorious *foreigners*, diſtreſt, ſhall ſigh
On thrones; and thou *congratulate* the ſigh:
Man's miſery declares him born for bliſs;
His *anxious* heart aſſerts the truth I ſing,
And gives the *ſceptic* in his head the lye.
Our heads, our hearts, our *paſſions*, and our *powers*,
Speak the ſame language; call us to the ſkies;
Unripen'd *theſe* in this inclement clime,
Scarce riſe above conjecture, and miſtake;
And for this land of trifles *thoſe* too ſtrong
Tumultuous riſe, and tempeſt human life:
What prize on earth can pay us for the ſtorm?
Meet objects for our *paſſions* heav'n ordain'd,
Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave
No fault, but in defect: bleſt Heav'n! avert
A bounded ardor for unbounded bliſs;
O for a bliſs *unbounded!* far beneath

The tears of piety are, doubtleſs, a ſacrifice, whoſe weight and innocence are a pleaſing contraſt to the vain and ill founded exultations of the world.

Line 60. *Man's miſery declares him born for bliſs.*] Our Saviour's addreſs to his diſciples on the ſubject of worldly triumphs oppoſed to moral griefs, is very ſimilar in its argument to the preſent "Bleſſed be they that weep, for they ſhall have joy in Heav'n" The conſolatory truth this contains, is a needful anchor, on which the dubious diſtreſt may reſt their Hope.

Line 73. *A bounded ardor for unbounded bliſs.*] A ſublime ſentiment very pleaſingly expreſſed.

† Calm content. ‡ Be anxiouſly ambitious of eternity.

A ſoul immortal, is a mortal joy.
Nor are our *powers* to periſh immature ;
But, after feeble effort *here*, beneath
A brighter ſun, and in a nobler ſoil,
Tranſplanted from this ſublunary bed,
Shall flouriſh fair, and put forth all their bloom.
Reaſon progreſſive*, *inſtinct* is complete :
Swift *inſtinct* leaps ; ſlow *reaſon* feebly climbs.
Brutes ſoon their zenith† reach ; their little all
Flows in at once ; in ages they no more
Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
Were *man* to live *coëval* with the ſun,
The patriarch-pupil would be learning ſtill ;
Yet, dying, leave his leſſon half-unlearnt.
Men periſh in advance, as if the ſun
Should ſet ere noon, in *Eaſtern*‡ oceans drown'd ;
If fit, with *dim, illuſtrious* to compare,
The ſun's *meridian*, with the *ſoul* of man.
To man, why, ſtepdame *nature !* ſo ſevere ?

---

* Advances gradually. † Height of perfection.
‡ From whence it riſes.

Line 75. *A ſoul immortal, is a mortal joy.*] This ſentiment is by much too far ſtrained ; elſe, how can we reconcile that innate deſire of earthly content, by which we are guided, with the beneficent providence of God ? Immoral joys are confeſſedly, both by their ignominy and ignoble attachments, beneath our conſideration or purſuit.

Line 88. *Yet, dying, leave his leſſon half-unlearnt.*] The variety of earthly ſcenes, excluſive of heavenly contemplation, from whence we may trace the omnipotence of providence, are ſo numerous, that a ſummary of their different claſſes would engage a period of much longer duration than that of our lives ; nay, the continual riſe of novel wonders is ſo great, that it proceeds with time.

Line 91. *If fit, with dim, illuſtrious to compare.*]

Sic parvis componere magna ſolebam.

Virgil's Eclogue.

Why thrown aſide thy maſter-piece half-wrought,
While meaner efforts thy laſt hand enjoy?
Or, if abortively†, poor man muſt die,
Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in *dread?*
Why curſt with foreſight? wiſe to miſery?
Why of his proud prerogative the prey ‡?
Why leſs pre-eminent§ in rank, than pain?
His *immortality* alone can tell!
Full ample fund‖ to balance all amiſs,
And turn the ſcale in favour of the juſt?
His *immortality* alone can ſolve
That darkeſt of *ænigmas**, human *hope*;
Of all the darkeſt, if at death we die.
Hope, eager hope, th' aſſaſſin of our joy,
All *preſent* bleſſings treading under-foot,
Is ſcarce a milder tyrant than *deſpair*.
With no paſt toils content, ſtill planning new,
Hope turns us o'er to death alone for eaſe.

---

† By an untimely fate.

‡ Why rendered the victim of that reaſon which nature intended as his proteſtreſs.

§ Superior in rank. ‖ Source of arguments. * Riddles.

Line 95. *While meaner efforts thy laſt hand enjoy?*] The author, as he depictures nature under the character of the mother of mankind, alludes, undoubtedly, in this line, to matter of longer exiſtence, tho' inanimate, as for inſtance, caſtles, groves, &c.

Line 101. *His immortality alone can tell!*] 'Tis thro' the influence of this belief alone that we can claim, in any reſpect, a real ſuperiority over the brute creation. The gift of reaſon, tho' it may diſtinguiſh us from the beaſts of the field, is but the ground-work of a more refined miſery, unleſs we be ſheltered under the covert of eternity.

Poſſeſſion,

Poſſeſſion, why more taſteleſs than *purſuit?*
Why is a wiſh far dearer than a crown?
That wiſh accompliſh'd, why, the grave of bliſs†?
Becauſe, in the *great future* bury'd deep,
Beyond our plans of empire, and renown,
Lies *all* that man with ardor ſhould purſue;
And *he* who made him, bent him to the right.
Man's heart th' ALMIGHTY to the *future* ſets,
By ſecret and inviolable ſprings;
And makes his hope his ſublunary joy.
Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry ſtill;
"More, more!" the glutton cries: for ſomething
So rages appetite, if man can't mount, [*new*
He *will* deſcend. He ſtarves on the *poſſeſt.*
Hence, the world's maſter, from ambition's ſpire,
In *Caprea* plung'd; and div'd beneath the brute.
In that rank ſty why wallow'd empire's ſon
Supreme? Becauſe he could no higher fly:
His *riot* was *ambition* in deſpair.

Old

Line 112. *Poſſeſſion, why more taſteleſs than purſuit?*] Is it not ſomething beyond a reaſonable comprehenſion, that in attaining our wiſhes, we ſhould be leſs enraptured than in purſuing them? Yet ſo it is; and the man, whoſe ardent deſires have been ſatisfied, will experience its truth. Thence, as Young ſays, ariſes a ſufficient proof how mean are human joys, and how ill qualified to ſatisfy a ſoul allotted to immortality.

† Why ceaſes it our ardor.

Line 123. *"More, more!" the glutton cries: for ſomething new.*] There wants a delicacy in this alluſion, which, when omitted, prevents us even from viewing the moſt ſordid paſſions of mankind in a forcible light.

Line 130. *His riot was ambition in deſpair.*] That there is a worldly fate, a period to ambition, experience and hiſtorical events will teſtify:

And what is greatneſs but extent of pow'r?
But luſt of pow'r, a dropſy of the mind,

Whoſe

Old *Rome* conſulted birds*: LORENZO! thou
With more ſucceſs, the flight of *hope* ſurvey;
Of reſtleſs hope, for ever on the wing.
High-perch'd o'er ev'ry thought that falcon ſits,
To fly at all that riſes in her ſight;
And, never ſtooping, but to mount again
Next moment, ſhe betrays her aim's miſtake,
And owns her quarry† lodg'd beyond the grave.
There ſhould it fail us (it muſt fail us there,
If *being* fails), more mournful riddles riſe,
And *virtue* vies with *hope* in myſtery.
Why *virtue*? where its praiſe, its being, fled?
Virtue is true ſelf-int'reſt purſu'd:
What true ſelf-int'reſt of *quite*-mortal man?
To cloſe with all that makes him happy *here*.
If vice (as ſometimes) is our friend on earth,
Then vice is virtue; 'tis our *ſov'reign* good.
In *ſelf-applauſe* is virtue's golden prize;
No ſelf-applauſe attends it on *thy* ſcheme:
Whence ſelf-applauſe? From conſcience of the right.
And what is right, but means of happineſs?
No means of happineſs when *virtue* yields;

Whoſe thirſt increaſes while we drink to quench it?
Till, ſwoll'n and ſtretch'd by the repeated draught,
We burſt and periſh.

Higgons's Gener. Conq.

* They drew their ſentiments of future good, or ill fortune, from the flight of birds.

† Foundation of real and allotted treaſure.

Line 141. *And virtue vies with hope in myſtery.*] Could there ariſe a doubt of future exiſtence, a peruſal of Young's arguments, and an examination of the foundations whence he draws his proofs in favour of it, muſt plead ſo ſtrongly in oppoſition to our ſyſtems, that their vanity contraſted with the other's truth, would leave no room for diſbelief.

That

That baſis failing, falls the building too,
And lays in ruin ev'ry *virtuous joy.*
The rigid guardian of a blameleſs heart,
So long rever'd, ſo long reputed wiſe,
Is weak; with rank knight-errantries o'er run.
Why beats thy boſom with illuſtrious dreams
Of ſelf-expoſure, laudable, and great?
Of gallant enterprize, and glorious death?
Die for thy country!—thou romantic fool!
Seize, ſeize the plank thyſelf, and let her ſink:
Thy *country!* what to thee?—the *Godhead,* what?
(I ſpeak with awe!)tho' He ſhould bid thee bleed?
If, with thy blood, thy *final* hope is ſpilt,
Nor can omnipotence reward the blow,
Be deaf; preſerve thy being; diſobey.
Nor is it diſobedience: know, LORENZO!
Whate'er th' ALMIGHTY's ſubſequent* command,
His firſt command is *this,*—"Man, love thyſelf."

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* Enſuing.

Line 165. *If, with thy blood, thy final hope is ſpilt.*] The ſimplicity and natural reaſoning with which the author embelliſhes the divine truths he urges, are ſo aptly directed to a religious mind, confined within the boundaries of virtuous principle, nor wandering in the mazes of unprofitable error, that his precepts cannot fail effecting the deſired end. Tho', on a ſubject like this, he might have been ſuppoſed to draw his inferences from a celeſtial ſource, yet, he argues from nature, and natural events; and on the ideas, which even a libertine entertains of moral virtues, builds the ſtructure of immortality.

Line 170. ——————"*Man, love thyſelf.*"] Man, by a due reſpect to his dignity as an earthly being, can only lay the foundation to the merits of eternity. Should we, wrapt up in that contemplation, act careleſſly and irreligiouſly, in regard to our humanity, the ground-work of our natural virtues is deſtroyed, and we have no longer a claim to happineſs, by reflecting only that it is our reward.

In

In this alone, free-agents are *not* free.
Exiſtence is the baſis, bliſs the prize:
If *virtue* coſts exiſtence, 'tis a crime;
Bold violation of our law *ſupreme*,
Black ſuicide; tho' nations, which conſult
Their gain, at thy expence, reſound applauſe.
Since *virtue*'s recompence is doubtful, *here*,
If man dies wholly, well may we demand,
Why is man *ſuffer'd* to be good in vain?
Why to be good in vain, is man *injoin'd*?
Why to be good in vain, is man *betray'd*?
Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breaſt,
By ſweet complacencies* from virtue felt?
Why whiſpers *nature* lyes on virtue's part?
Or if blind *inſtinct* (which aſſumes the name
Of ſacred conſcience) plays the fool in man,
Why *reaſon* made accomplice in the cheat?
Why are the *wiſeſt* loudeſt in her praiſe?
Can man by *reaſon*'s beam be led aſtray?
Or, at his peril, *imitate his God*?
Since virtue *ſometimes* ruins us on earth,
Or *both* are true; or, man ſurvives the grave.
Or man ſurvives the grave, or own, LORENZO,
Thy boaſt ſupreme, a wild abſurdity.
Dauntleſs thy ſpirit; cowards are thy ſcorn.
Grant man *immortal*, and thy ſcorn is juſt.
The man *immortal*, *rationally* brave,
Dares ruſh on death——becauſe he cannot die.
But if man loſes All, when life is loſt,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.

* Approbation of conſcience.

A *daring* infidel (and ſuch there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Our pure *heroical* defect of thought),
Of all earth's madmen, moſt deſerves a chain.
When to the grave we follow the renown'd
For valour, virtue, ſcience, all we love,
And all we praiſe; for *worth*, whoſe noon-tide [beam*
Enabling us to think in higher ſtile,
Mends our ideas of ethereal powers†;
Dream we, that luſtre of the *moral* world
Goes out in ſtench, and rottenneſs the cloſe?
Why was he wiſe to *know*, and warm to *praiſe*,
And ſtrenuous to *tranſcribe*‡, in human life,
The mind ALMIGHTY? Could it be, that fate,
Juſt when the lineaments§ began to ſhine,
And dawn the DEITY, ſhould ſnatch the draught,
With night eternal blot it out, and give
The ſkies alarm, leſt *angels* too might die?
If human ſouls, why not angelic too
Extinguiſh'd? and a *ſolitary* GOD||,
O'er ghaſtly ruin, frowning from his throne?
Shall we, this moment, gaze on GOD in man?
The next, loſe man for ever in the duſt?
From duſt we diſengage, or man *miſtakes*;

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* The influence of whoſe example. † Morality and religion.
‡ Draw the reſemblance. § Outlines. || Solely eternal.

Line 203. *Our pure heroical defect of thought*).] However extraordinary a folly of this kind may appear to reaſon, it nevertheleſs is frequently the origin of doubts in religion. For when, on an impartial and rational view of divine truths, we are reduced to new-fangled cauſes for diſpute, a diſbelief, we know not why, is the ſole ſupport, on which we may found our controverſy.

And there, where leaſt his judgment fears a flaw.
Wiſdom, and *worth*, how boldly he commends!
Wiſdom, and *worth*, are ſacred names; rever'd,
Where not embrac'd; applauded! deify'd!
Why not *compaſſion'd* too? If ſpirits die,
Both are calamities, inflicted both,
To make us but more wretched: *Wiſdom*'s eye
Acute*, for what? To ſpy more miſeries;
And *worth*, *ſo* recompens'd, new-points their ſtings.
Or man ſurmounts the grave, or gain is loſs,
And worth exalted *humbles* us the more.
Thou wilt not patronize a ſcheme that makes
Weakneſs, and *vice*, the refuge of mankind.
"Has virtue, then, no joys!"—Yes, joys *dearbought*.
Talk ne'er ſo long, in this imperfect ſtate,
Virtue, and vice, are at eternal war:
Virtue's a combat; and who fights for nought?
Or for precarious†, or for ſmall reward?

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* Piercing. † Doubtful.

Line 225. *And there, where leaſt his Judgment fears a flaw.*] We muſt allow this book to be truly intituled, "The Infidel Reclaimed," as it is beyond a reaſonable belief to imagine man capable of any remaining doubts after a peruſal of the ſolid arguments Young advances in defence of a truth, which, it is to be hoped, admits no longer of oppoſition. Happy would it prove, would mankind ſpeak, by their actions and bent of life, their confidence in that momentous exiſtence of the ſoul, which they favour in their words. Were an unbiaſſed judge to form an idea of man's ſentiments from his actions, he muſt pronounce him either ignorant or careleſs of immortality.

Line 236. *Thou wilt not patronize a ſcheme that makes.*] In the fondeſt attachments of the mind to profligacy, the moſt diſſolute will confeſs the ſuperior beauties of virtue; and tho' the perſuaſive arguments of vice may be more prevalent, he ſtill, even amidſt his riot, muſt allow the leſſons of virtue to be more adapted for tranquil happineſs.

Who

Who virtue's *ſelf-reward* ſo loud reſound,
Would take degrees *angelic* here below,
And *virtue*, while they compliment, betray,
By feeble motives, and unfaithful guards:
The crown, th' *unfading*‡ crown, her ſoul inſpires:
'Tis That, and That alone, can countervail§
The *body*'s treach'ries‖, and the *world*'s aſſaults*:
On earth's poor pay, our famiſht virtue dies.
Truth inconteſtable! in ſpite of all
A BAYLE has preach'd, or a V—E believ'd.
In man the more we dive, the more we ſee
Heav'n's ſignet† ſtamping an *immortal* make.
Dive to the bottom of his ſoul, the baſe

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‡ Eternal bliſs. § Counter-balance.
‖ The infirmities of life. * The deceits of mankind.
† Seal.

Line 250. *On earth's poor pay, our famiſht virtue dies.*] The omnipotence of vice, at our preſent æra, will afford an inconteſtible defence of what Young advances. Neither is it natural to imagine, that where each has his ſeparate intereſt, virtue ſhould be long reſpected. Dryden, in oppoſition to one who bids him taſte the preſent ſatisfactions of a virtuous deed, has the following lines:

Barren and airy name! thee fortune flies,
With thy lean train, the pious, and the wiſe.
Heav'n takes thee at thy word, without regard,
And lets thee poorly be thy own reward.

Aurengzebe.

Congreve's conſolatory admonition is alſo nearly in the ſame ſtrain as our author's:

Bleſſings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And, tho' a late, a ſure reward ſucceeds.

Mourning Bride.

Suſtaining all; what find we? *Knowlege*, *Love*.
As light, and heat, eſſential to the ſun,
Theſe to the ſoul. And *why*, if ſouls expire?
How little lovely *here*? how little known?
Small *knowlege* we dig up with endleſs toil;
And *love* unfeign'd may purchaſe perfect hate.
Why ſtarv'd, on earth, our *angel*-appetites;
While *brutal* are indulg'd their fulſome* fill?
Were then capacities *divine* conferr'd,
As a mock-diadem, in ſavage ſport,
Rank inſult of our pompous *poverty*,
Which reaps but pain, from ſeeming claims ſo fair?
In future age lies no redreſs? and ſhuts
Eternity the door on our complaint?
If ſo, for what ſtrange ends were mortals made!
The worſt to *wallow*†, and the beſt to *weep*:
The man who merits moſt, muſt moſt complain:
Can we conceive a diſregard in Heaven,

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* Unſatisfied. † To indulge their paſſions.

Line 256. ——————*What find we? Knowlege, Love.*] What can avail the deep reſearches of unwearied ſcience, ſince fate has allotted us ſo ſhort a ſpan of life? To what intent flows mutual fondneſs, charity, benevolence to mankind, if we expire to riſe no more? This thought would lay a reaſonable ground for vice, and not only render theſe paſſions vain, but overturn every beneficent ſyſtem of providence.

Line 268. ——————*And ſhuts*
Eternity the door on our complaint?] Whoever can favour ſo unreaſonable a belief, muſt look on the viciſſitudes of life as a toil, thro' which a man of elevated ſenſations ſhould ſcorn to paſs. Hamlet's ſentiments, ſuppoſing ſuch a faith, are natural;

——To die——to ſleep,
No more, and by ſleep, to ſay we end,
The heart ach, and the thouſand nat'ral ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to, 'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd,——————

What

What the worſt *perpetrate*, or beſt *endure*?
This cannot be. To *love*, and *know*, in man
Is boundleſs appetite, and boundleſs power;
And theſe demonſtrate boundleſs objects too.
Objects, pow'rs, appetites, Heav'n ſuits in all;
Nor, *nature* thro', e'er violates this ſweet,
Eternal‡ concord, on her tuneful ſtring.
Is *man* the ſole exception from her laws?
Eternity ſtruck off from human hope,
(I ſpeak with truth, but veneration too)
Man is a monſter, the reproach of Heaven,
A ſtain, a dark impenetrable cloud
On nature's beauteous aſpect; and deforms,
(Amazing blot!) deforms her with her *Lord*.
If ſuch is man's allotment, *what* is Heaven?
Or, own the ſoul *immortal*, or blaſpheme.
Or own the ſoul immortal, or invert
All *order*. Go, mock-majeſty! go, man!
And bow to thy ſuperiors of the ſtall;
Thro' ev'ry ſcene of *ſenſe* ſuperior far!
They graze the turf untill'd; they drink the ſtream
Unbrew'd, and ever full, and un-embitter'd
With doubts, fears, fruitleſs hopes, regrets, deſpairs,
Mankind's peculiar*! *reaſon*'s precious dower†!
No foreign clime *they* ranſack for their robes;
Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar‖:

‡ Invariable order in every argument ſhe advances to prove immortality.

* Particularly attendant on mankind.

† The valuable bleſſings ariſing from reaſon.

‖ The machinations of law.

Their good is good entire, unmixt§, unmarr'd;
They find a paradiſe in ev'ry field,
On boughs *forbidden* where no curſes hang:
Their *ill* no more than ſtrikes the ſenſe; unſtretcht
By previous dread, or murmur in the rear‖:
When the *worſt* comes, it comes unfear'd; one ſtroke
Begins, and ends, their woe: they die but *once*;
Bleſt, incommunicable privilege! for which
Proud man, who rules the globe, and reads the ſtars,
Philoſopher, or *hero*, ſighs in vain.
Account for this prerogative in brutes.
No* day, no glimpſe of day, to ſolve the knot†.
But what beams on it, from *eternity*.
O ſole and ſweet ſolution! that unties
The difficult, and ſoftens the ſevere;
The cloud on *nature*'s beauteous face diſpels;
Reſtores bright *order*; caſts the brute beneath;
And re-inthrones us in ſupremacy‡
Of joy, ev'n *here*: Admit immortal life,

And

§ Free from alternate evils, ſecure from diſappointments.
‖ A future repentance. * No natural cauſe.
† To clear the doubt.
‡ In the rightful poſſeſſion and ſuperior enjoyment.

Line 300. *Their good is good entire, unmixt, unmarr'd.*

All in exact proportion to the ſtate;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in his own.
Is heav'n unkind to man, and man alone?

Pope's Eſſay on Man.

Line 318. ——— *Admit immortal life.*] The man, who by the unnatural direction of his ſentiments, can be perſuaded either thro' intereſt or bigotry to impious doctrines, to diſbelieve an immortal ſtate, cannot found even the being of a God on any reaſonable baſis. Elſe, how can he reconcile ſo glaring an inconſiſtency with his Maker's attributes, as to ſuſpect an Infinite Being capable of leading mankind thro' a vale of miſeries, with the

purpoſe

And virtue is *knight-errantry* no more;
Each *virtue* brings in hand a golden dower,
Far richer in reverſion§: *hope* exults;
And tho' much bitter in our cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the taſte of heaven.
O wherefore is the DEITY ſo kind?
Aſtoniſhing beyond aſtoniſhment!
Heav'n our reward—for heav'n enjoy'd *below.*
Still unſubdu'd thy ſtubborn *heart?*—For *there*
The traitor lurks, who doubts the truth I ſing.
Reaſon is guiltleſs; *will* alone rebels.
What, in that ſtubborn heart, if I ſhould find
New, unexpected witneſſes againſt thee?
Ambition, pleaſure, and *the love of gain!*
Canſt thou ſuſpect, that *theſe* which make the ſoul
The *ſlave* of earth, ſhould own her *heir* of heav'n?
Canſt thou ſuſpect what makes us *diſbelieve*
Our immortality, ſhould prove it *ſure?*

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purpoſe only of a ſucceeding annihilation. That the ancients had a veneration, tho' confuſed idea, of God, may be gathered from Cicero 1. De Legibus "Quoniam vero in re omni conſenſio firma gentium omnium, eſt vox naturæ, et argumentum veritatis; confitendum eſt numen aliquod divinum eſſe."

Line 326. *Heav'n our reward—for heav'n enjoy'd below.*] This thought is very pleaſingly expreſſed. That a life of piety and innocence is an earthly heaven, will be confeſſed by the few whoſe ſteady perſeverance and reſolution enable them to taſte its unequalled bleſſings.

Line 336. *Our immortality, ſhould prove it ſure?*] The bold aſſurances with which the author enters on a plan, ſeemingly more than difficult, to be diverted towards this purpoſe, engage our preposſeſſion in favour of his arguments. Let the Lorenzos of our age peruſe, with impartial attention, this excellent review of their prevailing paſſions.

§ Future expectations.

First, then, *ambition* ſummon to the bar.
Ambition's *ſhame*, *extravagance*, *diſguſt*,
And *inextinguiſhable nature* ſpeak.
Each much *depoſes*‡; hear them in their turn.
Thy ſoul, how paſſionately fond of *fame!*
How anxious, that fond paſſion to conceal!
We bluſh, detected in deſigns on praiſe,
Tho' for beſt deeds, and from the beſt of men.
And why? Becauſe *immortal*. Art divine
Has made the body tutor to the ſoul.
Heav'n kindly gives our blood a *moral* flow;
Bids it aſcend the glowing cheek, and there
Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim,
Which ſtoops to court a character from man;
While o'er us, in tremendous judgment, ſit
Far more than man, with *endleſs* praiſe, and blame.
Ambition's *boundleſs appetite* out-ſpeaks
The verdict of its *ſhame*. When ſouls take fire
At high preſumptions of their own deſert,
One age is poor applauſe; the mighty ſhout,
The thunder by the living *few* begun,
Late time muſt echo; worlds unborn, reſound.
We wiſh our names *eternally* to live:
Wild dream! which ne'er had haunted human thought,
Had not our natures been *eternal* too.

‡ Affords numerous arguments.

Line 348. *Bids it aſcend the glowing cheek, and there.*] There is a peculiar inventive excellence in this ſentiment, which is conducted with all the maſterly force of poetry; for, as Thompſon expreſſes it in his Sophroniſba:

Of all evils to the generous, ſhame
Is the moſt deadly pang.

Inſtinct points out an int'reſt in hereafter;
But our blind *reaſon* ſees not *where* it lies;
Or, ſeeing, gives the ſubſtance for the ſhade.
Fame is the ſhade of immortality,
And in itſelf a ſhadow. Soon as caught,
Contemn'd; it ſhrinks to nothing in the graſp.
Conſult th' ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.
"And is this all?" cry'd CÆSAR at his height,
Diſguſted. This *third* proof ambition brings
Of immortality. The firſt in fame,
Obſerve him near, your envy will abate:
Sham'd at the diſproportion vaſt, between
The paſſion, and the purchaſe, he will ſigh
At *ſuch* ſucceſs, and bluſh at his renown.
And why? Becauſe far richer prize invites
His heart; far more illuſtrious glory calls;
It calls in whiſpers, yet the deafeſt hear.
And can ambition a *fourth* proof ſupply?
It can, and ſtronger than the former three;
Yet quite o'er-look'd by ſome *reputed* wiſe.
Tho' diſappointments in ambition *pain*;
And tho' ſucceſs *diſguſts*; yet ſtill, LORENZO!
In vain we ſtrive to pluck it from our hearts;

Line 369. "*And is this all? cry'd Cæſar at his height.*] The unbounded flow of our ambitious views, when once we madly let looſe the torrent, is a pang even to ourſelves, which ſhould greatly retard our folly in purſuit of glory. Ambition's own weakneſs, as well as ill conſequences to mankind, are beautifully pictured in Addiſon's tragedy of Cato:

Already Cæſar has ravaged
More than half the globe; and ſees
Mankind grown thin by his deſtructive ſword.
Should he go farther, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and ſupport his crimes.

By

By nature planted for the nobleſt ends.
Abſur'd the fam'd advice to PYRRHUS giv'n,
More prais'd than ponder'd; ſpecious*, but unſound:
Sooner that hero's *ſword* the world had quell'd,
Than *reaſon*, his ambition. Man *muſt* ſoar.
An obſtinate activity within,
An inſuppreſſive† ſpring, will toſs him up
In ſpite of *fortune*'s load. Not kings alone,
Each villager has his ambition too;
No *ſultan* prouder than his fetter'd ſlave:
Slaves build their little *Babylons* of ſtraw,
Echo the proud *Aſſyrian*, in their hearts,
And cry,—"Behold the wonders of my might!"
And why? Becauſe *immortal* as their Lord;
And ſouls immortal muſt for ever heave
At ſomething great; the glitter‡, or the gold;
The praiſe of mortals, or the praiſe of Heaven.
Nor abſolutely vain is *human* praiſe,

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* Apparently infallible. † Which knows no oppoſition.
‡ Apparent or real glory.

Line 386. *Abſur'd the fam'd advice to Pyrrhus giv'n.*] Pyrrhus was king of Epirus, who, being deceived by the ambiguity of Apollo's oracle, waged war with the Romans unſucceſsfully.

Line 389. *Than reaſon, his ambition.*————] Were not the purſuits of glory deaf to counſel, and blind to the views of reaſon, it were a virtue, and, by the conjunctive endeavours of mankind, might partly be a foundation for earthly happineſs. But madneſs, folly, and ambition are generally companions, and from the union of three principles, ſo deſtructive in their natures, there muſt ariſe a *whole*, injurious to the public felicity.

Line 397. *And cry,—"Behold the wonders of my might!"*].

Expertus vacuum Dædalus aëra,
Pennis non homini datis.
Perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor.
Nil mortalibus arduum eſt.

Hor. Ode III. Lib. I.

When

When human is ſupported by *divine.*
I'll introduce LORENZO to Himſelf.
Pleaſure and *pride* (bad maſters) ſhare our hearts.
As love of *pleaſure* is ordain'd to guard
And feed our bodies, and extend our race;
The love of *praiſe* is planted to protect
And propagate the glories of the mind.
What is it, but the *love of praiſe*, inſpires,
Matures, refines, embelliſhes, exalts,
Earth's happineſs? From *that*, the delicate,
The grand, the marvellous, of *civil* life*.
Want and *convenience*, under-workers, lay
The baſis, on which *love of glory* builds.
Nor is *thy* life, O *virtue!* leſs in debt
To praiſe, thy ſecret-ſtimulating friend.
Were men not *proud*, what merit ſhould we miſs!
Pride made the virtues of the Pagan-world.
Praiſe is the ſalt that ſeaſons *right* to man.
And whets his appetite for *moral* good.
Thirſt of applauſe is virtue's *ſecond* guard;
Reaſon, her firſt; but reaſon wants an aid;
Our *private* reaſon is a flatterer;

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* Society.

Line 416. *Nor is thy life, O virtue! leſs in debt.*] That there is a ſelf-intereſt, even in virtue, may be drawn from ancient and modern hiſtories. The pure abundant ſatisfaction of having done well, is not a ſufficient recompence to a mind whoſe nature, ſpite of all contrary cultivation, tends towards earth and worldly honours. Eſteem, reſpect, and admiration, when they repay our tolls, render a virtuous life the object of our wiſhes. Satire, contempt, and ridicule, are frequently more weighty than morality, and overthrow the baſis we have raiſed.

Thirſt of applauſe calls *public* judgment in,
To poiſe† our own, to keep an even ſcale,
And give endanger'd virtue fairer play.
Here a *fifth* proof ariſes, ſtronger ſtill:
Why this ſo nice conſtruction of our hearts;
Theſe delicate moralities of *ſenſe*‡;
This *conſtitutional*§ reſerve of aid
To ſuccour virtue, when our *reaſon* fails;
If virtue, kept alive by care and toil,
And, oft, the mark of injuries on earth,
When labour'd to maturity, (its bill
Of diſciplines, and pains, unpaid) muſt die?
Why freighted-rich*, to daſh againſt a rock?
Were man to periſh when moſt fit to live,
O how-miſpent were all theſe ſtratagems,
By ſkill divine inwoven in our frame!
Where are Heav'n's holineſs and mercy fled?
Laughs Heav'n, at once, at *virtue*, and at *man*?

† To balance.

‡ Moral influences ariſing from our paſſions.

§ Innate in the human frame. * Richly laden.

Line 425. *Thirſt of applauſe calls public Judgment in.*] However loſt the generality of mankind may be to moral virtues, in the guidance of their private intereſts or paſſions, the mutual advantages they derive from their fellow-creatures, naturally oblige them to admire virtue in others. Self-love, and the innate deſire of ſafety, neceſſarily prevail with us; and from the favourable intentions of others, we can only derive our private tranquility.

Line 442. *Laughs Heav'n, at once, at virtue, and at man?*] 'Tis on this ground alone that we can found ſo extraordinary a belief as that of annihilation. The fooliſh man in the Scriptures reaſons ſomewhat on a ſimilar plan—"Tuſh, God hath forgotton it, He turneth away his face, and will not ſee it."

If

If not, why *that* diſcourag'd, *this* deſtroy'd?
Thus far *ambition*. What ſays *avarice?*
This *her* chief maxim, which has long been *thine*.
"The wiſe and wealthy are the ſame."—I grant it.
To ſtore up treaſure, with inceſſant toil,
This is man's province, *this* his higheſt praiſe.
To this great end keen *inſtinct* ſtings him on.
To guide that inſtinct, *reaſon!* is thy charge;
'Tis thine to tell us where *true* treaſure lies:
But, reaſon failing to diſcharge her truſt,
Or to the deaf diſcharging it in vain,
A blunder follows; and blind *induſtry*,
Gall'd by the ſpur, but ſtranger to the courſe,
(The courſe where ſtakes of more than gold are won)
O'er-loading, with the cares of diſtant age,
The jaded† ſpirits of the *preſent* hour,
Provides for an *eternity* below.
"Thou ſhalt not covet," is a wiſe command;
But bounded to the wealth the ſun ſurveys:
Look farther, the command ſtands quite revers'd,

† Wearied.

Line 457. *O'er-loading, with the cares of diſtant age.*] Juvenal, in in his 9th Satire, paints the folly of contemplating on earthly futurity, in a very pleaſing manner:

——————Feſtinat enim decurrere velox,
Floſculus anguſtæ, miſeræque breviſſima vitæ
Portio: dum bibimus, dum ſerta, unguenta puellas
Poſſcimus, obſepit non intellecta ſenectus.

Seneca, in his epiſtle to Lucilius, argues in the following manner: "I act as tho' each day were to me as my life; neither do "I greedily devour it as my laſt, but look on it as within a poſ-"ſibility of cloſing my exiſtence. Before the approach of age I "am careful to live as a man; at its approach, to die as a man: "for to die well is to die willingly."

And

And *av'rice* is a virtue moſt divine.
Is *faith* a refuge for our *happineſs?*
Moſt ſure: and is it not for *reaſon* too?
Nothing *this* world unriddles, but the *next.*
Whence inextinguiſhable thirſt of gain?
From inextinguiſhable life in man:
Man, if not meant, by *worth* to reach the *ſkies,*
Had wanted wing to fly ſo far in *guilt.*
Sour grapes, I grant, *ambition, avarice:*
Yet ſtill their root is *immortality.*
Theſe its wild growths ſo bitter, and ſo baſe,
(Pain, and reproach!) *religion* can reclaim,
Refine, exalt, throw down their pois'nous lee,
And make them ſparkle in the bowl of *bliſs.*
See the *third witneſs* laughs at bliſs remote,
And falſly promiſes an *Eden** here:
Truth ſhe ſhall ſpeak for once, tho' prone to lye,
A common cheat, and *Pleaſure* is her name.
To pleaſure never was LORENZO deaf;
Then hear her now, now *firſt* thy *real* friend.
Since nature made us not more fond than *proud*
Of happineſs (whence hypocrites in joy!
Makers of mirth! artificers† of ſmiles!)
Why ſhould the joy moſt poignant‡ *ſenſe* affords,
Burn us with bluſhes, and rebuke our pride?—
Thoſe heav'n-born bluſhes tell us man *deſcends,*

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* Never-ceaſing happineſs.
† Deceitfully cloathed in the habit of content.
‡ Delicately forcible.

Line 480. *A common cheat, and Pleaſure is her name.*] Is an imitation of Pope's lines in the Rape of the Lock, Book I.

Of theſe am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful ſprite, and Ariel is my name.

Ev'n

Ev'n in the zenith of his *earthly* bliſs:
Should *reaſon* take her infidel§ repoſe,
This honeſt *inſtinct* ſpeaks our lineage‖ high;
This inſtinſt calls on darkneſs to conceal
Our rapturous* relations to the ſtalls.
Our *glory* covers us with noble *ſhame*,
And he that's unconfounded, is *unmann'd*†.
The man that bluſhes, is not *quite* a brute.
Thus far from thee, LORENZO! will I cloſe,
Pleaſure is good, and man for pleaſure made;
But pleaſure full of glory, as of joy;
Pleaſure, which neither *bluſhes*, nor *expires*.
The witneſſes are heard; the cauſe is o'er;
Let *conſcience* file the ſentence in her court,
Dearer than *deeds* that half a realm convey;
Thus, ſeal'd by *truth*, th' authentic record runs.

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§ Irreligious, oppoſed to faith. ‖ Deſcent.

* Fond attachment to baſe pleaſures.

† No longer deſervedly reckoned among the rational ſpecies.

Line 491. *This honeſt inſtinct ſpeaks our lineage high.*] Is no more than a repetition of the foregoing lines, where the author reviews the origin of bluſhes. Doubtleſs, while ſhame continues her benign influence over us, we cannot mourn a compleat loſs of virtue. As a remaining ſpark of her pious flame, ſhe leaves this emblem, that ſpite of our depravity in manners, ſome ſeeds of virtue ſtill ſpring up.

Line 500. *Pleaſure, which neither bluſhes, nor expires.*] This comparative view of attachments to the world, and contemplation on future exiſtence, is excellently drawn. The argument from whence he draws moral inferences in behalf of immortality, is moſt ſuitable to the purpoſe, and moſt naturally conducive to the reformation of diſſolute offenders.

" Know, All; know, infidels—unapt to know!
" 'Tis *immortality* your nature ſolves;
" 'Tis *immortality* decyphers‡ man,
" And opens all the myſt'ries of his make.
" Without it, half his *Inſtincts* are a riddle;
" Without it, all his *virtues* are a dream.
" His very *crimes* atteſt his dignity;
" His fateleſs|| thirſt of *pleaſure*, *gold*, and *fame*,
" Declares him born for bleſſings *infinite*:
" What* leſs than infinite, makes un-abſurd
" *Paſſions*, which *all* on earth but more inflames?
" Fierce paſſions, ſo miſ-meaſur'd† to *this* ſcene,
" Stretch'd out, like eagles wings, beyond our neſt,
" Far, far beyond the worth of all below,
" For *earth* too large, preſage§ a nobler flight,
" And evidence(*a*) our title to the *ſkies*."
Ye gentle theologues(*b*), of calmer kind!
Whoſe conſtitution dictates to your pen,

‡ Expreſſes our dignity. || Unbounded.

* Can it be leſs than omnipotence, which renders rational theſe attachments, which earthly inducements would otherwiſe enflame to our injury.

† Ill-qualified for earth. § Forewarn.

(*a*) Demonſtrate our claim to immortality.

(*b*) Divines.

Line 505. " *Know, All; know, infidels—unapt to know!*] We find an inte-eſting grandeur in this concluding addreſs, which renders the foregoing counſels of greater weight in the peruſal. Tho' little could be advanced in contradiction to the notion of eternity, much may be ſaid in favour of it; and the proofs which are moſt neceſſary to its elucidation, Young has dreſſed in a moſt perſuaſive habit.

Line 521. *Ye gentle theologues, of calmer kind!*] In defence of the author's ſyſtem, he has the authority of St. Paul, that grand prop of chriſtianity, in that epiſtle, where he chides a luke-warm ſoul as impious in a greater degree than either the ardent or frigid in religion.

Who

Who, cold yourſelves, think ardor comes from hell!
Think not our paſſions from *corruption* ſprung,
Tho' to corruption now they lend their wings;
That is their *miſtreſs*, not their *mother*. All
(And juſtly) *reaſon* deem divine: I ſee,
I feel a grandeur in the *paſſions* too,
Which ſpeaks their high deſcent, and glorious end:
Which ſpeaks them rays of an eternal fire.
In paradiſe itſelf they burnt as ſtrong,
Ere ADAM fell; tho' wiſer in their aim.
Like the proud *Eaſtern*†, ſtruck by providence,
What thro' our *paſſions* are run mad, and ſtoop,
With low, terreſtrial appetite, to graze

† Nebuchadnezzar.

Line 524. *Think not our paſſions from corruption ſprung.*] This chriſtian notion of Young's is exactly oppoſite to the fabulous origin from whence Ovid traces the birth of Man:

——Sed et illa propago
Contemptrix ſuperum, ſævæ que avidiſſima cædis,
Et violenta fuit: ſcires e ſanguine natos.

Line 526. *That is their miſtreſs, not their mother.*] We are attached to immortality by the diverted bent of our inclinations; and when comparatively viewing virtue and vice, fly to the latter, as to an alluring irreſiſtible object, not as formed by nature, to purſue her dictates.

Line 531. *In paradiſe itſelf they burnt as ſtrong.*] We meet with numerous paſſages, throughout Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, diſplaying the tranquil happineſs of our firſt parents before the fall:

Nor gentle purpoſe, nor endearing ſmiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beſeems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they.——

Book IV. Line 337.

Line 533. *Like the proud Eaſtern, ſtruck by providence*]

Daniel, Chap. IV. Verſe 16.

"Let his heart be changed from man's, and let a beaſt's "heart be given unto him; and let ſeven times paſs over him."

On traſh, on toys, dethron'd from high deſire?
Yet ſtill, thro' their diſgrace, no feeble ray
Of greatneſs ſhines, and tells us whence they fell:
But *theſe* (like that fall'n monarch when reclaim'd)
When *reaſon* moderates the rein aright,
Shall re-aſcend, remount their former ſphere,
Where once they ſoar'd illuſtrious; ere ſeduc'd
By wanton EVE's debauch, to ſtroll on earth,
And ſet the ſublunary world on fire.
But grant their phrenſy laſts; their phrenſy fails
To diſappoint *one* providential end,
For which Heav'n blew up ardor in our hearts:
Were *reaſon* ſilent, boundleſs *paſſion* ſpeaks
A future ſcene of boundleſs *objects* too,
And brings glad tidings of *eternal* day.
Eternal day! 'tis that enlightens All;
And All, by that enlighten'd, proves it *ſure*.
Conſider man as an *immortal* being,
Intelligible All; and All is great;
A cryſtalline* tranſparency prevails,
And ſtrikes full luſtre thro' the human ſphere:
Conſider man as *mortal*, All is dark,
And wretched; *reaſon* weeps at the ſurvey.
The learn'd LORENZO cries, "And let her weep,
"Weak, *modern* reaſon: *antient* times were wiſe.

* An enlightened luſtre.

Line 560. ——————*Antient times were wiſe.*] When bigotry in the cauſe of irreligion, ariſing either from intereſt or prepoſſeſſed notions, leads man into general error; the ancient writings are the grand appeal to which he ſubmits his determination. Like wit called in to render vice meritorious, the ſyſtems of antiquity, ring thro' want of revela tion, are ranſacked to infer ſome cauſe for his impiety.

"*Authority*,

" *Authority*, that venerable guide,
" Stands on my part; the fam'd *Athenian* porch
" (And who for wiſdom ſo renown'd as They?)
" Deny'd this immortality to man."
I grant it; but affirm, they *prov'd* it too.
A riddle this!—Have patience, I'll explain.
What noble vanities, what moral flights,
Glitt'ring thro' their romantic wiſdom's page,
Make us, at once, deſpiſe them, and admire!
Fable is flat to theſe high-ſeaſon'd fires;
They leave th' extravagance of ſong below.
" Fleſh ſhall not feel; or, feeling, ſhall enjoy
" The dagger, or the rack; to them, alike
" A bed of roſes, or the burning bull."
In men exploding† all beyond the grave,

† Diſallowing, eraſing.

Line 563. (*And who for wiſdom ſo renown'd as They?*) Minerva is ſuppoſed, in the ancient mythology, to have peculiarly protected Athens: hence, the ancients trace the cauſe of the ſo celebrated Athenian wiſdom.

Line 567. *What noble vanities, what moral flights.*] How great ſoever might have been the effect of heatheniſm, and how barren the ſoil, which was uncultured by revelation, we ſtill, on a peruſal of the ancient authors, diſcover a far greater fund of civil and domeſtic virtues, and even a more enlightened knowledge of future rewards and puniſhments, than might naturally have been expected from ſo remote a period. Virgil, in his Pollio, has lines almoſt on an equality with the divine writings.

Line 572. " *Fleſh ſhall not feel; or, feeling, ſhall enjoy.*] The magnanimity of Socrates beneath the tortures of his death, as well as other inſtances, we meet with in ancient hiſtory, are ſtriking inſtances how mean a conception was then entertained of this earthly exiſtence: a primary ſtep towards a belief in futurity.

Line 574. ——————*Or the burning bull.*] A peculiar puniſhment, in which the author, by the juſt ſentence of his emperor, met the fate he intended for others.

Strange doctine this! As *doctrine*, it was ſtrange;
But not, as *prophecy*; for ſuch it prov'd,
And, to their own amazement, was fulfill'd:
They feign'd a firmneſs *Chriſtians* need not feign,
The *Chriſtian* truly triumph'd in the flame:
The *ſtoic** ſaw, in double wonder loſt,
Wonder at Them, and wonder at Himſelf,
To find the bold adventures of his thought
Not bold, and that he ſtrove to lye in vain.
Whence, then, thoſe thoughts? thoſe tow'ring thoughts, that flew
Such monſtrous heights?—From *inſtinct*, and from
The glorious *inſtinct* of a deathleſs ſoul, [*pride*.
Confus'dly conſcious of her dignity,
Suggeſted truths they could not underſtand.
In *luſt*'s dominion, and in *paſſion*'s ſtorm,
Truth's ſyſtem broken, ſcatter'd fragments lay,
As light in chaos, glimm'ring thro' the gloom:
Smit with the pomp of lofty ſentiments,
Pleas'd *pride* proclaim'd, what *reaſon* diſbelievd.

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* A ſect who affected a cynical diſregard to every thing moral or natural.

Line 592. *As light in chaos, glimm'ring thro' the gloom.*] The ſimilitude is particularly apt, and inimitably expreſſes the confuſed ideas that were then entertained of religious truths. Maſon, in his Elfrida, beautifully deſcribes the origin, attributes, and effect of truth. I have ſelected the following lines, as moſt connected with the view in which Young examines the firſt rays of divine verities.

Laſt Man aroſe erect in youthful grace,
Heav'ns hallow'd image ſtampt upon his face;
And as he roſe, the high beheſt was given,
"That I alone of all the hoſt of heav'n
"Should reign proteſtreſs of the god-like youth."
Thus the Almighty ſpake, and call'd me Truth.

Pride,

Pride, like the *Delphic* prieſteſs, with a ſwell,
Rav'd nonſenſe, deſtin'd to be *future* ſenſe,
When life *immortal*, in full day, ſhould ſhine;
And *death's dark ſhadows* fly the goſpel ſun†.
They ſpoke, what nothing but *immortal* ſouls
Could ſpeak; and thus the truth they queſtion'd,
Can then *abſurdities*, as well as *crimes*, [prov'd.
Speak man *immortal?* All things ſpeak him ſo.
Much has been urg'd; and doſt thou call for more?
Call; and with endleſs queſtions be diſtreſt,
All unreſolvable, if *earth* is All.
" Why life, a moment; infinite, deſire?
" Our wiſh, eternity? our home, the grave?
" Heav'n's *promiſe* dormant* lies in human *hope*.
" Who *wiſhes* life immortal, *proves* it too.
" Why happineſs purſu'd, tho' never found?
" Man's thirſt of happineſs declares *It is*
" (For nature never gravitates§ to nought);
" That thirſt unquencht declares *It is not Here*.
" My LUCIA, thy CLARISSA, call to thought;

† The fulfilling belief of immortality after death.
* Ineffectual.
§ Never affords leſſons unleſs deducible from real verities.

Line 595. *Pride, like the Delphic prieſteſs, with a ſwell.*]

——————Immanis in antro
Bacchatur vates, magnum ſi pectore poſſit
Excuſſiſſe deum——————

Virgil's Æneid, Lib. VI. Line 77.

Line 612. " (*For nature never gravitates to nought.*) The author's meaning in this paſſage is, doubtleſs, that the paſſions we purſue moſt evidently have a previous exiſtence in our breaſts, and in natural compoſition; elſe, whence the cauſe of our ardent wiſhes? Since happineſs, then, is our purſuit, and is not found, having an exiſtence, it muſt be ſeen hereafter.

" Why

" Why *cordial friendſhip* riveted ſo deep,
" As hearts to pierce at firſt, at parting, rend,
" If friend, and friendſhip, vaniſh in an hour?
" Is not this torment in the maſk of joy?
" Why by *reflection* marr'd the joys of *ſenſe?*
" Why *paſt*, and *future*, preying on our hearts,
" And putting all our *preſent* joys to death?
" Why labours *reaſon? Inſtinct* were as well;
" Inſtinct, far better; what can *chuſe*, can *err:*
" O how *infallible*‡ the thoughtleſs brute!
" 'Twere well his *holineſs* were half as ſure.
" *Reaſon* with *inclination*, why at war?
" Why ſenſe of *guilt?* why *conſcience* up in arms?"
Conſcience of guilt, is prophecy of pain,
And boſom-counſel to decline the blow.
Reaſon with inclination ne'er had jarr'd,
If nothing future paid forbearance here§.
Thus on—theſe, and a thouſand pleas uncall'd,
All *promiſe*, ſome *enſure*, a ſecond ſcene;
Which, were it *doubtful*, would be dearer far
Than all things elſe moſt *certain*; were it *falſe*,
What *truth* on earth ſo precious as the lye?
This world it gives us, let what will enſue;

‡ Unconſcious of error.

§ Unleſs futurity required the peculiar guidance of our actions.

Line 616. " *As hearts to pierce at firſt, at parting, rend.*] Why ſo deeply rivetted, as to impreſs mutual affections ſo ſtrongly at our firſt intercourſe with friendſhip, to diſtreſs the ſoul at the irrevocable cloſe of our attachments?

Line 625. " *'Twere well his holineſs were half as ſure.*] The infallibility or exemption from error in the pope, is a doctrine, however irrational, which is greedily ſwallowed by all good *Catholics*. The introduction of this pun, on ſo ſerious a ſubject, is, I think, liable to juſt cenſure.

This

This world it gives, in that high cordial, *hope:*
The future of the preſent is the ſoul:
— How *this* life groans, when ſever'd from the *next!* —
Poor*, mutilated wretch, that diſbelieves!
By dark diſtruſt his being cut in two,
In *both* parts periſhes; *life* void of joy,
Sad prelude of *eternity* in pain!
Couldſt thou perſuade me, the next life could fail
Our ardent wiſhes; how ſhould I pour out
My bleeding heart in anguiſh, *new*, as deep!
Oh! with what thoughts, thy *hope*, and my *deſpair*,
Abhorr'd ANNIHILATION†! blaſts the ſoul,
And wide-extends the bounds of human woe!
Could I believe LORENZO's ſyſtem true,
In *this* black channel would my ravings run.
" *Grief* from the *future* borrow'd peace, ere-while.
" The future *vaniſht!* and the preſent *pain'd!*
" Strange import‡ of unprecedented ill!
" Fall, how profound! like LUCIFER's, the fall!
" Unequal fate! his fall, without his guilt!
" From where fond *hope* built her pavilion high§,

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* Maim'd, rational but in appearance.
† An unenlivened ſtate after death.
‡ Introduction of an evil unknown before.
§ Sublime expectations.

Line 653. *Grief from the future borrow'd peace, ere-while.*] The alleviation of the poet's ſorrows was, doubtleſs, a taſk which earthly powers were incapable of accompliſhing. His miſeries were ſo numerous, that worldly pleaſures, even on a ſuppoſition of the revival of his firſt felicity, could not aſſuage them. Fears of a ſecond fate, as bitter as the firſt, would have excluded real joy, and damped his fondeſt wiſhes. 'Twas then on an immortal baſis that he built his hopes, a ſtructure, worldly calamities would render ſtill more forcible.'

The

" The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
" To night! to *nothing!* darker ſtill than night.
" If 'twas a dream, why wake me, my worſt foe,
" LORENZO! boaſtful of the name of friend!
" O for deluſion! O for error ſtill!
" Could vengeance ſtrike much ſtronger than to plant
" A *thinking* being in a world like this,
" Not over-rich before, *now* beggar'd quite;
" More curſt than at the *fall?*—The ſun goes out!
" The thorns ſhoot up! What thorns in ev'ry thought!
" Why ſenſe of better? It imbitters worſe.
" Why ſenſe? why life? if but to ſigh, then ſink
" To what I was! *twice* nothing! and much woe!
" Woe, from Heav'n's bounties! woe, from what was wont
" To flatter moſt, high *intellectual powers**.
" *Thought, virtue, knowledge!* bleſſings by *thy* ſcheme,
" All poiſon'd into pains. Firſt, *knowledge*, once
" My ſoul's ambition, *now* her greateſt dread.
" To *know myſelf*, true wiſdom?—No, to ſhun
" That ſhocking ſcience. Parent of deſpair!
" Avert thy mirror: If I ſee, I die.
" *Know my Creator?* climb his bleſt abode

" By

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* The diſtinguiſhing attributes of reaſon.

Line 659. " *The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once.*] There is a great ſimilarity of exclamation in Eloiſa's reflections on her deluſive dream, in that beautiful epiſtle to Abelard, penned by the immortal Pope.

Line 680. " *Know my Creator? climb his bleſt abode.*] This admirable ſoliloquy is written with the genuine and natural pathos adequate for the dignity due to ſuch a ſubject. The author's firſt reflections on the diſtinguiſhing excellencies of mankind, and their abortive

" By painful ſpeculation, pierce the veil,
" Dive in his nature, read his attributes,
" And gaze in admiration—on a *foe*,
" Obtruding† life, with-holding happineſs!
" From the full rivers that ſurround his throne,
" Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;
" Man gaſping for one drop, that he might ceaſe
" To curſe his birth, nor envy *reptiles*‡ more!
" Ye ſable clouds! ye darkeſt ſhades of night!
" Hide *Him*, for ever hide Him, from my thought,
" Once all my comfort; ſource, and ſoul of joy!
" Now leagu'd with furies, and with *thee**, againſt me.
" *Know his atchievements?* ſtudy his renown!
" Contemplate this amazing univerſe,
" Dropt from his hand, with miracles replete!
" For what? Mid miracles of nobler name,
" To find one miracle of *miſery!*
" To find the being, which alone can *know*
" And *praiſe* his works, a blemiſh on his praiſe?
" Thro' nature's ample range, in thought, to ſtroll,
" And ſtart at *man*, the *ſingle* mourner there,
" Breathing high hope! chain'd down to pangs, and death!

---

abortive ends, if ſinking in annihilation, and ſecondly, on the peculiar inhumanity of fate in forming us as we are, render a future ſtate incontrovertible, while we allow the exiſtence and protection of an eternal being.—Gay, in his Miſcellanies, ſeems to be fondly enraptured of contemplating immortality:

Thou ſhalt be: ſtill as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time ſhall be no more.
O endleſs thought, divine eternity!
Th' immortal ſoul, ſhares but a part of thee,
For thou wert preſent, when our life began,
When the warm duſt ſhot up in breathing man.

† Removing from our enjoyment. ‡ Creeping inſects.
* Lorenzo.

" Knowing

" Knowing is ſuff'ring: and ſhall *virtue* ſhare
" The ſigh of *knowledge!* Virtue ſhares the ſigh.
" By ſtraining up the ſteep of *excellent**,
" By battles fought, and, from *temptation*, won,
" What gains ſhe, but the pang of ſeeing worth,
" *Angelic* worth, ſoon ſhuffled in the dark
" With ev'ry vice, and ſwept to *brutal* duſt?
" Merit is madneſs; virtue is a crime;
" A crime to *reaſon*, if it coſts us pain
" *Unpaid:* What pain, amidſt a thouſand more,
" To think the moſt *abandon'd*, after days
" Of triumph o'er their betters, find in death
" As *ſoft* a pillow, nor make *fouler* clay!
" *Duty, Religion!*—Theſe, our duty done,
" Imply reward.—*Religion* is miſtake.
" *Duty!*—there's none, but to repel the cheat.
" Ye cheats! away! ye daughters of my pride!
" Who feign yourſelves the fav'rites of the ſkies:
" Ye tow'ring hopes! abortive energies §!
" That toſs, and ſtruggle, in my *lying* breaſt,
" To ſcale the ſkies, and build preſumptions there,

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* Arduous purſuit of virtue.

§ Religious rapture, void of foundation in a future bliſs.

Line 705 *By ſtraining up the ſteep of excellent.*] Methinks this thought alone would totally aboliſh the irrational doctrine of life without eternity. The impious confeſs virtue to be amiable, and that ſhe merits a reward. In this terreſtrial abode, the oppoſite principle becomes ſo prevalent, that here ſhe has little hopes: to a remoter period we muſt look out for her deſerved recompence. Ancient philoſophers allowed a God,—a ſoul,—and from that united conſideration aroſe their doubts concerning man. We, who have revelation on our ſide, can heſitate no longer.—They doubted for want of proofs,—we have thoſe proofs: If we demur, our ſentiments are worſe than pagan.

" As

" As I were heir of an *eternity*.
" Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.
" Why travel far in queſt of ſure defeat?
" As bounded as my being, be my wiſh.
" All is inverted, *wiſdom* is a fool.
" *Senſe!* take the rein; blind *paſſion!* drive us on;
" And, *ignorance!* befriend us on our way;
" Ye *new*, but *trueſt* patrons of our peace!
" Yes; give the *pulſe*† full empire; live the *brute*,
" Since, as the brute, we die. The *ſum* of man,
" Of godlike man! to *revel*, and to *rot*.
" But not on equal terms with other *brutes:*
" *Their* revels a more poignant reliſh yield,
" And ſafer too; *they* never poiſons chuſe.
" *Inſtinct*‡, than *Reaſon*, makes more wholeſome meals,
" And ſends all-marring murmur far away.
" For *ſenſual* life *they* beſt philoſophize;
" *Theirs*, that *ſerene*, the *ſages* ſought in vain:
" 'Tis *man* alone expoſtulates with Heaven;
" *His*, all the *pow'r*, and all the *cauſe*, to mourn.
" Shall *human* eyes alone diſſolve in tears?
" And bleed, in anguiſh, none but *human* hearts?
" The wide-ſtretcht realm of *intellectual* woe,
" Surpaſſing *ſenſual* far, is all our own.
" In *life* ſo fatally diſtinguiſht, why
" Caſt in one lot, confounded, lumpt, in *death?*

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† The unbiaſſed inclination of our paſſions.

‡ Our bent by nature.

Line 725. *Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.*]

Tu ne quæſieris, (ſcire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi
Finem di dederint, Leuconoë, nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros, ut melius, quidquid erit, pati.

Horace, Book I. Ode 11.

"Ere yet in being, was mankind in guilt?
"Why thunder'd this peculiar *clauſe* againſt us,
"*All-mortal, and all-wretched!* – Have the ſkies
"Reaſons of ſtate, their ſubjects may not ſcan,
"Nor *humbly* reaſon, when they *ſorely* ſigh?
"*All-mortal, and all-wretched!*—'Tis too much!
"Unparellel'd in nature: 'Tis too much
"On being *unrequeſted* at Thy hands,
"OMNIPOTENT! for I ſee nought but *power*.
"And why ſee that? Why *thought?* To toil, and eat,
"Then make our bed in darkneſs, needs no thought.
"What ſuperfluities* are *reas'ning* ſouls!
"Oh give eternity! or thought deſtroy.
"But without thought or curſe were half-unfelt;
"Its blunted edge would ſpare the throbbing heart,
"And, *therefore*, 'tis beſtow'd. I thank thee, *reaſon!*
"For aiding *life*'s too ſmall calamities,
"And giving being to the dread of *death*.
"*Such* are thy bounties!—Was it then too much
"For *me*, to treſpaſs on the brutal rights?
"Too much for *Heav'n* to make one emmet more?
"Too much for *chaos* to permit my maſs
"A longer ſtay with eſſences‡ unwrought,

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* For purpoſes how uſeleſs, annexed to our corporeal form.

‡ Created beings.

Line 757 "*On being unrequeſted at Thy hands.*] Were the word *being* placed in Italics, it would, I think, convey a clearer idea of the author's meaning. As it ſtands at preſent, it may be underſtood as only an auxiliary participle. The true ſenſe the line ſhould convey, I take to be this,—"The puniſhment is too great for an exiſtence, unrequeſted at Thy hands."—Being is then underſtood ſubſtantively.

"Unfaſhion'd,

" Unfaſhion'd, *untormented* into *man?*
" Wretched *preferment* to this round of pains?
" Wretched capacity of phrenſy, *thought!*
" Wretched capacity of dying, *life!*
" *Life, thought, worth, wiſdom,* all (O foul revolt!)
" *Once* friends to peace, gone over to the foe.
" *Death,* then, has chang'd its nature too: O death!
" Come to my boſom, thou beſt gift of Heaven!
" Beſt friend of man! ſince man is man no more.
" Why in this thorny *Wilderneſs* ſo long,
" Since there's no *promis'd land*'s ambroſial bower,
" To pay me with its honey for my ſtings?
" If needful to the ſelfiſh ſchemes of Heaven
" To ſting us ſore, why *mockt* our miſery?
" Why this ſo ſumptuous inſult o'er our heads?
" Why this illuſtrious canopy diſplay'd?
" Why ſo magnificently lodg'd *deſpair?*
" At ſtated periods, ſure-returning, roll

Line 773. *Unfaſhioned, untormented into man?*] The author's reaſoning is here peculiarly ſtriking, and the evident proofs which his natural complaint bears of immortality, cannot fail reclaiming an infidel, tho' deaf to more laboured councils. The thought of " untormented into man" is beautifully poetic.

Line 782. *Why in this thorny Wilderneſs ſo long.*] Hamlet's ſoliloquy is ſomewhat ſimilar:

> To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion:
> Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to ſuffer
> The ſtings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
> Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,
> And by oppoſing, end them? To die,—to ſleep,—
> No more.———

Line 783. *Since there's no promis'd land's ambroſial bower.*] The thought is taken from the Land of Canaan, promiſed to the children of Iſrael, while in the Deſert.

" Theſe *glorious orbs*†, that mortals may compute
" Their length of labours, and of pains; nor loſe
" Their miſery's full meaſure?—Smiles with flowers,
" And fruits, promiſcuous‡, ever-teeming§ *earth*,
" That man may languiſh in *luxurious* ſcenes,
" And in an *Eden* mourn his wither'd joys?
" Claim earth and ſkies man's admiration, due
" For *ſuch* delights! Bleſt *animals!* too wiſe
" To *wonder*; and too happy to *complain!*
" Our *doom decreed* demands a mournful ſcene:
" Why not a dungeon dark, for the *condemn'd?*
" Why not the dragon's ſubterranean den,
" For man to howl in? Why not his abode
" Of the ſame diſmal colour with his fate?
" A *Thebes*, a *Babylon*, at vaſt expence
" Of time, toil, treaſure, art, for owls and adders,
" As congruous*, as, for man, this lofty dome,
" Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high deſire;
" If, from her humble chamber in the duſt,
" While proud thought ſwells, and high deſire inflames,
" The poor *worm* calls us for her inmates *there*;
" And, round us, *death*'s inexorable hand,
" Draws the dark curtain cloſe; undrawn no more.

† Luminary Planets, ſun and moon.
‡ Scatter'd without order. § Fertile, prolific.
* Aptly fitted.

Line 813. " *Draws the dark curtain cloſe; undrawn no more.*] Catullus, in his 5th Book, compriſes briefly the incredulity which the ancients entertained in behalf of immortality:

Nobis, cum ſemel occidit brevis lux,
Nox eſt perpetua una dormienda.

" *Undrawn*

" *Undrawn no more!*—Behind the cloud of *death*,
" Once, I beheld a ſun; a ſun which gilt
" That ſable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold:
" How the *grave*'s alter'd! Fathomleſs, as hell!
" A *real* hell to thoſe who dreamt of heaven.
" ANNIHILATION! How it yawns before me!
" Next-moment I may drop from *thought*, from *ſenſe*,
" The privilege of *angels*, and of *worms*,
" An outcaſt from exiſtence! And this ſpirit,
" This all-pervading§ this all-conſcious ſoul,
" This particle of energy divine,
" Which travels nature, flies from ſtar to ſtar,
" And viſits gods, and emulates* their powers,
" For ever is extinguiſht. Horror! death!
" Death of *that* death I *fearleſs* once ſurvey'd!—
" When horror *univerſal* ſhall deſcend,
" And heav'n's dark concave urn† all human race,
" On that enormous, unrefunding‡ tomb,
" How juſt this verſe! this monumental ſigh!

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§ Of univerſal comprehenſion and faculties.
* Rivals. † Incloſe within the ball.
‡ Delivering not up its dead.

Line 815. *Once, I beheld a ſun; a ſun which gilt.*] The tranſcendent raptures beeming from immortality, are ſufficient to eaſe from the pious mourner, every recollection of his paſt ſufferings. The truly virtuous, reſting on that hope, reflect on life's viciſſitudes with due contempt.

It follows, that a time will ſurely come
When each ſhall meet their well-adjuſted doom;
Then ſhall this ſcene, which now to human ſight
Seems ſo unworthy wiſdom infinite,
A ſyſtem of conſummate ſkill appear,
And ev'ry cloud diſpers'd, be beautiful and clear.
Poems by Soame Jennyns.

Beneath the lumber of demoliſht worlds,
Deep in the rubbiſh of the gen'ral wreck,
Swept ignominious to the common maſs
Of matter, never dignify'd with life,
Here lie proud rationals ; *the ſons of heaven!*
The lords of earth! the property of worms!
Beings of yeſterday, and no to-morrow!
Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd!
All gone to rot in chaos ; *or, to make*
Their happy tranſit into blocks *or* brutes,
Nor longer ſully their CREATOR's *name.* ✕

LORENZO! hear, pauſe, ponder, and pronounce.
Juſt is this hiſtory? If *ſuch* is man,
Mankind's hiſtorian, tho' divine, might weep.

Line 833. *Beneath the lumber of demoliſht worlds.*] There is a pathetic grandeur in this momentous epitaph, which greatly embelliſhes the author's former arguments, and, on calm reflection, adds much towards erafing the belief of annihilation. The abſurdity of ſuch a faith muſt, doubtleſs, have firſt taken its riſe, as well from conſcious ſin, as from ignorance. Man, rendered by his flagrant vices unworthy an immortal life, would gladly propagate an unbelieving ſyſtem, to plunge his fellow creatures in a mutual guilt.

Line 840. *Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd!*] As we can draw no certain inference from nature, that there is no eternity, Man's life, troubled by doubts, (if willing to favour ſo abſurd a folly) muſt be a truly miſerable ſtate, both in the commiſſions of his vice, and death compelled reflections on miſpent hours.

Line 842. *Their happy tranſit into blocks or brutes.*] When we compare the inconſiſtency of annihilation with that of future exiſtence, in a different form, it muſt be allowed the latter is the leaſt unreaſonable. In a moral conſideration, it may poſſibly be productive of ſome good conſequences. That the ancients had an idea of tranſmutation, may be gathered from ſeveral of their writings. Virgil's "Tu Marcellus eris," with the whole of his contemplations in the lower regions, ſeem greatly to favour ſuch a ſyſtem.

And

And dares LORENZO ſmile?—I know thee proud;
For once let *pride* befriend thee: pride looks pale
At ſuch a ſcene, and ſighs for ſomething more.
Amid thy boaſts, preſumptions, and diſplays,
And art thou then a ſhadow? Leſs than ſhade?
A nothing? *Leſs* than nothing?—To *have* been,
And *not to be*, is lower than unborn.
Art thou *ambitious?* Why then make the worm
Thine equal? Runs thy taſte of *pleaſure* high?
Why patronize ſure death of ev'ry joy?
Charm *riches?* Why chuſe begg'ry in the grave,
Of ev'ry hope a bankrupt! and for ever?
Ambition, *pleaſure*, *avarice*, perſuade thee
To make that world of glory, rapture, wealth,
They† lately *prov'd*, thy ſoul's ſupreme deſire.
What art thou made of? rather, how unmade?
Great *nature*'s maſter-appetite deſtroy'd!
Is endleſs life, and happineſs, deſpis'd?
Or both wiſht, *here*, where neither can be found?
Such man's perverſe, eternal war with heaven!
Dar'ſt thou perſiſt? And is there nought on earth,
But a long train of tranſitory* forms,
Riſing, and breaking, millions in an hour?
Bubbles of a fantaſtic deity, blown up
In ſport, and then in cruelty deſtroy'd?
Oh! for what crime, unmerciful LORENZO!
Deſtroys thy ſcheme the *whole* of human race?
Kind is fell LUCIFER, compar'd to thee:

† In the ſixth Night. * Varying, paſſing away.

Line 874. *Kind is fell Lucifer, compar'd to thee.*]

——————City and proud ſeat
Of Lucifer. (So by alluſion call'd
Of that bright ſtar to Satan paragon'd.)
Paradiſe Loſt, Book X. Line 424.

Oh!

Oh! ſpare this *waſte*† of being half divine;
And vindicate th' *œconomy* of Heaven.
Heav'n is all love; all joy in giving joy:
It never had created, but to *bleſs:*
And ſhall it, then, ſtrike off the liſt of life,
A being bleſt, or worthy *ſo* to be? —
Heav'n ſtarts at an *annihilating* GOD.
Is that, all *nature* ſtarts at, thy deſire?
Art ſuch a clod to wiſh thyſelf *all* clay?
What is that dreadful wiſh?—The dying groan
Of *nature*, murder'd by the blackeſt guilt.
What deadly poiſon has thy nature drank?
To nature undebaucht no ſhock ſo great;
Nature's *firſt* wiſh is *endleſs happineſs*; —
Annihilation is an after-thought,
A monſtrous wiſh, unborn till virtue dies.
And, Oh! what depth of horror lies inclos'd!

† Deſtructive ſyſtem.

Line 876. *And vindicate th' œconomy of Heav'n.*] The propriety of appealing to conſcience in defence of thoſe truths, which reaſoning alone renders, in ſome reſpects, a doubt, is the beſt argument a writer can advance to maintain the argument he would enforce.

Eye nature's walks, ſhoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they riſe:
Laugh where we muſt, be candid where we can;
And vindicate the ways of God to man.

Pope's Eſſay on Man.

Line 881. *Heav'n ſtarts at an annihilating God.*] The impiety of ſuch a belief cannot be equalled by any modes of faith, however ridiculous, ſtarted ſince the creation of the world. That which approaches neareſt to it, is the baleful doctrine of predeſtination; in judging an all-merciful Being could condemn a creature, yet unborn, to a futurity, in happineſs or miſery, excluſive of virtuous or vicious actions.

For

For non-exiſtence no man ever wiſht,
But, firſt, he wiſht the DEITY deſtroy'd.
If ſo; what words are dark enough to draw
Thy picture true? The darkeſt are too fair.
Beneath what baleful planet, in what hour
Of deſperation, by what fury's aid,
In what infernal poſture of the ſoul,
All hell invited, and all hell in joy
At ſuch a birth, a birth ſo near of kin,
Did thy foul *fancy* whelp ſo black a ſcheme
Of *hopes* abortive, *faculties* half-blown,
And *deities begun*, reduc'd to duſt?
There's nought (thou ſayſt) but one eternal flux
Of feeble eſſenſes, tumultuous driven
Thro' *time*'s rough billows into *night*'s abyſs*.
Say, in this rapid *tide* of human ruin,
Is there no *rock*, on which man's toſſing thought
Can reſt from terror, dare his fate ſurvey,
And boldly think it *ſomething* to be born?
Amid ſuch hourly wrecks of Being fair.

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* Profound darkneſs.

Line 893. *But, firſt, he wiſht the Deity deſtroy'd.*] That this is a ſolemn, tho' unhappy truth, men deeply plunged in guilt, will, by their bluſhes, (if ſuch a conſcientious virtue be within them) ſufficiently teſtify. How fearfully evil muſt have been the tenor of his life who fears to meet the mercy of his God? And yet, to wiſh, or even to form the poſſibility of annihilation, muſt have proceeded from ſome ſuch principle.

Line 897. ——————*By what fury's aid.*] In the antient mythology we meet with numerous inſtances of the creative power of furies, and their influence in regard to the origin of evil. From this fabulous ſuppoſition, the author draws his imagery of a preſiding evil genius, attendant on the birth of annihilating ſentiments.

Is there no central*, all-ſuſtaining *baſe*,
All-realizing, all-connecting *Power*,
Which, as it call'd forth all things, can *recall*,
And force *deſtruction* to refund her ſpoil?
Command the grave reſtore her taken prey?
Bid death's dark vale its human harveſt yield,
And *earth*, and *ocean*, pay their debt of man,
True to the grand depoſit truſted *there*?
Is there no *potentate*, whoſe out-ſtretcht arm,
When rip'ning time calls forth th' appointed hour,
Pluckt from foul *devaſtation*'s famiſht maw,
Binds *preſent*, *paſt*, and *future*, to his throne?
His throne, how glorious, thus divinely grac'd,
By germinating† beings cluſt'ring round!
A garland worthy the Divinity!
A throne, by Heav'n's omnipotence *in ſmiles*,
Built (like a *Pharos* tow'ring in the waves)
Amid immenſe effuſions of his love!
An ocean of *communicated* bliſs!
An all-prolific, all-preſerving GOD!
This were a GOD indeed.—And ſuch *is* Man,
As here preſum'd: he riſes from his fall.

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* Fixed and attractive point.

† Springing forth, ariſing.—The thought is taken from the ſhooting of buds.

Line 920. *Is there no potentate, whoſe out-ſtretch'd arm.*] The magnificence of deſcription preſented to our view in this and the following lines, is truly admirable. It is rather doubtful, on a comparative examination, to judge whether the poet is moſt excellent in fancied or in natural machinery.

Line 928. *Built (like a Pharos tow'ring in the waves.)* Pharos was an iſland near Alexandria, celebrated for its lofty tower, on the top of which were placed lights to conduct the ſhipping, the entrance into the port being particularly difficult.

Thinkſt

Thinkſt thou Omnipotence a naked root,
Each bloſſom fair of DEITY deſtroy'd?
Nothing is dead; nay, nothing ſleeps; each ſoul,
That ever animated human clay,
Now wakes; is on the wing: and where, O where,
Will the ſwarm ſettle?—When the *trumpet*'s call,
As ſounding braſs, collects us, round heav'n's throne
Conglob'd*, we baſk in everlaſting day,
(Paternal ſplendor!) and adhere for ever.
Had not the ſoul this *outlet*† to the ſkies,
In this vaſt veſſel of the univerſe,
How ſhould we gaſp, as in an empty void!
How in the pangs of famiſht *hope* expire! – [*thine!*
– How bright *my* proſpect ſhines! how gloomy –
A trembling world! and a devouring GOD!
Earth, but the ſhambles of Omnipotence!
Heav'n's face all ſtain'd with cauſeleſs maſſacres
Of countleſs millions, born to feel the pangs
Of being *loſt*. LORENZO! can it be?
This bids us ſhudder at the thoughts of *life*.
Who would be born to ſuch a phantom world,
Where nought ſubſtantial, but our miſery?
Where joy (if joy) but heightens our diſtreſs,
So ſoon to periſh, and revive no more?
The greater *ſuch* a joy, the *more* it pains.

---

* Surrounding the Deity in an united circle.

† Secure paſſage.

Line 938. *Now wakes.*————] The natural majeſty evident in theſe lines, is, I think, equalled only by Ogilvie, in his Day of Judgment:

Rous'd from their ſleep unnumber'd myriads come.
All wak'd at once, and burſt the yielding tomb:
O'er the broad deep, &c. &c. &c.———

A world, ſo far from *great* (and yet how great
It ſhines to thee !) there's nothing *real* in it ;
Being, a ſhadow ! *conſciouſneſs*, a dream !
A dream, how dreadful ! univerſal blank
Before it, and behind ! poor man, a ſpark
From non-exiſtence ſtruck by wrath divine,
Glitt'ring a moment, nor that moment ſure,
'Midſt upper, nether, and ſurrounding *night*‡,
His ſad, ſure, ſudden, and eternal tomb !
LORENZO ! doſt thou *feel* theſe arguments ?
Or is there nought but *vengeance* can be felt ?
How haſt thou dar'd the DEITY dethrone ?
How dar'd *indict* him of a world like this ?
If *ſuch* the world, creation was a crime ;
For what is crime, but cauſe of miſery ?

‡ Midſt his previous ſtate of obſcurity, his dormant futurity, and preſent ſubjection to death.

Line 963. ——————*Poor man, a ſpark.*] It has been generally allowed, that the extenſive liberties which poetry admits of, are better qualified towards the enforcing even a moral argument, than the confined boundaries of proſe. Spenſer's Fairy Queen is an immortal inſtance, how beautifully nature and morality appear when habited in fancied dreſſes. Our author, tho' he rarely dips into the ſtream of borrowed machinery, maintains the ſtrength of his ſubject equal with its importance. His dignity and natural expreſſion, joined to an unfathom'd fund of ſincere piety, render the ſentiments he conveys peculiarly beautiful ; the intereſting digreſſions which he makes to Lorenzo, are ſo many admonitions to ourſelves ; each of which leaves an impreſſion not to be eraſed.

Line 964. *From non-exiſtence ſtruck by wrath divine.*] In how contrary a view are the attributes of the Deity depictured on the belief and diſbelief of Immortality ! Suppoſing an annihilating ſtate, how can we reconcile it even with the omnipotence of God, to have given us a conſcience which reproaches its maker ; or or how account for the natural fears incident even to an atheiſt. The hypocriſy of man may lead us into a belief that he denies eternity ; but let us view him in his retired moments, intereſt apart, and we ſhall heſitate in the pronunciation of our judgment.

Retract, blaſphemer! and unriddle *this*,
Of endleſs arguments, *above*, *below*,
Without us, and *within*, the ſhort reſult ——
"*IF man's immortal, there's a* GOD *in heaven.*"
But wherefore ſuch redundancy* ? ſuch waſte
Of argument ? One ſets *my* ſoul at reſt ;
One obvious, and at hand, and, Oh—at *heart*.
So juſt the ſkies, PHILANDER's life ſo pain'd,
His heart ſo pure ; *that*, or *ſucceeding* ſcenes
Have palms to give, or ne'er had he been born.
"*What an old tale is this!*" LORENZO cries.—
I grant this argument is old ; but truth
No years impair ; and had not this been true,
Thou never hadſt deſpis'd it for its age.
Truth is immortal as thy ſoul ; and *fable*
As fleeting as thy joys : Be wiſe, nor make

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* A copious flow of arguments.

Line 983. *Have palms to give, or ne'er had he been born.*] The condemnation of virtuous ſufferers to a dormant ſtate, is in itſelf ſo contradictory to the natural biaſs of our conſcience, that we muſt diſallow God, virtue, and every virtuous principle, before we can, in any juſt degree, perſuade our minds to ſuch a ſyſtem. Rewards and puniſhments were ſo undoubted a moral certainty, that heathens could not diſbelieve, tho' not endued with capability to unravel heaven's myſteries.

Line 987. *Thou never hadſt deſpis'd it for its age.*] To render our arguments, in any reſpect credible, in defence of annihilation, we are reduced to the meaneſt reſources ; reſources, which, from the irrational and baſe principles alone that they inſtill, oblige their votaries entirely to relinquiſh all dignity in man.

Line 988. *Truth is immortal as thy ſoul ; and fable.*] The beautiful ſolemnity contained in this and the three following lines; challenges our moſt laviſh encomiums. They preſent us with a leſſon meriting our peculiar attention, and are ſo concifely compoſed, that they will admit of comments to the conjunctive introduction of every moral virtue.

Heav'n's higheſt bleſſing, vengeance; O be wiſe!
Nor make a curſe of *immortality*.
Say, knowſt thou what *it* is, or what *thou* art?
Know'ſt thou th' *importance* of a ſoul immortal?
Behold this midnight glory! worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze;
Ten thouſand add; and twice ten thouſand more;
Then weigh the whole; *one* ſoul outweighs them all;
And calls th' aſtoniſhing magnificence
Of *unintelligent*‡ creation *poor*.
For this, believe not *me*; no *man* believe;
Truſt not in words, but deeds; and deeds no leſs
Than thoſe of the SUPREME; nor His, a few;
Conſult them *all*; conſulted, all proclaim
Thy ſoul's importance: tremble at thyſelf;
For whom *Omnipotence* has wak'd ſo long;
Has wak'd, and work'd, for ages; from the birth
Of nature to this *unbelieving* hour.
In this ſmall province of his vaſt domain
(All *nature* bow, while I pronounce his name!)
What has GOD done, and not for *this* ſole end,

‡ Irrational, unenlivened with a ſoul.

Line 992. *Say, knowſt thou what it is, or what thou art?*] In recommending a contemplative view of man, how ſolemnly are the poet's counſels directed to the mind! Indeed, allowing every author the moſt unlimitted machinery to deal in, heav'n and earth will, from their fertile and united ſource, furniſh an aid more truly great than that of general truths or fancied fable.

Line 1005. *For whom Omnipotence has wak'd ſo long.*] Without having recourſe to the incontrovertible truths of the Old or New Teſtament, we need only conſult nature, to fix an unanſwerable proof of immortality. An impious ſinner, however oppoſite may be the tenor of his words, will evidently teſtify its truth, as forcibly as virtuous piety.

To

To reſcue ſouls from death? The *ſoul's high price*
Is writ in all the conduct of the ſkies.
The *ſoul's high price* is *the creation's key*,
Unlocks its myſteries, and naked lays
The genuine cauſe of ev'ry deed divine:
That, is the *chain of ages*, which maintains
Their obvious† correſpondence, and unites
Moſt diſtant periods in one bleſt deſign:
That, is the *mighty hinge*, on which have turn'd
All revolutions, whether we regard
The *nat'ral*, *civil*, or *religious*, world;
The former two, but ſervants to the third:
To that their duty done, they both expire,
Their *maſs* new-caſt, forgot their *deeds renown'd*;
And angels aſk, "*Where once they ſhone ſo fair?*"
To lift us from *this* abject, to ſublime;
This flux*, to permanent; this dark, to day;
This foul, to pure; this turbid, to ſerene;
This mean, to mighty!—for *this* glorious end
Th' ALMIGHTY, riſing, his long ſabbath broke;
The world was made; was ruin'd; was reſtor'd;
Laws from the *ſkies* were publiſh'd; were repeal'd;

† Evident connection. * Variable, to immutable ſtate.

Line 1021. *The nat'ral, civil, or religious, world.*] From every object of creation, from every paſſion and principle of man, we may connect a ſubſervience and gravitation towards the centre of religion. Vice, as well as virtue, will, on examination, admit of as great a tendency towards that univerſal ſource: The error lies in our own breaſts;—we will not examine.

Line 1030. *Th' Almighty, riſing, his long ſabbath broke.*] This view of earthly and religious revolutions is incomparably beautiful. The ſhort ſentences, which comprize each ſeparate tranſaction, render the whole ſuperiorly excellent.

On *earth* kings, kingdoms, roſe; kings, kingdom's,
Fam'd ſages lighted up the *Pagan* world; [fell;
Prophets from *Sion* darted a keen glance
Thro' diſtant age; ſaints travell'd; martyrs bled;
By wonders ſacred nature ſtood controul'd;
The living were tranſlated; dead were rais'd;
Angels, and *more* than angels, came from heaven:
And, oh! for *this*, deſcended lower ſtill;
Guilt was hell's gloom; aſtoniſht at his gueſt,
For one ſhort moment LUCIFER ador'd:
LORENZO! and wilt thou do leſs?—For *this*,
That *hallow'd page*, fools ſcoff at, was inſpir'd,
Of all theſe truths thrice-venerable code† !
Deiſts! perform your quarantine‡; and then,
Fall proſtrate, ere you touch it, leſt you die.
Nor leſs intenſely bent *infernal* powers
To mar, than thoſe of *light*, *this* end to gain.
O what a ſcene is here!—LORENZO! wake!
Riſe to the thought; exert, expand, thy ſoul
To take the vaſt idea: it denies
All *elſe* the name of great. Two warring worlds!

† Important ſummary.

‡ Thoſe who, on arriving from foreign countries, were ſuppoſed to be infected with the plague, remained a number of days on the water before they were permitted to land.

Line 1042. *For one ſhort moment Lucifer ador'd.*] There is an originality in this thought, which, added to the ſtriking ſentiment it conveys, delights us with its dignity and neceſſary connection to the ſubject he embelliſhes.

Line 1046. *Deiſts! perform your quarantine; and then.*] An alluſion to natural truths, renders the morality this work contains, more enforcing to the generality of mankind; and in this particular art, Dr. Young greatly excells; ſince he purſues natural ſentiments, even in the delivery of divine truths.

Not

Not *Europe* againſt *Afric*; warring worlds,
Of *more* than mortal! mounted on the wing!
On ardent wings of energy, and zeal,
High-hov'ring o'er this little brand of ſtrife!
This ſublunary ball—But ſtrife, for what?
In their own cauſe conflicting*? no; in *thine*,
In *man*'s. His *ſingle* int'reſt blows the flame;
His the ſole ſtake; his fate the trumpet ſounds,
Which kindles war immortal. How it burns!
Tumultuous ſwarms of deities in arms!
Force, force oppoſing, till the waves run high,
And tempeſt nature's univerſal ſphere.
Such oppoſites eternal, ſtedfaſt, ſtern,
Such foes implacable, are *good*, and *ill*; [them.
Yet man, vain man, would mediate peace between
Think not this fiction. "*There was war in heaven.*"

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* Contending.

Line 1064. *Force, force oppoſing, till the waves run high.*] There is a ſomething in this thought, ſeemingly inconſiſtent with the majeſty of the deſcriptive images the author addreſſes to Lorenzo. To compare deities in arms to a ſtorm at ſea, is rather a poetic ſinking, when held in the view theſe lines exhibit. Milton's deſcription, tho' in reality unequal to the ſubject, has a peculiar grandeur in its ideas:

> ——Now ſtorming fury roſe,
> And clamour ſuch as heard in heav'n till now
> Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd
> Horrible diſcord, and the madding wheels
> Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noiſe
> Of conflict; over head the diſmal hiſs
> Of fiery darts in flaming vollies flew,
> And flying vaulted either hoſt with fire.
>
> Paradiſe Loſt, Book VI. Line 207.

From heav'ns high cryſtal mountain, where it hung,
Th'ALMIGHTY's outſtretcht arm took down his bow;
And ſhot his indignation at the *deep*:
Re-thunder'd *hell*, and darted all her fires.——
And ſeems the ſtake of little moment ſtill?
And ſlumbers *man*, who ſingly caus'd the ſtorm?
He ſleeps.—And art thou ſhockt at *myſteries*?
The greateſt, thou. How dreadful to reflect,
What ardor, care, and counſel, *mortals* cauſe
In breaſts divine! how little in their own!
Where-e'er I turn, how new *proofs* pour upon me!
How happily this wond'rous view ſupports
My former argument! how ſtrongly *ſtrikes*
Immortal life's full demonſtration, *here!*
Why this exertion? why this ſtrange regard
From heav'n's Omnipotent indulg'd to man?—
Becauſe, in man, the glorious, dreadful power,
Extremely to be pain'd, or bleſt, for *ever*.
Duration gives importance; ſwells the price.
An angel, if a creature of a day,
What would he be? A trifle of no weight;
Or ſtand, or fall; no matter which; he's gone.
Becauſe IMMORTAL, therefore is indulg'd,
This ſtrange regard of deities to duſt. [eyes:
Hence, Heav'n looks down on earth with all her
Hence, the ſoul's mighty moment in her ſight:
Hence, ev'ry ſoul has partiſans* above,

* Well-wiſhers.

Line 1070. *From heav'ns high cryſtal mountain, where it hung.*] The ſublimity of ſentiment and language, expreſſed in theſe lines, is, I think, equal to the powers of poetry. We perceive a real dignity, free from bombaſt, which cannot fail adding an increaſing beauty to his leſſons of morality.

Line 1075. *And ſlumbers man, who ſingly caus'd the ſtorm.*] Is a verbal repetition of the ſame ſentiment in the firſt book.

And

And ev'ry thought a critic in the ſkies;
Hence, clay, vile clay! has angels for its guard,
And ev'ry guard a paſſion for his charge:
Hence, from all age, the cabinet divine
Has held high counſel o'er the fate of man.
Nor have the clouds thoſe gracious counſels hid,
Angels undrew the curtain of the throne,
And PROVIDENCE came forth to meet mankind:
In various modes of emphaſis, and awe,
He ſpoke his will, and trembling *nature* heard;
He ſpoke it loud, in thunder, and in ſtorm.
Witneſs, thou *Sinai!* whoſe cloud-cover'd height,
And ſhaken baſis, own'd the preſent GOD:
Witneſs, ye *billows!* whoſe returning tide,
Breaking the chain that faſten'd it in air,

Line 1098. *Hence clay, vile clay! has angels for its guard.*] Satan's ſpeech, in the ninth book of Milton, contains the ſame thought:

——————And, O indignity!
Subjected to his ſervice angel-wings,
And flaming miniſters to watch and tend
Their earthly charge.——

Line 154.

Line 1108. *Witneſs, thou Sinai! whoſe cloud-cover'd height.*] This addreſs is inimitably noble, and breathes ſomething of the enthuſiaſm of an inſpired writer.

Exod. XIX. Verſe 18. "And mount Sinai was altogether on a "ſmoke, becauſe the Lord deſcended upon it in fire: and the "ſmoke thereof aſcended as the ſmoke of a furnace, and the "whole mount quaked greatly."

Line 1110. *Witneſs, ye billows! whoſe returning tide.*]

——————When by command
Moſes once more his potent rod extends
Over the ſea; the ſea his rod obeys;
On their imbattled ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war.——

Paradiſe Loſt, Book XII. Line 210.

Swept

Swept *Egypt*, and her menaces, to hell:
Witneſs, ye *flames!* th' *Aſſyrian* tyrant blew
To ſev'nfold rage, as impotent, as ſtrong:
And thou, *earth!* witneſs, whoſe expanding jaws
Clos'd o'er § *preſumption*'s ſacrilegious ſous:
Has not each element, in turn, ſubſcrib'd*
The *ſoul's high price*, and ſworn it to the wiſe?
Has not flame, ocean, æther, earthquake, ſtrove
To ſtrike *this truth*, thro' adamantine† man?
If not all-adamant, LORENZO! hear;
All is deluſion, *nature* is wrapt up,
In tenfold night, from *reaſon*'s keeneſt eye;
There's no conſiſtence‡, meaning, plan, or end,
In all beneath the ſun, in all above,
(As far as man can penetrate) or Heaven
Is an immenſe, ineſtimable prize;
Or all is nothing, or that prize is all.—
And ſhall each *toy* be ſtill a match for heaven?
And full equivolent‖ for groans below?
Who would not give a trifle to *prevent*

§ Korah, &c. * Clearly demonſtrated.
† Incredulous. ‡ United connection.
‖ Of a comparative value.

Line 1113. *Witneſs, ye flames! th' Aſſyrian tyrant blew.*] Dan. Chap. III. Verſe 19. "——Therefore he ſpake, and "commanded that they ſhould heat the furnace one ſeven times "more than it was wont to be heated."

Line 1115. *And thou, earth! witneſs, whoſe expanding Jaws.*] Numb. Chap. XVI. Verſe 31. "And it came to paſs as he "had made an end of ſpeaking all theſe words, that the ground "clave aſunder that was under them."

Line 1131. *Who would not give a trifle to prevent.*] By natural alluſions to circumſtances well-known to mankind, the author ſtrengthens the force and morality of his arguments, and induces the mind to a more warm contemplation than laboured and unintelligible doctrines.

What

What he would give a thouſand worlds to *cure?*
LORENZO! thou haſt ſeen (if thine, to ſee)
All *nature*, and her GOD (by nature's *courſe*,
And nature's courſe *controul'd*) declare for me:
The ſkies above proclaim "*Immortal* man!"
And, "Man *immortal!*" all below reſounds.
The world's a ſyſtem of theology,
Read, by the greateſt ſtrangers to the ſchools:
If *honeſt*, learn'd; and *ſages* o'er a plough.
Is not, LORENZO! then, impos'd on thee
This hard alternative; or to renounce
Thy *reaſon*, and thy *ſenſe*; or, to *believe?*
What then is *unbelief?* 'Tis an exploit;
A ſtrenuous enterprize: To gain it, man
Muſt burſt thro' every bar of common ſenſe,
Of common ſhame, magnanimouſly wrong;
And what rewards the ſturdy combatant?
His prize, *repentance*; *infamy*, his crown.
But wherefore, *infamy?*—For want of *faith*,
Down the ſteep precipice of *wrong* he ſlides;
There's nothing to ſupport him in the *right*.
Faith in the future wanting, is, at leaſt
In *embryo*, ev'ry weakneſs, ev'ry guilt;
And ſtrong temptation ripens it to *birth*.
If *this* life's gain invites him to the deed,
Why

Line 1136. *The ſkies above proclaim "Immortal man.*] The poetical imagery with which he introduces this momentous and moral truth, is particularly pleaſing. The ancients excelled greatly in their borrowed machinery; and tho' this thought is little connected with the ſubject, we cannot fail admiring its excellence.

Line 1156. *If this life's gain invites him to the deed.*] Cicero and Seneca, in their writings, particularly launch out into a diſſertation of the vain purſuits we follow in this life. The former, in demonſtrating

Why not his country ſold, his father ſlain?
'Tis virtue to purſue our good ſupreme;
And his ſupreme, his *only* good is *here*.
Ambition, *av'rice*, by the wiſe diſdain'd,
Is perfect *wiſdom*, while mankind are *fools*,
And think a turf, or tomb-ſtone, covers all;
Theſe find employment, and provide for *ſenſe*
A richer paſture, and a larger range;
And *ſenſe* by right divine aſcends the throne,
When *virtue*'s prize and proſpect are no more;
Virtue no more we think the will of Heaven.
Would Heav'n quite *beggar* virtue, if belov'd?
"Has *virtue* charms?"—I grant her heavn'ly fair;
But if un-portion'd, all will *int'reſt*-wed;
Tho' *that* our admiration, *this* our choice.
The virtues grow on *immortality*;
That root deſtroy'd, they wither and expire.
A DEITY believ'd, will nought avail;
Rewards and *puniſhments* make GOD ador'd;
And *hopes* and *fears* give *conſcience* all her power.
As in the dying parent dies the child,
Virtue, with *immortality*, expires.
Who tells me he denies his ſoul immortal,
Whate'er his boaſt, has told me, *he's a knave*.
His *duty* 'tis to love himſelf *alone*;
Nor care tho' mankind periſh, if he ſmiles.

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monſtrating the peculiar excellence of virtue, has theſe words, "Non enim refert ad felicitatem ejus, quantum agrorum aret, "a quam multis faluetur, quam pretioſo loco oubet: ſed quam "bonus ſit."

Who

Who thinks ere-long the man ſhall *wholly* die,
Is dead already; nought but *brute* ſurvives.
And are there ſuch?—Such candidates there are
For *more* than death; for utter loſs of being;
Being, the baſis of the DEITY!
Aſk you the *cauſe?*—The cauſe they will not tell;
Nor *need* they: Oh the ſorceries of *ſenſe!*
They work this transformation on the ſoul,
Diſmount her like the ſerpent at the Fall,
Diſmount her from her native wing (which ſoar'd
Ere-while ethereal heights), and throw her down,
To lick the duſt, and *crawl*, in ſuch a thought.
Is it in words to paint you? O ye fall'n!
Fall'n from the wings of *reaſon*, and of *hope!*
Erect in ſtature, prone in appetite!
Patrons of pleaſure, poſting into pain!
Lovers of argument, averſe to ſenſe!

Line 1183. *Who thinks, ere-long, the man ſhall wholly die.*] However impiouſly the outward actions of mankind may be inclined, it is a natural and undoubted truth, that, apart from the world, and irreſiſtibly immerſed in ſilent contemplation, they cannot fail reaſoning in a ſenſe more favourable to religion and themſelves. Their very flattering vices would perſuade them to exclaim with Adam,

——————Yet one doubt
Purſues me ſtill, leſt all I cannot die;
Leſt that pure breath of life, the ſpirit of man,
Which God inſpir'd, cannot together periſh
With this corporeal clod.——

Paradiſe Loſt, Book X. Line 782.

Line 1195. *Is it in words to paint you? O ye fall'n!*] An intereſting reproof is contained in this addreſs, ſo ſolemnly directed to our moſt feeling paſſions, to our inclinations moſt capable of reformation, which, tho' it may be fatally abortive in the deſign of rendering us again the votaries of virtue, cannot ſtill fail recalling a bluſh of conſcience to teſtify its merits.

Boaſters

Boaſters of liberty, faſt-bound in chains!
Lords of the wide creation, and the ſhame!
More *ſenſeleſs* than th' *irrationals* you ſcorn!
More *baſe* than thoſe you rule! Than thoſe you pity,
Far more *undone!* O ye moſt infamous
Of beings, from ſuperior dignity!
Deepeſt in woe from means of boundleſs bliſs!
Ye curſt by bleſſings infinite! Becauſe
Moſt highly favour'd, moſt profoundly loſt!
Ye motly* maſs of *contradictions* ſtrong!
And are you, too, convinc'd, your ſouls fly off
In exhalation† ſoft, and die in air,
From the full flood of evidence *againſt* you?
In the coarſe drudgeries and ſinks of *ſenſe*,
Your ſouls have quite worn out the make of Heaven,
By vice new-caſt, and creatures of your own:
But tho' you can *deform*, you can't *deſtroy*;
To *curſe*, not *uncreate*, is all your power.
LORENZO! this black brotherhood renounce;
Renounce St. *Evremont*‡, and read St. *Paul*.
Ere rapt by miracle, by *reaſon* wingd,

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* Variegated. † Incorporeal air.
‡ A French author on the ſubjects of faith.

Line 1219. *Renounce St. Evremont, and read St. Paul.*] This final exhortation, together with the many perſuaſive precepts the author inſtills, are of themſelves ſo explanatory of their inimitable excellence, that they require no commendation. Indeed, Dr. Young introduces ſo numerous proofs, joined with each allucidation neceſſary to enforce them, that notes become no more than are petition of their contents.

His mounting mind made long abode in heaven.
This is *free-thinking*, unconfin'd to *parts*,
To ſend the ſoul, on curious travel bent,
Thro' all the provinces of human thought;
To dart her flight, thro' the whole ſphere* of man;
Of this vaſt univerſe to make the tour;
In each receſs† of *ſpace*, and *time*, at home;
Familiar with their wonders; diving deep;
And, like a prince of boundleſs int'reſts, *there*,
Still moſt ambitious of the moſt remote;
To look on *truth* unbroken, and intire;
Truth in the *ſyſtem*, the full orb; where truths,
By truths enlighten'd, and ſuſtain'd, affor'd
An arch-like, ſtrong foundation, to ſupport
Th' incumbent weight of abſolute, complete
Conviction; here, the more we preſs, we ſtand
More firm; who moſt *examine*, moſt *believe*.
Parts, like half-ſentences, confound; the *whole*

* Formation and attributes. † Retired ſpot.

Line 1221. *His mounting mind made long abode in Heav'n.*] The character of St. Paul, before his converſion to the chriſtian faith, was never tinctured with any vice that might render him, from a natural ſenſe and repentance of his follies, an enthuſiaſt in true religion. The peculiar grace of God was evident even in his inveterate enmity againſt the followers of our Saviour; and as this hatred of chriſtianity aroſe from the errors of an unenlightened conſcience, his attachment and zeal to the true faith were more apparently ſtriking.

Line 1237. ——————*Who moſt examine, moſt believe.*] The ſentiment Young intends to convey by this idea, tho' on a ſlight examination, ſimilar to Milton's,

Let none ſeek needleſs cauſes to approve
The faith they owe; when earneſtly they ſeek
Such proof, conclude they then begin to fail.

Yet, on a more ſerious compariſon, appears directly the oppoſite. The latter ſuppoſes mankind totally to lay aſide the omnipotence and influence of the Deity over creatures void of every virtue, unleſs

Conveys the ſenſe, and GOD is underſtood:
Who not in *fragments* writes to human race:
Read his *whole* volume, ſceptic! then reply.
This, *this*, is *thinking-free*, a thought that graſps
Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.
Turn up thine eye, ſurvey this midnight ſcene;
What are earth's kingdoms, to yon boundleſs orbs,
Of human ſouls, one day, the deſtin'd rage?
And what yon boundleſs orbs, to godlike *man?*
Thoſe num'rous worlds that throng the firmament,
And aſk more ſpace in Heav'n, can roll at large
In *man*'s capacious thought, and ſtill leave room
For ampler orbs, for *new* creations, there.
Can *ſuch* a ſoul contract itſelf, to gripe[‡]
A point of no dimenſion, of no weight!
It can; it does: the world is ſuch a point,
And, of *that* point, how *ſmall* a part enſlaves?
How ſmall a part—of *nothing*, ſhall I ſay?
Why not?--*Friends*, our *chief* treaſure! how they drop!

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unleſs directed by divine grace; and exhibits them, on the rules of ſcepticiſm, ſearching only for cauſes naturally obliging them to a veneration of the Supreme Being. Their devotion is, in this light, by no means the effect of grateful reverence; but, what they judge, a worſhip not to be diſpenſed with. The former recommends a contemplation of nature and revealed religion to ſtrike them with a peculiar gratitude for GOD's mercies, and build their neceſſary duties on a baſis more liberal and pleaſing to themſelves.

Line 1241. *Read his whole volume, ſceptic! then reply.*] However obnoxious to general religion and piety, each peculiar ſyſtem may be ſeparately reckoned, ſcepticiſm is, I think, the centre to which every evil tendency muſt gravitate. The ſceptics diſputed the reality of every thing in the creation; and when mankind have worked their ſentiments to ſuch a pitch, annihilation muſt enſue. Reaſon requires it; for ſince our virtues and our vices have no real exiſtence, what recompence or puniſhment can they be juſtly intitled to in future?

‡ To attach itſelf to trifles.

LUCIA,

LUCIA, NARCISSA fair PHILANDER, gone!
The *grave*, like fabled *Cerberus*, has op'd
A triple* mouth; and, in an awful voice,
Loud calls my ſoul, and utters all I ſing.
How the world falls to pieces round about us,
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!
What ſays this *tranſportation* of my friends?
It bids me love the place where *now* they dwell,
And ſcorn this wretched ſpot, they leave ſo poor.
Eternity's vaſt *ocean* lies before thee;
There; there, LORENZO! thy CLARISSA ſails.
Give thy mind ſea-room; keep it wide of *earth*,
That rock of ſouls *immortal*; cut thy cord;
Weigh anchor; ſpread thy ſails; call ev'ry wind;
Eye thy *great pole-ſtar*†; make the land of life.
Two kinds of life has *double-natur'd* man,
And two of death; the *laſt* far more ſevere.
Life *animal* is nurtur'd by the ſun;
Thrives on his bounties, triumphs in his beams.
Life *rational* ſubſiſts on higher food,
Triumphant in *His* beams, who made the day.
When we leave *that* ſun, and are left by *this*,
(The fate of all who die in ſtubborn guilt)

* Threefold. † A guidance to mariners.

Line 1259. *The grave, like fabled Cerberus, has op'd.*]

Cerberus hæc ingens latratu regna trifauci
Perſonat, adverſo recubans immanis in antro.

Virgil's Æneid, Book VI. Line 417.

Line 1269. *Give thy mind ſea-room; keep it wide of earth.*] This ridiculous alluſion to ſea-terms is highly diſguſting, and appears to me to be the principal ſtriking fault the author has yet been guilty of. A laboured ſtiffneſs, inconſiſtent with the harmonious flow of poetry, is evident throughout the whole thought, and leſſons the force of the preceding beauties.

Line 1273. *Two kinds of life has double natur'd man.*] The pleaſing ſentiment which this line, with the following, holds up to our view, is equally perfect in doctrine as in poetry.

'Tis *utter* darkneſs; ſtrictly *double* death.
We ſink by no *judicial** ſtroke of Heaven,
But nature's *courſe*; as ſure as plumbets fall.
Since GOD, or man, muſt alter, ere they meet,
(Since light and darkneſs blend not in one ſphere)
'Tis manifeſt, LORENZO! *who* muſt change.
If, then, that *double death* ſhould prove thy lot,
Blame not the bowels of the DEITY:
Man ſhall be bleſt, as far as man *permits*.
Not man alone, all *rationals*, Heav'n arms
With an illuſtrious, but tremendous, power
To counter-act its own moſt gracious ends;
And this, of ſtrict neceſſity, not choice:
That pow'r deny'd, *men*, *angels*, were no more,
But paſſive† engines, void of praiſe, or blame.
A nature *rational* implies the power
Of being bleſt, or wretched, as we pleaſe;
Elſe idle *reaſon* would have nought to do;
And he that would be barr'd capacity
Of pain, courts incapacity of bliſs.
Heav'n *wills* our happineſs, *allows* our doom:
Invites us ardently, but not *compels*;
Heav'n but *perſuades*, almighty man *decrees*;
Man is the maker of immortal fates.
Man falls by man, if finally he falls;

And

* Predeſtinated. † Unactive forms.

Line 1297. *Of being bleſt, or wretched as we pleaſe.*] From the above line, it is evident, the author by no means favoured the ſyſtems of predeſtination. Free-will is an attribute ſo naturally adequate to the formation of mankind, that to ſuppoſe a previous plan, excluſive of man's merits or demerits, or to imagine man irreſiſtibly led to a licentious courſe of life, would be equally abſurd, and degradatory of the juſtice of the Divine Being.

Line 1305. *Man falls by man, if finally he falls.*] Pope, in his Eſſay on Man, admirably depictures his natural, as well as creative

And fall he *muſt*, who learns from *death* alone,
The dreadful ſecret,—that he *lives* for ever.
Why *this* to Thee? Thee yet, perhaps, in doubt
Of ſecond life? But wherefore doubtful ſtill?
Eternal life is nature's ardent wiſh;
What ardently we wiſh, we *ſoon* believe:
Thy *tardy* faith declares that wiſh deſtroy'd:
What has deſtroy'd it?—Shall I tell thee, what?
When *feard the future*, 'tis no longer wiſht;
And, when unwiſht, we *ſtrive* to diſbelieve.
"*Thus infidelity our guilt betrays*,"
Nor that the *ſole* detection! Bluſh, LORENZO!
Bluſh for hypocriſy, if not for guilt.
The *future fear'd*? An *infidel*, and fear!
Fear what? a *dream*? a *fable*?—How thy dread,
Unwilling evidence, and therefore *ſtrong*,
Affords my cauſe an undeſign'd ſupport!
How *diſbelief* affirms; what it denies!
"*It, unawares, aſſerts, immortal life.*"—
Surpriſing! *Infidelity* turns out

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tive ſtate; and tho' in ſome reſpects he differed from our author in point of religion, co-incided with him in this:

Still by himſelf abus'd, or diſabus'd:
Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endleſs error hurl'd:
The glory, jeſt, and riddle of the world.

Line 1316. "*Thus infidelity our guilt betrays.*] This verified concluſion of ſo many repeated truths, leaves us no longer any room to doubt, the intereſted and guilty intentions of men, who with to eraſe the belief of futurity by their external attachment to ſyſtems contradictory to virtue. Faith is the origin of every virtue, or, at leaſt, every moral attachment which we can found on reaſon. Without it, what is hope?—Superior even to folly—What then is charity?—A vanity, whoſe origin can have no real foundation, unleſs we believe a Deity preſiding over our actions.—Infidelity, by this means, robs us of even the external ſemblance of virtue, under any ſhape.

A *creed*, and a *confeſſion of our ſins:*
Apoſtates, *thus*, are orthodox* divines,
LORENZO! with LORENZO claſh no more;
Nor longer a *tranſparent* vizor wear.
Thin'ſt thou, RELIGION *only* has her maſk?
Our infidels are *Satan*'s hypocrites,
Pretend the worſt, and, at the bottom, *fail.*
When viſited by thought (thought *will* intrude),
Like him they ſerve, they *tremble, and believe.*
Is there hypocriſy ſo foul as this?
So fatal to the welfare of the world?
What *deteſtation*, what *contempt*, their due!
And, if unpaid, be thank'd for their eſcape
That chriſtian candor they *ſtrive* hard to ſcorn.
If not for that aſſylum‡, they might find
A hell on *earth*; nor ſcape a worſe *below.*
With inſolence, and impotence of thought,
Inſtead of racking fancy, to *refute*†,
Reform thy manners, and the truth *enjoy.*—
But ſhall I dare confeſs the dire reſult?

* Exhibiting true doctrine.

‡ Protection. † Form arguments of contradiction.

Line 1327. *Apoſtates, thus, are orthodox divines.*] That this is a real and beneficial truth, the dying ſinner will exemplify. I have, in a preceding note, hinted at the ſalutary leſſons mankind receive from the fears of infidelity, fears that admit of no concealment, and which our intercourſe with man will teſtify.

Line 1334. *Like him they ſerve, they tremble, and believe.*] "Believeſt thou that there is a God? Thou doeſt well. The devils alſo believe and tremble."

Line 1338. *And, if unpaid, be thank'd for their eſcape.*] The ambiguity and apparent unconnection of idea we meet with in the above line, require a careful explanation. The author has obſerved, that the attendants on hypocriſy are deteſtation and contempt. "And, continues he, if mankind are ſo ſcrupulouſly "benevolent, as to refrain theſe reproaches, thou, O chriſtian "candour, whom unbelievers attempt to deſpiſe, receive our "gratitude for thy humanity."

Can

Can thy proud *reaſon* brook ſo black a brand ?
From *purer manners*, to *ſublimer faith*,
Is nature's unavoidable aſcent ;
An *honeſt* Deiſt, where the goſpel ſhines,
Matur'd to nobler, in the *Chriſtian* ends,
When that bleſt change arrives, e'en caſt aſide.
This ſong ſuperfluous ; *life immortal* ſtrikes
Conviction, in a flood of light *divine*.
A *Chriſtian* dwells, like URIEL‖, in the ſun ;
Meridian‡ evidence puts *doubt* to flight ;
And ardent *hope* anticipates§ the ſkies.
Of *that* bright ſun, LORENZO ! ſcale the ſphere ;
'Tis eaſy ; it invites thee ; it deſcends
From heav'n to wooe, and waft thee whence it came :
Read and revere the *ſacred page* ; a page
Where triumphs *immortality* ; a page
Which not the whole *creation* could produce ;
Which not the *conflagration** ſhall deſtroy ;
'Tis printed in the mind of gods for ever,
In nature's ruins not one letter loſt.

‖ Milton. ‡ The light of the Goſpel.
§ Previouſly enjoys. * Future deſtruction of the world.

Line 1350. *Matur'd to nobler, in the chriſtian ends.*] Had the ancient ſages been inſpired with the ſalutary and divine truths of chriſtianity, no human powers could have ſoar'd above their advances in ſincerity of devotion and morality. Their lives were the moſt ſtriking examples of veneration to their ſuppoſed gods, of benevolence, juſtice, and dignity of ſentiment.

Line 1354. *A chriſtian dwells, like Uriel, in the ſun.*]

——Whereby he ſoon
Saw within ken a glorious angel ſtand ;
The ſame whom John ſaw alſo in the ſun :
His back was turn'd, but not his brightneſs hid.
Paradiſe Loſt, Book III. Line 621.

Line 1363. *Which not the conflagration ſhall deſtroy.*]

St. Matthew, Chap. XXIV. Verſe 35.
"Heaven and earth ſhall paſs away, but my words ſhall not paſs away."

In

In proud diſdain of what e'en gods adore,
Doſt ſmile?— Poor wretch! thy guardian angel [weeps.
Angels, and *men*, aſſent to what I ſing;
Wits ſmile, and thank me for my *midnight dream*.
How vicious hearts fume* phrenſy to the brain!
Parts puſh us on to pride, and pride to ſhame;
Pert *infidelity* is *wit*'s cockade,
To grace the brazen brow that braves the ſkies,
By *loſs of being*, dreadfully ſecure.
LORENZO! if *thy* doctrine wins the day,
And drives my dreams, defeated, from the field;
If *this* is all, if *earth* a *final* ſcene;
Take heed; ſtand faſt; be ſure to be a *knave*;
A knave in grain! ne'er deviate to the *right*:
Shouldſt thou be *good*—how infinite thy loſs!
Guilt only makes *annihilation* gain.
Bleſt ſcheme! which life deprives of *comfort*, death
Of *hope*; and which VICE *only*, recommends.
If ſo; *where*, infidels! your bait thrown out
To catch weak converts? *where* your lofty boaſt
Of *zeal for virtue*, and of *love to man*?
ANNIHILATION! I confeſs, in *theſe*.

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* Impreſs a madneſs of idea.

Line 1378. *Take heed, ſtand faſt, be ſure to be a knave.*] The mean and deſpicable light in which the author exhibits an immoral courſe of life, the natural effect of an annihilating ſyſtem, muſt demonſtrate how greatly we counteract the feelings and paſſions of the ſoul, in attaching our belief to ſuch an overthrow of reaſon.

Line 1386. *Of zeal for virtue, and of love to man?*] In the compoſition of each individual ſyſtem, however deſtructive to peace and morality, the public good, and unintereſted deſigns, are the grand points to which the compiler pretends his aims are directed. In politics, as well as religion, our love of mankind, and ſincerity in planning their welfare, muſt be indubitably credited before we attempt a ſucceſsful procedure in our intentions. Hiſtory, the preſent times, the preſent manners, exclaim with Young, "Annihilation! I confeſs, in theſe."

What

What can *reclaim* you ? Dare I hope profound
Philoſophers the converts of a *ſong ?*
Yet know, *its*‡ *title* flatters *you*, not *me* ;
Yours be the praiſe to make *my* title good ;
Mine, to bleſs Heav'n, and triumph in *your* praiſe.
But ſince ſo peſtilential your diſeaſe,
Though ſov'reign is the med'cine I preſcribe,
As yet, I'll neither triumph, nor deſpair :
But hope, ere-long, my *midnight dream* will wake
Your hearts, and teach your *wiſdom*—to be wiſe :
For why ſhould ſouls immortal, made for bliſs,
Ere wiſh (and wiſh in vain !) that ſouls could die ?
What ne'er *can* die, oh ! grant to *live* ; and crown
The wiſh, and aim, and labour of the ſkies ;
Increaſe, and *enter* on the joys of Heaven :
Thus ſhall my title paſs a *ſacred* ſeal,
Receive an *imprimatur** from above,
While angels ſhout—*An infidel reclaimed!*

To cloſe, LORENZO ! ſpite of all my pains,
Still ſeems it ſtrange, that thou ſhouldſt live *for ever ?*
Is it *leſs* ſtrange, that thou ſhouldſt live *at all ?*
This is a miracle ; and *that* no more.
Who gave beginning, can exclude an end.
Deny thou *art* : then, doubt if thou *ſhalt be.*
A miracle with miracles inclos'd,

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‡ The Infidel Reclaimed. * A heavenly ſanction and approbation.

Line 1409. *This is a miracle, and that no more.*] Whoever allows a providential Deity in the formation of man, may, with equal candour and reaſon, allow that Deity the power of extending our exiſtence to eternity.—Who diſallows this truth, and imputes his being to the effect of chance, may, with equal propriety, give chance the privilege of raiſing us, in ſecondary forms, from duſt, as in our primary formation. Thus proofs ariſe from the moſt favoured arguments of unbelievers, to render their moſt ſanguine ſchemes abortive.

Is man: and ſtarts his faith at what is *ſtrange?*
What leſs than wonders, from the *Wonderful*;
What leſs than miracles, from GOD, can flow?
Admit a GOD—that myſtery ſupreme!
That Cauſe uncaus'd! all other wonders ceaſe;
Nothing is marvellous for *Him* to do:
Deny Him—all is myſtery beſides;
Millions of myſteries! *Each* darker far,
Than *that* thy wiſdom would, unwiſely, ſhun.
If *weak* thy faith, why chuſe the harder ſide?
We nothing *know*, but what is marvellous;
Yet what is marvellous, we can't *believe*.
So *weak* our *reaſon*, and ſo *great* our GOD,
What moſt ſurpriſes in the *ſacred page*,
Or full as ſtrange, or ſtranger, *muſt* be true.
Faith is not *reaſon*'s labour, but repoſe.
To *faith*, and virtue, why ſo backward, man?

Line 1413. ——*And ſtarts his faith at what is ſtrange?*] Were man to form belief from that part only of nature which might admit of explanation, in how narrow a compaſs muſt he confine his faith.

Line 1416. *Admit a God—that myſtery ſupreme.*] Seneca, in his Epiſtles, mentions, not only the belief, but the veneration, which the ancients paid to the Deity, alluding to the fate of Protagoras; who, like our modern unbelievers, was deeply ſkilled in ſophiſtry. In the introduction of one of his works, he expreſſed his doubts of God's exiſtence, and, by the univerſal conſent of the Athenians, was baniſhed the city, and his books burnt. A talent of ſilver was alſo promiſed to him who ſhould in future put him to death.

Line 1429. *To faith, and virtue, why ſo backward, man?*] In examining the apparent bent and natural ſway of our minds, we ſeem to acknowledge ourſelves beings endued with reaſon, as it were, with unwillingneſs. Nature, which rightly directed, is in the greateſt degree conducive to our dignity and felicity, ſometimes induces us into errors, which the more worthy influence of revelation ſhuns. Pope, in his Eſſay on Man, examines him, rude and uncultivated, as form'd by nature:

> He hangs between, in doubt to act, or reſt,
> In doubt to deem himſelf a god or beaſt;
> In doubt his mind or body to prefer,
> Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err.

From hence:—the *preſent* ſtrongly ſtrikes us all;
The *future*, faintly: can we, then, be *men?*
If men, LORENZO! the *reverſe* is right.
Reaſon is man's peculiar; *ſenſe*, the brute's.
The *preſent* is the ſcanty realm of *ſenſe*;
The *future*, *reaſon*'s empire unconfin'd;
On *that* expending all her godlike power,
She plans, provides, expatiates*, triumphs, *there*;
There, builds her *bleſſings*; there, expects her *praiſe*;
And nothing aſks of *fortune*, or of *men*.
And what is *reaſon?* Be ſhe, thus, defin'd;
Reaſon is *upright ſtature* in the *ſoul*.
Oh! be a *man*;—and ſtrive to be a *god*.
"For what? (thou ſayſt): to damp the joys of life?"
No; to give *heart* and *ſubſtance* to thy joys.
That tyrant, *hope*; mark, how ſhe domineers;
She bids us quit realities, for dreams;
Safety, and peace, for hazard, and alarm;
That tyrant o'er the tyrants of the ſoul,
She bids *ambition* quit its taken prize,
Spurn the luxuriant branch on which *it* ſits,
Tho' bearing crowns, to ſpring at *diſtant* game;
And plunge in toils, and dangers—for repoſe.
If *hope* precarious, and of things, when gain'd,
Of little moment, and as little ſtay,

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* Takes an extenſive and contemplating view.

Line 1445. ———*Mark how ſhe domineers.*] No ſect, on however unnatural a baſis it may be founded, denies the paſſions of the mind to have an evident connection with the felicity of mankind; I ſay, not the future but the preſent happineſs. Since hope then is a paſſion which peculiarly demands a gratification, ſince earthly viciſſitudes and deluſions prevent it, we muſt from thence deduce, *that* hope to have an ill foundation. Directed to our worldly ſchemes, it fails.—Attached to immortality, the warmeſt infidel can never certify its ill ſucceſs.

Can

Can ſweeten toils and dangers into joys;
What then, *that* hope, which nothing can defeat.
Our leave unaſk'd? Rich hope of boundleſs bliſs!
Bliſs, paſt *man*'s pow'r to paint it; *time*'s to cloſe!
This hope is earth's ~~moſt~~ ineſtimable prize:
This is man's portion, while no more than man:
Hope, of all paſſions, moſt befriends us *here*;
Paſſions of prouder name befriend us leſs.
Joy has her *tears*; and *tranſport* has her *death*:
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, tho' ſtrong,
Man's heart, at once, *inſpirits*, and *ſerenes*;
Nor makes him pay his wiſdom for his joys:
'Tis all, our preſent ſtate can *ſafely* bear,
Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!
A joy attemper'd* ! a *chaſtis'd* delight!
Like the fair ſummer-ev'ning, mild and ſweet!
'Tis man's full cup; his paradiſe below!
A bleſt hereafter, *then*, or hop'd, or gain'd,
Is all;—our *whole* of happineſs: full proof,
I choſe no trivial or inglorious *theme*.
And know, ye foes to ſong! (well meaning men,
Tho' quite forgotten † half your *Bible*'s praiſe)!
Important truths, in ſpite of *verſe*, may pleaſe:
Grave minds you praiſe; nor can you praiſe too
If there is weight in an ETERNITY, [much:
Let the *grave* liſten;—and be *graver* ſtill.

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* Confined within the bounds of reaſon and moderation.

Line 1463. *Joy has her tears, and tranſport has her death.*] The poetical emblems under which the author depictures hope, are ſtrikingly beautiful. The whole review of its effect is maſterly, and conveys the excellencies of poetry, and the perſuaſive admonitions of morality, in a ſtile equally pictureſque, and conducive to chriſtianity.

† Poetical parts of it.